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THE PATRICIANS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

IN the great glass house adjoining the hall at Ravensham House, Lady Casterley stood in front of some Japanese lilies. She was a slender, short old woman, with an ivory-colored face, a thin nose, and keen eyes half-veiled by delicate wrinkled lids. Very still, in her gray dress, and with gray hair, she gave the impression of a little figure carved out of fine, worn steel. Her firm, spidery, small hand held a letter written in a free and somewhat sprawling style: —

MONKLAND COURT, DEVON
June 9th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Valleys is motoring up to-morrow. He'll look in on you on the way if he can. This new war scare has taken him to Town. I shan't be at Valleys House myself till Milton's election is over. The fact is, I dare n't leave him down here alone. He sees his 'Anonyma' every day. A Mr. Courtier, who wrote that book against war, though they say he's been a soldier of fortune, is staying at the inn. He knows her, too — one can only hope, for Milton's sake, too well: — an attractive person, with red moustaches, rather nice and mad. He's working for the Radical.

VOL. 106 - NO. 4

Bertie will be down to-morrow, and I must get him to have a talk with Milton. 'Anonyma' is really a very sweet-looking woman; but one knows nothing of her except that she's divorced her husband. How does one find out about people without being odious? Of course Milton's being so extraordinarily strait-laced makes it all the more awkward. The earnestness of this rising generation is quite remarkable. I don't recollect being so serious in my youth.

Lady Casterley lowered that coroneted sheet of paper. The ghost of a grimace haunted her face — she had not forgotten her daughter's youth. Raising the letter again, she read on:

I'm sure Valleys and I feel years younger than either Milton or Agatha, though we did produce them. One does n't feel it with Bertie or Babs, luckily. The war scare is having an excellent effect on Milton's candidature. Claud Harbinger is with us, too, working for Milton; but, as a matter of fact, I think he's after Babs. It's rather melancholy, — Babs is only twenty, — still, what can one expect, with her looks; and Claud is rather a fine specimen. They talk of him a lot now, as the most promising of the young Tories.

Lady Casterley again lowered the letter, and stood listening. A prolonged, muffled sound as of distant cheering and groans had penetrated the great conservatory, vibrating among the pale petals of the lily flowers, and setting free their scent in short waves of perfume. She passed into the hall; there stood an old man with sallow face and long white whiskers.

'What was that noise, Clifton?'

'A posse of Socialists, my lady, on their way to Putney to hold a demonstration; the people are hooting them. They've got blocked just outside the gates.'

'Are they making speeches?'

'They *are* talking some kind of rant, my lady.'

'I'll go and hear them. Give me my black stick.'

Above the velvet-dark, flat-boughed cedar-trees, which rose like black pagodas on either side of the drive, the sky hung lowering in one great purple cloud, endowed with sinister life by a single white beam striking up into it from the horizon. Beneath this canopy of cloud a small phalanx of dusty, disheveled-looking men and women was drawn up in the road, guarding, and encouraging with cheers, a tall, black-coated orator. Before and behind this phalanx, a mob of men and boys kept up an accompaniment of groans and jeering.

Lady Casterley and her 'major-domo' stood six paces from the scrolled iron gates, and watched. The slight steel-colored figure with steel-colored hair was more arresting in its immobility than all the vociferations and gestures of the mob. Her eyes alone moved under their half-drooped lids; her right hand clutched tightly the handle of her stick. The speaker's voice rose in shrill protest against the exploitation of 'the people'; it sank in ironical comment on Christianity; it

demanded passionately to be free from the continuous burden of this militarist taxation; it threatened that the people would take things into their own hands.

Lady Casterley turned her head.

'He is talking nonsense, Clifton. It is going to rain. I shall go in.'

In the white stone porch she paused. The purple cloud had broken; a blind fury of rain was deluging the fast-scattering crowd. A faint smile came on Lady Casterley's lips.

'It will do them good to have their ardor damped a little. You will get wet, Clifton — hurry! I expect Lord Valleys to dinner. Have a room got ready. He's motoring from Monkland.'

II

Ravensham House, on the borders of Richmond Park, had served as suburban seat to the Casterley family since the time when it became usual to have a country residence within easy driving distance of Westminster. In one of its bedrooms the Earl of Valleys was dressing for dinner. His firm, tanned, good-natured face, with grizzled fair moustache, was well-shaped, and lighted by a pair of steady, level-glancing gray eyes. He was brushing his wet hair vigorously with silver-backed brushes. Blue silk braces, delineating his comely chest, supported the coverings of two legs which 'stood over' a very little at the knee, as if while accustomed to do his own riding, he was used to have his standing done for him. He tied his tie without looking at the glass. He seemed to be thinking of anything but dressing. Then suddenly, as though remembering what he was doing, he looked round the room; catching sight of his coat, he put it on, and went downstairs.

In an enormously high, white-paneled room, with very little furniture,

he found Lady Casterley awaiting him. Greeting his mother-in-law respectfully, he said, —

‘Motored up in seven hours, ma’am, — not bad going.’

‘I am glad you came. When is Milton’s election?’

‘On the twenty-ninth.’

‘Pity! He should be away from Monkland, with that — anonymous woman living there.’

Lord Valleys murmured, —

‘Oh! you’ve heard of her?’

A slight frown contracted his brows above the straight glance of a man who drives a team of horses, and knows exactly what he has to look out for in the road.

Lady Casterley said sharply, —

‘You’re too easy-going, Geoffrey.’

Lord Valleys smiled.

‘These war scares,’ he said, ‘are getting a bore. Can’t quite make out what the feeling of the country is about them.’

Lady Casterley rose.

‘It has none. When war comes, the feeling will be all right. It always is. Give me your arm. Are you hungry?’

When Lord Valleys spoke of war, he spoke as one who, since he arrived at years of discretion, had lived within the circle of those who direct the destinies of states. It was for him, as for the lilies in the great glass house, impossible to see with the eyes, or feel with the feelings, of a flower of the garden outside. Soaked in the best prejudices and manners of his class, he lived a life no more shut off from the general life than was to be expected. Indeed, in some sort, as a man of facts and common sense, he was in touch with the opinion of the average man. A good and liberal landlord, well-disposed toward the arts until those arts revealed that which he had not before perceived; neither narrow nor puritanical, so long as the shell of ‘good form’

was preserved intact; never ridiculously in earnest; efficient, but not strenuous, or desirous of pushing ideas to logical conclusions; endowed with light hands, steady eyes, and no nerves to speak of — he had been born in the saddle of the state with the trick, transmitted through very many generations, of sticking there. As a husband, easy-going; as a father, indulgent; as a politician, careful and straightforward; as a man, moderately sensuous, addicted to pleasure, to work, to fresh air; and endowed with those excellent manners that have no mannerisms. He was the typical workaday aristocrat, embodying the real strength of his order, since he possessed none of the spiritual implacability which distinguishes the ‘aristocrat pure,’ that rare flower found in every rank of life. He admired, and was fond of, his wife, and had never regretted his marriage. He had never regretted anything, unless it were that he had not yet won the Derby, or quite succeeded in perfecting a variation of the pointer dog, whose body, all but its eyebrows, should be permanently white. His mother-in-law he respected, as one might respect a principle.

There was indeed in the personality of that little old lady the tremendous force of accumulated decision — the inherited assurance of one whose prestige had never been questioned; who from long immunity, and a certain clear-cut practicality bred by the habit of command, had indeed lost the power of perceiving that her prestige ever could be questioned. Her knowledge of her own mind was no ordinary piece of learning, had not, in fact, been learned at all, but sprang full-forged from an active, dominating temperament. Fortified by the habit, common to her class, of knowing thoroughly the more patent side of public affairs; armored by the tradition of a culture

demanding by leadership; inspired by ideas, but always the same ideas; owning no master, but in servitude to her own habit of leading, she had a mind formidable as the two-edged swords wielded by her ancestors, the Fitz-Harolds, at Agincourt or Poitiers — a mind which had ever instinctively rejected that inner knowledge of herself or of the selves of others, produced by habits of introspection, contemplation, and understanding, so deleterious to authority. If Lord Valleys was the body of the aristocratic machine, Lady Casterley was the steel spring inside it. All her life studiously unaffected and simple in attire; of plain and frugal habit; an early riser; working at something or other from morning till night, and as little worn out at seventy-eight as most women at fifty, she had only one weak spot, — and that was her strength, — blindness as to the nature and size of her place in the scheme of things. She was a type, a force.

‘What will you drink, my lord?’

‘Whiskey and soda, Clifton.’

‘Very good, my lord.’

There was about the room where they were dining — unlike the rooms of the newly-rich, or of artistic people — nothing to describe. It was like the daisy in the old song, ‘smell-less, and most quaint’; or like the head of an old and well-bred dog who lies on a mat with his eyes moving quietly from side to side to follow the flight of swallows across a lawn. That room rested. Its day was done. It was there for all time, high, unornate; having nothing to strive for. In the very centre of its stillness, five lilies stood in an old silver chalice; and a portrait of the late Lord Casterley hung on one gray-white wall.

Lady Casterley spoke.

‘I hope Milton is taking his own line.’

‘That’s the trouble. He suffers from swollen principles — only wish he could keep ‘em out of his speeches.’

‘Let him be; and get him away from that woman as soon as his election’s over. How long has she been there?’

‘About a year, I think.’

‘And you don’t know anything about her?’

Lord Valleys raised his shoulders.

‘Ah!’ said Lady Casterley, ‘exactly! You’re letting the thing drift. I shall go down myself. I suppose Gertrude can have me. What has that man Courtier to do with this woman?’

Lord Valleys smiled. In this smile was the whole of his polite and easy-going philosophy. ‘I am no meddler, no uncharitable bourgeois,’ it seemed to say.

At sight of that smile Lady Casterley tightened her lips. ‘He is a fire-brand,’ she said. ‘I read that book of his against war — most inflammatory. Have you seen it?’

Lord Valleys shook his head.

‘Aimed at Grant — and Rosenstern, chiefly. I have just seen one of the results, outside my own gates. A mob of anti-war agitators.’

Lord Valleys yawned.

‘Really? I’d no idea Courtier had any influence. Motoring’s made me very sleepy.’

‘Courtier is a dangerous man. Most idealists are negligible; but he’s a man of action as well, — half-mad, of course; — his book was quite clever.’

‘I wish to goodness we could see the last of these scares, they only make both countries look foolish,’ muttered Lord Valleys.

Lady Casterley raised her glass, full of a blood-red wine. ‘The war would save us,’ she said.

‘War is no joke.’

‘It would be the beginning of a better state of things.’

‘You think so?’

‘We should get the lead again as a nation, and socialism would be put back fifty years.’

Lord Valleys made three little heaps of salt, and paused to count them; the slight lifting of his eyebrows and shoulders betrayed as much uneasiness as he ever suffered to escape him.

'I should be glad to feel certain of that,' he said.

'I notice that you are never certain of anything till it has happened, Geoffrey.'

Lord Valleys smiled. 'What is it, Clifton?'

'Your chauffeur would like to know, my lord, what time you will have the car.'

'Directly after dinner.'

Twenty minutes later, he was turning through the scrolled iron gates into the road for London. It was falling dark; and in the tremulous sky clouds were piled up, and drifted here and there with a sort of endless lack of purpose. No direction seemed to have been decreed unto their wings. They had met together in the firmament like a flock of giant magpies crossing and recrossing each others' flight. The smell of rain was in the air. The car raised no dust, but bored swiftly on, searching out the road with its lamps. On Putney Bridge its march was stayed by a string of wagons.

Lord Valleys looked to right and left. The river reflected the thousand lights of buildings piled along her sides, the lamps of the embankments, the lanterns of moored barges. The sinuous pallid body of this great creature, forever gliding down to the sea, roused in his lordship's mind no symbolic image. He had had to do with her years back at the Board of Trade, and knew her for what she was, extremely dirty, and getting abominably thin just where he would have liked her plump. Yet as he leaned back and lighted a cigar, there came to him a queer feeling, — as if he were in the presence of a woman he was fond of.

'I hope to God,' he thought, 'nothing'll come of these scares!'

The car glided on into the long road, swarming with traffic, toward the fashionable heart of London. Outside stationers' shops the posters of evening papers were of no reassuring order.

'THE PLOT THICKENS.'

'MORE REVELATIONS.'

'GRAVE SITUATION THREATENED!'

And before each poster could be seen a little eddy in the stream of the passers-by, formed by persons glancing at the news, and disengaging themselves, to press on again. Lord Valleys caught himself wondering what they thought of it! What was passing behind those pallid rounds of flesh turned toward the posters?

Did they think at all, these men and women in the street? What was their attitude toward this vaguely-threatened cataclysm? Face after face, stolid and apathetic, expressed no thought, no active desire, certainly no enthusiasm, hardly any dread. Poor devils! The thing was no more within their control than it was within the power of ants to stop the ruination of their antheap by some passing boy. It was quite true — what they said — that the people had never had much voice in the making of war. And the words of an article in the Radical weekly, which he always forced himself to read, recurred to him. 'Ignorant of the facts, hypnotized by the words "Country" and "Patriotism"; in the grip of mob-instinct and inborn prejudice against the foreigner; helpless by reason of his patience, stoicism, good faith, and confidence in those above him; helpless by reason of his snobbery, mutual distrust, carelessness for the morrow, and lack of public spirit, — in the face of war how impotent and to be pitied is the man in the street!' That paper was always a little hi-falutin'!

How would this affect Milton's

chances? It was doubtful whether he himself would get to Ascot this year. Thence his mind flew for a moment to his promising two-year-old Casetta; then dashed almost violently, as though in shame, to the Admiralty, and the doubt whether they were fully alive to possibilities. He himself now occupied a softer spot of government, one of those almost nominal offices necessary to qualify into the Cabinet certain tried minds, for whom no more strenuous post can for the moment be found. From the Admiralty again his thoughts leaped to his mother-in-law. Wonderful old woman! What a statesman she would have made! Rather reactionary! Deuce of a straight line she had taken about Mrs. Noel! A twinge of pleasure shot through Lord Valleys. Mysterious or not, that woman was attractive! Very delicate face, with the dark hair waved back from the middle over either temple — very charming figure, no lumber of any sort! Bouquet about her! Some story or other, no doubt — no affair of his! Always sorry for that sort of woman!

A regiment of Territorials returning from a march stayed the progress of his car. Lord Valleys leaned forward, watching them with the contained, shrewd, critical look he would have bent on a pack of hounds. All the mistiness and speculation in his mind was gone. 'Good stamp of man,' he thought; 'give a capital account of themselves!' Their faces, flushed by a day in the open, were masked with passivity, or with a half-aggressive, half-jocular self-consciousness; they were clearly not troubled by abstract speculations, or any visions of the horrors of war. Something in the look of those faces again awakened the streak of philosophy in Lord Valleys. To these fellows, war — as to the street-folk — was just a word, a notion. If it came, it would be necessary, no doubt. The papers said

so — all except those which no one ever read. The country's honor! What!

Some one in the crowd raised a cheer 'for the "Terriers."' Lord Valleys saw round him a little sea of hats, rising and falling, and heard a sound, rather shrill and tentative, swell into hoarse, high clamor, and suddenly die out.

'Seen keen enough!' he thought. 'Very little does it! Plenty of fighting spirit in the country.' And a thrill of pleasure shot through him.

The band struck up a march. Then, as the last soldier passed, his car slowly forged its way through the straggling crowd pressing on behind the regiment; men of all ages, youths, a few women, young girls.

And caught in the midst of these dismal, disenchanted forms, feverishly pursuing glory, he thought: 'Dreadful lot of wasters; nothing to be made of them!'

III

At that same hour, in the little whitewashed 'withdrawing-room' of a thatched, whitewashed cottage, down in Devonshire, two men were arguing, one on either side of the hearth; and while they talked, the dark eyes of a woman, who sat between them, watched the way they moved their hands, crossed their legs, got up, and again sat down.

The figure on the left was that of a man of forty, rather overmiddle height, active, and straight, whose blue eyes and sanguine face glowed on small provocation; who had very bright, almost red hair, and moustaches which descended to the level of his clean-shorn chin, and, like Don Quixote's, seemed always bristling and charging in front of him.

The man on the right was not yet thirty, with a certain beauty in his face; tall, wiry, stooping very slightly; clean-shaven; having deep-set, very living

eyes, tanned, parchmenty skin, and a little, crucified smile haunting his lips.

Though it was already June, a fire was burning; and logs, dropping now and then, turned up their glowing under-sides, and very soon became gray ash. The lamplight seemed to have soaked the white walls till a wan warmth exuded; and silvery dun moths, fluttering in from the dark garden, kept vibrating like spun shillings above a jade-green bowl of crimson roses; there was a scent, as always in that old thatched cottage, of wood-smoke and sweetbrier.

'No, Lord Milton,' the man with the auburn hair was saying, 'the microbe of war — like the microbe of sour milk — is kept alive in a culture. I could give you the component parts of that culture, but I should bore Mrs. Noel.'

'Go on, Mr. Courtier, please.'

'It's in my book. War culture — ingredients: four types. Military man proper — whole life and business to dream of war. Stubborn honest journalist — bee in bonnet. Man of affairs — word "big" scrawled over head and heart — cf. Bismarck, Napoleon. Aristocrat pure, calls war "purgative of national soul." Blessed microbe kept alive in that culture, now and then gets into milk and sours whole caboodle.'

'You started by saying it was the ruling classes who were responsible for war.'

'Well, if you come to think of it, the said culture is rather closely identified with the ruling classes, and it's certainly by means of the press of the ruling classes that it gets into the milk. International war is a creature of Authority.'

'Those who are responsible for the conduct of national affairs must expect to bear the odium which attaches to the administration of purgatives, but they are sometimes as necessary as thunderstorms.'

'You come back there to the ques-

tion whether war is necessary, which I entirely deny. There would be no European wars in these days but for the cock-and-bull ideas that get into the heads of the ruling classes, and the press which represents them.'

'That is merely a plea for democracy, which, by the way, is not a form of government at all, but just a word, signifying an idea which can never be put into practice.'

'I am a democrat, Lord Milton, only so far as the word implies the greatest latitude of sane machinery that shall enable people to do things of their own accord instead of being forced.'

'I have called you no names, Mr. Courtier.'

'Seriously, I've been in five wars, and I tell you that if the ruling classes had the grace to put themselves in the position of "the people," there never would be another European war. You have only to look at the latter history of France.'

'A charge of want of sympathy and understanding!'

'Exactly. If you could understand the wants and feelings of the people you wish to govern, you would never stand there and take the line you're taking. I appeal to Mrs. Noel.'

'Perhaps if Lord Milton quite understood and sympathized, it would unfit him for governing.'

'Is that so, Lord Milton?'

Milton smiled; but something in his smile seemed to excite his opponent, who said abruptly, —

'Oh! you believers in authority!'

The retort came quickly: —

'Oh! you believers in liberty!'

Mrs. Noel, rising from her chair, went over to the window, and stood looking out into her garden.

'I'm a fighting man by nature,' Courtier began again, 'but I've seen too much of war; and I ask you, what earthly purpose does it ever serve?'

'The purpose of all suffering.'

'Vicarious suffering!'

'Mr. Courtier!'

'Lord Milton, I hate the attitude of one who arrogates to himself the right to inflict suffering on others, which in the nature of things he can never feel, himself.'

'Do you accuse the upper classes of this country of cowardice?'

'By no manner of means; I merely accuse them of not having the *nous* to see that the suffering that comes to themselves through war is not a tenth part of that which comes to those who are not, as they are, fortified against nature by money, position, health, every physical advantage; and fortified too by the fact that they're fighting in their own quarrel, not in a scrimmage that they've been pitchforked into, willy-nilly, for all the world like blind puppies.'

'You are unjust. In a war there are always more, in proportion, of the ruling classes engaged than of the ruled; always a larger proportion of officers killed; always most lost by those who have most to lose.'

Courtier was silent for a moment, then said, —

'One to you; but I have a deeper point. In my belief, the ruling classes, not consciously, but instinctively, keep alive the idea of war, because that idea fosters the national, as against the international ideal; and the national ideal is their bulwark and safety. The ship of Aristocracy is built in watertight compartments; run them into one, and down it goes.'

To hear this speech the younger man had risen; and his thin face glowed as though his spirit, leaving the recesses of his body, were clinging round his lips, gleaming from his deep eyes.

Mrs. Noel called from the window,

'Mr. Courtier! Look at my dear toad!'

On a flagstone of the veranda, in the centre of a stream of lamplight, sat a little golden toad.

'It comes here every evening; is n't it a darling?'

The toad waddled quickly to one side, and disappeared.

'It never does that when I'm alone!'

Courtier laughed a low, infectious, chuckling laugh. 'It's evidently time we went'; and calling out 'Good-night!' he passed into the darkness.

Mrs. Noel turned to the young man, who was still standing by the hearth.

'It seems a little queer to talk about war on a night like this.'

'It seems a little queer to talk about war in your presence.'

Mrs. Noel raised her eyes, but they failed just before they reached his face.

'Good-night!' he said, and touched her fingers with his lips.

Left alone at the window, Mrs. Noel put the hand he had kissed to her heart.

Truly peace brooded over her garden. The night seemed listening to the quiet breathing of the land, now that all lights were out, and the millions of hearts at rest. It watched, with a little white star for every tree, and roof, and slumbering tired flower, as a mother watches her child, fallen asleep, leaning above him and counting, as it were, with her love, every hair of his head, and all his tiny tremors.

Rumors of wars seemed child's babble indeed under the ironic smile of Night. And the face of the woman, gazing out into her dark garden, was a little like the face of this warm, sweet night. It was sensitive and so harmonious; and its harmony was not, as in some faces, cold, but seemed to tremble and glow and flutter as though it were a spirit which had found a resting-place. Nor was it content to inhabit the face alone, but pervaded softly the whole body, making her breathe more delicately than other people.

In her garden, all velvety gray, with black shadows beneath its yew-trees, the white flowers alone seemed to be awake, and to look at her wistfully. The trees stood dark and still. Not even the night birds stirred. Alone, the little stream down in the bottom raised its voice, privileged when day voices were hushed.

It was not in Anonyma to deny herself to any spirit that was abroad. To repel was an art she did not practice. But this night, though the Spirit of Peace hovered near, she did not seem to know it. Her hands trembled, her cheeks were burning; her breast heaved, and sighs fluttered from her parted lips.

IV

Eustace Caradoc, Viscount Milton, had lived a very lonely life, since he first began to understand the peculiarities of existence. With the exception of Clifton, his grandmother's 'major-domo,' he made, as a small child, no intimate friend. His nurses, governesses, tutors, by their own confession, did not understand him, finding that he took himself with unnecessary seriousness; a little afraid, too, of one whom they discovered to be capable of pushing things to the point of enduring pain in silence. Much of that early time was passed at Ravensham, for he had always been his grandmother's favorite. She recognized in him the purposeful austerity which had somehow been left out of the composition of her daughter. But only to Clifton, then a man of fifty with a great gravity and long black whiskers, did Eustace relieve his soul. 'I tell you this, Clifton,' he would say, sitting on the sideboard, or the arm of the big chair in Clifton's room, or wandering amongst the raspberries, 'because you are my friend.'

And Clifton, with his head a little

on one side, and a sort of wise concern at his 'friend's' confidences, which were sometimes of too intimate a nature, would answer, 'Of course, my lord'; but sometimes, 'Of course, my dear.'

There was in this friendship something fine and suitable, neither of these 'friends' taking or suffering liberties, and both being interested in pigeons, which they would stand watching with a remarkable attention.

In course of time, following the tradition of his family, Eustace went to Harrow. He was there five years — always one of those boys a little out at wrists and ankles, who may be seen slouching, solitary, along the pavement to their own haunts, rather dusty, and with one shoulder slightly raised above the other, from the habit of carrying something beneath one arm. Saved from being thought a 'smug' by his title, his lack of any conspicuous scholastic ability, his obvious independence of what was thought of him, and a certain mordancy of tongue, which no one was eager to encounter, he remained the ugly duckling who refused to paddle properly in the green ponds of public-school tradition. He played games so badly that in sheer self-defense his fellows permitted him to play without them. Of 'fives' they made an exception, for in this he attained much proficiency, owing to a certain windmill-like quality of limb. He was noted too for daring chemical experiments, of which he usually had one or two brewing, surreptitiously at first, and afterwards by special permission of his house-master, on the principle that if a room must smell, it had better smell openly. He made few friendships, but these were lasting. His Latin verse was so poor, and his Greek verse so vile, that all had been surprised when toward the finish of his career he showed a very considerable power of writing and speaking his

own language. He left school without a pang. But when in the train he saw the old Hill and the old spire on the top of it fading away from him, a great lump rose in his throat, he swallowed violently two or three times, and, thrusting himself far back into the carriage corner, appeared to sleep.

At Oxford he was happier, but still comparatively lonely; remaining, so long as custom permitted, in lodgings outside his college, and clinging thereafter to remote, paneled rooms high up, overlooking the gardens and a portion of the city wall. It was at Oxford that he first developed that passion for self-discipline which afterwards distinguished him. He took up rowing; and, though thoroughly unsuited by nature to this pastime, secured himself a place in his college 'torpid.' At the end of a race he was usually supported from his stretcher in a state of extreme extenuation, due to having pulled the last quarter of the course entirely with his spirit. The same craving for self-discipline guided him in the choice of schools; he went out in 'Greats,' for which, owing to his indifferent mastery of Greek and Latin, he was the least fitted. With enormous labor he took a very good degree. He carried off, besides, the highest distinctions of the University for English Essays.

The ordinary circles of college life knew nothing of him. Not once in the whole course of his university career was he the better for wine. He did not hunt; he never talked of women, and none talked of women in his presence. But now and then he was visited by those gusts which come to the ascetic, when all life seemed suddenly caught up and devoured by a flame burning night and day, and going out mercifully, he knew not why, like a blown candle. However unsocial in the proper sense of the word, he

by no means lacked company in these Oxford days. He knew many, both dons and undergraduates. His long stride, and determined absence of direction, had severely tried all those who could stomach so slow a pastime as walking for the sake of talking. The country knew him — though he never knew the country — from Abingdon to Bablock Hythe. His name stood high, too, at the Union. He made his mark there in his first term in a debate on a 'Censorship of Literature,' which he advocated with gloom, pertinacity, and a certain youthful brilliance which might have carried the day, had not an Irishman got up and pointed out the danger that would be incurred by the Old Testament. To that he had retorted, 'Better, sir, it should run a risk than have no risk to run.' From that moment he was notable.

He stayed up four years, and went down with a sense of bewilderment and loss. The matured verdict of Oxford on this child of hers, was: 'Eustace Milton! Ah! queer character! Will make his mark!'

He had about this time an interview with his father which confirmed the impression each had formed of the other. It took place in the library at Monkland Court, on a late November afternoon.

That room (in the main, or Elizabethan, portion of the building) was lighted only by four candles in thin silver candlesticks on either side of the carved stone hearth. Their gentle, mellow radiance penetrated but a little way into the great dark space lined with books, paneled and floored with black oak, where the acrid fragrance of leather and dried rose leaves seemed to drench the very soul with the aroma of the past. Above the huge fireplace, with light falling on one side of his shaven face, hung a portrait — painter unknown — of that Cardinal Caradoc who

suffered for his faith in the sixteenth century. Ascetic, crucified, with a little smile clinging to the lips and deep-set eyes, he presided, above the bluish flames of a log fire.

The father and son found much difficulty in beginning their conversation.

Truly, each of those two felt as though he were in the presence of some one else's very near relation. They had, in fact, seen extremely little of each other, and had not seen that little long.

Lord Valleys uttered the first remark.

'Well, my dear fellow, what are you going to do now? I think we can make certain of this seat for you if you like to stand.'

Milton answered: 'Thanks very much; I don't think I'm fit at present.'

Through the thin fume of his cigar Lord Valleys watched that long figure sunk deep in the chair opposite.

'Why not?' he said. 'You can't begin too soon; unless you think you ought to go round the world.'

'I'd rather study at present.'

Lord Valleys gave one of his pleasant laughs.

'There's nothing you can't pick up as you go along,' he said. 'How old are you?'

'Twenty-three.'

'You look older.' A faint line, as of contemplation, rose between his eyes. Was it fancy that a little smile was hovering about Milton's mouth?

'I've always held,' came from those lips, 'that a man who's going to lead must know the conditions first. I want to give five years to that.'

Lord Valleys raised his eyebrows. 'Waste of time,' he said. 'You'd know more at the end of it, if you went into the House at once. You take this matter too seriously, I think.'

'Is that possible, father?'

For fully a minute Lord Valleys made no answer; he felt almost ruffled. Wait-

ing till the sensation had passed, he said, 'Well, my dear fellow, as you please.'

Milton's apprenticeship in the profession of leadership was served in a slum settlement; on his father's estates; in Chambers at the Temple; in expeditions to Germany, America, and the British Colonies; in work at elections; and in a forlorn hope to capture a constituency which could be trusted not to change its principles. He read much, slowly, but with conscientious tenacity; he read poetry, history, and works on philosophy, religion, and social matters. Fiction, and especially foreign fiction, he did not care for. With the utmost desire to be wide and impartial, he sucked in what ministered to the wants of his nature, rejecting unconsciously all that by its unsuitability endangered the flame of his private spirit. What he read, in fact, served only to strengthen those profounder convictions which arose from his temperament.

With contempt of the vulgar gewgaws of wealth and rank, he combined a humble but intense and growing conviction of his capacity for leadership, of a spiritual superiority to those whom he desired to benefit. There was no trace of the common Pharisee in Milton, he was too simple and direct; but the look of his eyes, his gestures, the whole man, proclaimed the presence of some secret spring of certainty, some fundamental well, into which no disturbing glimmers penetrated. He was not devoid of wit, but he was devoid of that kind of wit which turns its eyes inward, and sees something of the fun that lies in being what you are. Milton saw the world and all the things thereof shaped like spires — even when they were circles. He seemed to have no sense that the universe was equally compounded of those two symbols, whose point of reconciliation had not yet been discovered.

Such was he, when the member for his native division was made a peer.

He had reached the age of twenty-eight without ever having been in love, leading a life of almost savage purity, with one solitary breakdown. Women were afraid of him. And he was perhaps a little afraid of woman. She was in theory too lovely and desirable—the half-moon in a summer sky; in practice too cloying, or too harsh. He had an affection for Barbara, his younger sister; but to his mother, his grandmother, or his elder sister, Agatha, he had never felt close. It was indeed amusing to see Lady Valleys with her eldest son. Her fine figure, the blown roses of her face, her gray-blue eyes which had a slight tendency to roll, as though amusement just touched with naughtiness bubbled behind them, were reduced to a queer, satirical decorum in Milton's presence. Thoughts and sayings verging on the risky were characteristic of her robust physique, her soul which could afford to express almost all that occurred to it. Milton had never, not even as a child, given her his confidence. She bore him no resentment, being of that large, generous build in body and mind, which is rarely, and never in her class, associated with the capacity for feeling aggrieved or lowered in any estimation, even its own. He was, and always had been, an odd boy, and there was an end of it! Nothing had perhaps so disconcerted Lady Valleys as his behavior, or want of behavior, in regard to women. She felt it abnormal, just as she felt that Valleys, and her other son, Bertie, were normal. It was this feeling which made her realize almost more vividly than she had time for, in the whirl of politics and fashion, the danger of his friendship with the unknown and divorced 'Anonyma.'

Pure chance had been responsible for the inception and growth of that

friendship. Going one December afternoon to the farmhouse of a tenant just killed by a fall from his horse, Milton had found the widow, in a state of bewildered grief, thinly veiled by the manner of one who had almost lost the power to express her feelings, and quite lost it in the presence of 'the gentry.' Having assured the poor soul that she need have no fear about her tenancy, he was coming away, when he met, in the stone-flagged entrance, a lady in fur cap and jacket carrying in her arms a little boy, who was bleeding from a cut on the forehead, and crying bitterly. Milton took him from her, and, placing him on a table in the parlor, looked at the lady. She was extremely grave, and soft, and charming. And he said, —

'Ought the mother to be told?'

She shook her head.

'Poor thing, no; let's wash it, and bind it up first.'

Together they washed and bound up the cut. Having finished, she looked at Milton, as much as to say, 'Now we might tell the mother, but you would do it so much better than I.'

Deferring to that look, he was rewarded by a little smile. He carried away from that meeting the knowledge of her name — Audrey Noel — and the remembrance of a strangely sensitive and sympathetic face, whose beauty, under the cap of squirrel's fur, haunted him. A few days later he chanced on her again, entering her garden gate at the foot of the village green. On this occasion he asked her whether she would like her cottage re-thatched; an inspection of the roof had followed; he had stayed talking a long time. Accustomed to women over whom, for all their grace and lack of affectation, high-caste life has wrapped a cloak, there was peculiar charm for Milton in one who seemed to live quite out of the world, yet had so poignant, so shy, a

flavor; who looked with such dark, soft eyes; whose voice was ironic, yet sympathetic. So from a chance seed had blossomed swiftly one of those rare friendships between lonely people, that can in short time fill great spaces of two lives.

One day she had asked him shyly, 'You know about me, I suppose?'

Milton had made a motion of his head, signifying that he did. His informant had been the vicar.

'Yes, I am told, her story is a sad one — a divorce.'

'Do you mean that she has been divorced, or —'

The vicar hesitated for the fraction of a second.

'Oh! no — no. Sinned against, I am sure. A nice woman, so far as I have seen; though I'm afraid not one of my congregation.'

With this, Milton, in whom she had already awakened the shy emotion, chivalry, was content. When she asked if he knew her story, he would not for the world have had her rake up what was painful. Whatever that story, she could not have been to blame; for she had begun already to be shaped by his own spirit; had become not a thing as it was, but an expression of his aspiration.

On the third evening after the argument with Courtier he was again at the little white cottage sheltered by high garden walls. Smothered in roses, and with a black-brown thatch overhanging the old-fashioned leaded panes of the upper windows, it had an air of hiding from the world. Behind, as though on guard, two pine trees spread their dark boughs over the out-houses; in any southwest wind their voices could be heard speaking gravely about the weather. Tall lilac bushes flanked the garden, and a huge lime tree in the adjoining field sighed and rustled, or on still days let forth the drowsy hum of

the countless small dusky bees who frequented that green hostelry.

He found her altering a dress, sitting over it in her delicate way: inanimate objects, dresses, and flowers, books and music, required from her the same sympathy as if they had been animate.

He was tired by electioneering; it was soothing to be ministered to; and stretched out in a long chair by the window he listened to her playing.

Over the hill a Pierrot moon was slowly moving up in a sky the color of gray irises. A spirit, cross-legged, in that burned-out star, seemed thrumming an ode of disenchantment on his mandolin.

And Milton stared as in a trance. Across the moor a sea of shallow mist was rolling; the trees in the valley, like browsing cattle, stood knee-deep in whiteness; and all the air above was wan with an innumerable rain as of moon-dust, falling into that white sea. And the lime tree, dark shade over the moon's lamp, hung blue-black, balloon-like, tethered to the ground.

Then, jarring and shivering the music, there came a sound of hooting. It swelled, died away, and swelled again.

Milton rose.

'That has spoiled my vision. Mrs. Noel, I have something to say.'

She had left her piano, and was close to him, trembling and flushing. And her face was so sweet that he was silent.

A voice from the door said, —

'Oh, ma'am — oh, my lord! They're devilin' a gentleman on the green!'

V

When the immortal Don set out to ring all the bells of merriment, he was followed by one clown. Charles Courtier on the other hand had always been accompanied by thousands, who really could not understand the conduct of a

man with no commercial sense. Though he puzzled his contemporaries, they did not exactly laugh at him, because they knew that he had really killed some men and loved some women. The combination was irresistible, when coupled with an appearance both vigorous and gallant. The son of an Oxfordshire clergyman, and mounted on a lost cause, he had been riding through the world ever since he was eighteen, without once getting out of the saddle. The secret of this endurance lay perhaps in his unconsciousness that he was in the saddle at all. It was as much his natural seat as office-stools to other men. He made no capital out of errantry, his temperament being far too like his red-gold hair, which people compared to flames, consuming all before them. His vices were patent: too quick a temper, too incurable an optimism, and an admiration for beauty such as had sometimes caused him to forget which woman he was most in love with. He was thin-skinned, hot-hearted, a hater of humbug, habitually forgetful of his personal interests. He was, too, unmarried; with many friends, and many enemies; his body always thin and hard, like a sword-blade, and his soul always at white heat.

That one who admitted to having taken part in five wars should be assisting Milton's political opponent in the cause of peace, was not so inconsistent as might be supposed; for Courtier had always fought on the losing side, and there had seemed to him at the moment no side so losing as that of peace. He was no orator, not even a glib talker; but a certain quiet mordancy of tongue, and the white-hot look in his eyes, never failed to make an impression of some kind on an audience. There was hardly perhaps a corner of England where orations on behalf of peace had a poorer chance

than the Bucklandbury division. To say that he had made himself unpopular with that matter-of-fact, independent, stolid, yet quick-tempered population, would be inadequate. He had outraged their beliefs, and roused the most profound suspicions. They could not, for the life of them, make out what he was at. They had never heard of him, though by his adventures and his book, *Peace — a Lost Cause*, he was, in London, a sufficiently conspicuous figure. His appearance in these parts was an almost ludicrous example of the endless encounter of spirit with matter, of the pure idea with the plain fact. The idea that nations ought to, and could, live in peace was so very pure; and the fact that they never had, so very plain!

At Monkland, which was all Court estate, Mr. Humphrey Chilcox, Milton's opponent, had necessarily but few supporters; and Courtier met with a reception which passed from curiosity to derision, from derision to menace. Moved to his very soul by the attachment of his audience to their own point of view, he was saved from rough handling only by the influential interposition of the vicar.

Yet when he began to address them he had felt so irresistibly attracted. They looked such capital, independent fellows. Waiting for his turn to speak, he had marked them down as men after his own heart. For though Courtier knew that against an unpopular idea there must always be a majority, it never occurred to him to think so ill of any one as to suppose that he could actually be one of 'those beggars, those dogs, those logs.'

Surely these fine, independent fellows were not to be hoodwinked by the Jingos! It had been one more disillusion. He had not taken it lying down; neither had 'those beggars, those dogs, those logs.' They dispersed without

forgiving; they came together again without having forgotten.

The village inn was a little white building, whose small windows were overgrown with creepers. It had a single guest's bedroom on the upper floor, and a little sitting-room where Courtier took his meals. The rest of the house was but a stone-floored bar with a long wooden bench against the back wall, whence nightly a stream of talk would issue, all harsh *a*'s, and sudden soft *u*'s; whence too a figure, a little unsteady, would now and again emerge, to a chorus of 'gude-naights,' stand black in the shadow of the ash trees to light his pipe, then move slowly home.

But on that evening, when the trees, like cattle, stood knee-deep in the moon-dust, those who came from the bar-room did not go away; they hung about under the ash trees, and were joined by other figures creeping furtively through the bright moonlight from behind the inn. Rustles of stealthy laughter yielded to silence. More figures moved up from the lanes and churchyard path, till thirty or more were huddled in the shadows, and an endless murmur of talk, carefully subdued, distilled a rare savor of illicit joy. There was unholy hilarity about those figures lurking in deep tree-shadow before the wan silent inn, whence, from a single lighted window, came forth the half-chanting sound of a man reading. Here were the mocking spirits of Silence listening to the spirit of Voice. Passing those lurking figures one could hear whispered comments: 'He 'm a-practicin' of his spaches.' 'Smoke the cunnin' old vox out.' 'Red pepper, 't is praaper stuff! You watch him bolt!'

Then a face showed at the lighted window; and a ripple of harsh laughter rose in the shadow of the trees.

He at the window was seen strug-

gling violently to wrench away a bar. The laughter swelled to hooting. The figure had forced its way through, dropped to the ground, rose, staggered, and fell.

A voice broke the silence.

'What's this?'

Out of sounds of scuffling and scattering, came the whisper, 'His lordship!'

The shade under the ash trees was deserted, save by the tall dark figure of a man, and a woman's white shape.

'Is that you, Mr. Courtier? Are you hurt?'

A chuckling sound came from the recumbent figure.

'Only my knee. The beggars! They precious near choked me, though.'

VI

Bertie Caradoc, leaving the smoking-room at Monkland Court that night, on his way to bed, went to the Georgian corridor, where his pet barometer was hanging. To look at the glass had become the nightly habit of one who gave all the time he could spare from his profession, to hunting in the winter, and racing in the summer.

The Hon. Hubert Caradoc — an apprentice to the calling of diplomacy — more completely than any living Caradoc embodied the characteristic strength and weaknesses of that family. He was of fair height, and wiry build. His weathered face, under sleek dark hair, had regular, rather small features, and wore an expression of alert resolution, masked by impassivity. Over his inquiring, hazel-gray eyes the lids were almost religiously kept half drawn. He had been born reticent, and great indeed was the emotion under which he suffered when the whole of his eyes were visible. His nose was finely chiseled, and had little flesh. His lips, covered by a small dark moustache,

scarcely opened to emit his speeches, which were uttered in a voice singularly muffled, yet unexpectedly quick. The whole personality was of a man practical, spirited, guarded, resourceful, with great power of self-control, who looked at life as if she were a horse under him, to whom he must give way just so far as was necessary to keep mastery of her. A man to whom ideas were of no value except when wedded to immediate action; essentially neat; demanding to be 'done well,' but capable of stoicism if necessary; urbane, but always in readiness to thrust; able to condone certain failings and to compassionate certain classes of distress which his own experience had taught him to understand. Such was Milton's younger brother at the age of twenty-four.

Having noted that the glass was steady, he was about to seek the stairway, when he saw at the farther end of the entrance hall three figures advancing arm-in-arm. Habitually curious, he waited to examine them, till, within the radius of a lamp, he saw them to be those of Milton and a footman, supporting between them a lame man. He at once hastened up to them, and said,

'Have you put your knee out, sir? Hold on a minute! Get a chair, Charles.'

Having seated the stranger in the chair, Bertie rolled up the trouser, and passed his fingers round the knee. There was a sort of loving-kindness about that movement, as of a hand that had in its time felt the joints and sinews of innumerable horses.

'H'm!' he said. 'Can you stand a bit of a jerk, sir? Catch hold of him behind, Eustace. Sit down on the floor, Charles, and hold the legs of the chair. Now then!' And taking up the foot, he pulled. There was a click, a little noise of teeth ground together; and Bertie said, 'Good man — shan't have to have the vet. to you.'

When they had conducted Courtier to a room in the Georgian corridor, hastily converted to a bedroom, the two brothers left him to the attentions of the footman.

'Well, old man,' said Bertie, as they sought their rooms, 'this has put paid to his name; he won't do any more harm to your election! He's no poltroon, though.'

The report that Milton's new enemy was harbored beneath their roof went the round of the family before breakfast. It awakened in the great house a variety of feelings, and the paramount necessity for being studiously kind.

Lady Valleys ordered the picture chamber, that gave on the terrace, to be prepared for him to sit in. Apart from the simple feeling of hospitality to an injured man, she was vexed that the injury should have been inflicted by tenants of the Monkland Court estate, and curious as to Courtier himself, whose reputation for adventure was well established. Of strong political views and zealous for her son's success, she contemplated with but moderate equanimity the presence of this enemy, in spite of Milton's explanation that nothing else could have been done with him — the inn stairs being too narrow to carry the poor fellow up. It was some comfort to her to hear of Bertie's prompt action; the knee would be all right, it seemed, in a few days. Any achievement of her favorite, Bertie, always delighted her.

It was past noon when Courtier, leaning on a stick, passed through the picture chamber on to the terrace.

The great house slumbered in the haze of a summer noon. Before it three sunlit peacocks were moving slowly across a lawn, toward a statue of Diana.

Past those lawns and certain noble trees, over the wooded foot-hills of the moorland, and a promised land of

pinkish fields, pasture, and orchards, the prospect stretched to the far sea. The heat clothed this view with a kind of opalescence, a fairy garment, transmuting all values. The four-square walls and tall chimneys of the pottery works a few miles down seemed to Courtier like a vision of some old fortified Italian town. He turned back into the picture chamber, and slowly, smiling a little, passed from one to another of the effigies on its walls. All the faces of these old Caradocs gave him the same feeling: they seemed 'armored,' not with the mere fleshy mask of the average citizen, but with a spirit more steely and enduring. A curious, darting ghost hovered about those painted faces, as though heritage of power and shelter had freed their owners for more give-and-take of judgment and speculation than their humbler neighbors. And yet these faces seemed all insisting that nature will never be denied its balance; their expansion and elasticity had certainly been paid for by constriction. So curiously 'armored' they seemed to Courtier.

The Monkland Court family, he had found in the course of his campaign, was well spoken of throughout the neighborhood. They administered their lands well; nor was there any lack of kindly feeling between them and their people. Those olden-age æsthetic ties, which the newly-arrived have had as a rule neither the time nor the tact to establish, appeared still to be maintained. There was said to be no griping destitution nor ill-housing on their estate. The inhabitants of that kingdom were not so much encouraged to improve themselves, as maintained at a certain level, by steady and not ungenerous supervision. When a roof required thatching, it was thatched; when a man became too old to work, he was not suffered to lapse

VOL. 106 - NO. 4

into the workhouse. In bad years for wool or beasts, the farmers received a graduated remission of their rents. The pottery works were run on a liberal if autocratic basis. All this was said to be traditional from the old Caradocs whom Courtier was examining.

He was still studying them when he saw a lady approaching. She was perhaps a little more than fifty years of age, tall, and of full figure, with hair still brown. Her complexion and a slight prominence of her gray-blue eyes betrayed a growing ripeness. Her manner had a certain dignified curiosity.

But Courtier was one of those who, by virtue of their warm-bloodedness, are ever ready to catch the moment as it flies. He had the large manner that never varied — as polite and cordial to a beggar as to a lord. His urbanity had not to fight with the timidities and irritations of a nervous temperament. And only when a sentiment or action appeared mean to him did people become conscious of something at variance with his cheery courtesy; as though a war horse, hard-held, were fretting and fuming within his chest. His shell of stoicism, however, was never quite melted by this internal heat, so that a very peculiar expression was the result, a sort of calm, sardonic, desperate, jolly look. And, since he not infrequently found himself confronted by actions and sentiments of dubious character, he was often visited by this look.

Lady Valleys spoke.

'I most heartily apologize to you, Mr. Courtier; disgraceful of those people. I want to tell you how much I admire your book; though of course I disagree with it. What we want preached in these days are the warlike, not the peaceful virtues — especially by a warrior.'

Courtier laughed. 'Must I be accused of preaching, Lady Valleys?'

'Oh! well, you'll soon come to it. It's part of the writing disease. But your ideas really are impracticable.'

'Though they say that the ideas of to-day are the facts of to-morrow.'

'Now do you really believe that? You tell us in your book that the ruling classes are deficient in ideas.'

'According to the law that every creature suits itself to its environment, the probabilities seem to lie in that direction.'

'Ah!' said Lady Valleys, a little sharply, 'you must prove that, please.'

'What is the motive power of ideas? Imagination! What is the motive power of imagination? Sympathy. What is the motive power of sympathy? Understanding. What is the motive power of understanding? Suffering and experience. Q. E. D.'

'I dispute that entirely,' said Lady Valleys. 'People are born sympathetic, or they are not.'

'As individuals, yes; as classes, no.'

'At all events, we bear a better name for sympathy than the middle classes.'

'Certainly,' said Courtier. 'There are only two classes that beat you — the very poor —'

'No! I don't agree. Their understanding, and certainly their sympathies, are very narrow. They have never had ideas.'

'Yes. I should have said there's only one class that beats you.'

'And that?'

'The men of ideas themselves.'

'That is surely a platitude.'

'Ah! but the point is, does your class produce them?'

'How about your Fielding, Byron, Shelley? In proportion to numbers —'

'Well, Lady Valleys,' Courtier answered, 'it's my experience that if you give a man power, he's done for — from the point of view of understanding. It would be odd if he were n't. You can hardly be fixing the lines within which other people shall act — and be keeping your mind open, and your feelers going at the same time!'

Lady Valleys answered with a certain irritation, as though not accustomed to be so long withstood. 'We are n't all officials and public men. There are plenty of us to do other work.'

'Forgive me, it is not so much what you do, but the attitude of mind in which you are brought up.'

Lady Valleys looked at him shrewdly.

'What's much more interesting,' she said, 'is — why you came down here! I'm sure you don't care a rap for politics!'

But as she spoke a young girl entered.

(To be continued.)

THE CHEAPENING OF RELIGION

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

In this, as in every generation, the most important human interests are personal and spiritual. A celebrated preacher once said that God's purpose on earth is not truth, but man. In view of present intellectual standards and tendencies this statement has a peculiar significance. It touches the heart of all social problems.

For example, the most momentous social fact of the twentieth century is, probably, the rise of the working man. His destiny is the next consideration. While his material success is assured, his spiritual outlook and intentions are somewhat obscured. To an almost inconceivable extent, and before long, dominion and power are to be his, and in this connection one of the most hopeful signs of the times is the present unrest of this worker and his consequent effort educationally and industrially to improve his conditions.

This social unrest, however, is not confined to industrial circles. It is also the most hopeful religious or spiritual sign. At no time in the history of this continent has the spiritual element in the churches and elsewhere been so thoroughly aroused to a sense of its responsibility and opportunity. For the church to sever its spiritual connection with the masses is to court isolation. On the other hand, to bolster its influence with the people by methods other than spiritual is an alternative that is foredoomed to defeat. And yet this alternative, which means the de-

scent of religion and the cheapening of its ideals, is a boldly advertised feature of only too many church programmes, whose avowed intention it is to keep up with what they consider to be the spirit of the times.

To illustrate the effect of this cheapening of religious thought on the progress and religious ideals of modern society, let us first take the word religion in all its old-time simplicity and significance.

To begin with, I think it will be allowed that originally, or at least once upon a time, this term religion was by right of almost universal usage the exclusive property and copyright of religious people, that is to say of people, regardless of faith or denomination, whose chief concern was the spiritual, and not directly the material, welfare of the human race. To be still more explicit, there certainly was a time when the word religion was not applied to scientific or socialistic systems of social betterment. The term was taken to mean simply and solely the conscious relation between man and God, and the expression of that relation in human conduct. As such, it was a designation or emblem wide enough to take in men and women of almost every conceivable spiritual inclination and calibre.

So far as Christians are concerned, and according to its original significance, the term was intended strictly to represent the spiritual function in human affairs, namely, 'To develop the moral instincts of children, to for-

tify the character of the young against temptation, to cherish love of justice and human brotherhood, and to encourage the capacity for self-sacrifice.'

It matters little that, in all countries and in every generation, grievous mistakes have been made in the name of religion. The flags of the most civilized nations are subject to the same criticism. Consequently, this word religion, standing on its pedestal from age to age with its central idea of spiritual service, should have been guarded by Christian people with zealous solicitude, and its original significance should have been retained, unmixed with other issues, however popular and praiseworthy.

At the present day, however, no one would dream of claiming any such exclusive interpretation for the word religion. In fact, the term, shorn for the most part of its original significance, is now at the service of anybody who is able to bring into popular notice a plausible proposition in social or industrial betterment work. The churches themselves, and more particularly what are known as the liberal churches, have thrown the word into the literary scrap-heap, have invited all manner of well-meaning people, or associations of well-meaning people, to make use of the word as they think fit, and to attach it to all manner of ethical, scientific, or socialistic systems by means of which future races may be more thoroughly washed, fed, housed, measured, and enlightened. This to-day is the exact status of the word religion, which at one time was the exclusive property and word-emblem of spiritually-minded people.

At this point, the writer simply calls attention to this change in the significance of the word, and specifically to a number of well-defined evolutionary features that are following closely in its train: namely, to the scattering and

mystifying of the religious conceptions of people, especially of the rising generation; to a certain, and very noticeable, cheapening of religious thought in the community; and finally, to a tendency to do away with religious observance, and to convert religion itself into a guess of constantly diminishing importance.

To people who frequent the byways of city life, who listen to and make note of conversations, and who read the newspapers, in which, as a rule, religion is only referred to in parentheses or humorously, — to such people, I say, the indications I have mentioned are the widely-advertised signs of the times. The evolutionary history of this state of affairs, and the illustrations connected with it are extremely interesting. But now, in order to illuminate the discussion a little, a short historical retrospection becomes necessary.

II

Roughly speaking, between the years 1880 and 1890 there was a period of great educational and intellectual activity in America. It was by no means a pious upheaval of the human mind, but a sort of awakening to a sense of great intellectual riches and prospects. People in crowds, as it were, became half intoxicated with programmes of social and scientific possibilities. In almost every town and city in the country, lecture bureaus and 'Star courses' were at the height of their popularity and usefulness. Right along, through this interesting period, a revered and commanding personality was exercising a powerful influence on the religious life of the people of New England. It was an influence essentially religious and ennobling, yet the doctrines were widely tolerant in the best sense of the term. The key-note to this man's preaching was contained in

the fundamental understanding that the immediate obstacles to right living lie in our minds, and not in our circumstances. That is to say, it was a personal religion, founded on a spiritual basis.

The writer cannot recall the exact date, but on a certain New Year's Eve the man I refer to, the late Phillips Brooks, preached a sermon to the Young Men's Christian Union in Boston. His subject was the martyrdom of Saint Stephen, or the duties and responsibilities of the Christian soldier. The writer was so much impressed with the religious conceptions propounded by Dr. Brooks in this remarkable sermon, that he sought an interview with the preacher for the purpose of expressing his deep appreciation. Recalling the conversation as best I can, I trust that I do not misinterpret his words, or their significance, when I say that with hearty interest in all social and economic problems for the improvement of material conditions, and with the greatest sympathy for the opinions of all right-minded people, Dr. Brooks yet held religion to be the consecrated force by means of which all human activities should be inspired and directed along spiritual lines; or, as some one else has expressed it, religion should be depended upon 'to supply the extramundane motive stimulating men to the performance of their duties.'

In short, while religion has a mission, it has also privileges and powers and a *clearly defined sphere of action*. The writer came away from this interview impressed with the idea that, in the opinion of Dr. Brooks, it was by no means necessary for religion to apologize for its place in society, or for its services to humanity, nor was it either proper or expedient for ministers of religion to subordinate or side-track their spiritual functions in favor of popular or scientific theories, however praiseworthy.

Here, as it seems to the writer, in the religion of Phillips Brooks was a positive yet flexible starting-point from which people of all religious denominations and ethical systems might well agree to take their bearings. The entirely religious yet tolerant ideas of Dr. Brooks were extremely popular, practically speaking, with all classes in the community in which he labored; but in order to perpetuate rules of faith or conduct to which, let it be noted, there is attached a suspicion of discipline, the inspiration and actual presence of great personalities is called for. Since the days of Dr. Brooks, however, no single preacher or school of preachers has in any emphatic way taken up his work, and followed in his footsteps, with anything approaching his intensity or directness of spiritual purpose. Too many of them nowadays are even inclined to apologize for introducing spirituality into human affairs until some kind of social justice has been secured.

This over-keen sense, in fine and conscientious minds, of 'the burden of the universe' leads to great timidity in spiritual circles. Consequently the great non-religious world is inclined to look upon the modern minister as a weakling. If it does, the fault lies in the ministers themselves. When Phillips Brooks preached his sermon on the martyrdom of Saint Stephen, he was addressing the ministers of his time, as well as the young men of the Christian Union. Brave men and true of course there are to-day, but among the best of them spirituality seems to be losing its militant qualities. In order to bridge rivers, tunnel cities, navigate the air, fight pestilence, and destroy the slums, it is agreed that man must struggle, scheme, and dare. These noble lines of human endeavor call for champions, but as it appears to the writer of this article, spirituality in America, instead

of arming knights, is now enjoying a humdrum existence in the seclusion of comfortable parishes.

It is true many worthy ministers are in the open, fighting bravely for every conceivable kind of reform in social and religious life; but more and more the modern religious reformer is wandering from the basic principle of personal character and redemption, and the leaders of this radical and speculative school of modern religious thought are now seeking the greatest material happiness for the greatest number, along channels and by methods to which the writer now desires to direct attention. That there may be no misunderstanding as to this radical tendency and its meaning, it will be well to quote authority and adduce concrete illustration.

III

I have said that the so-called liberal preachers of the day have agreed to cast the word religion into the literary scrap-heap. To some people this fact will have but little significance; but when we come to examine the matter closely, we will get some idea of the cheapening of religious thought by which this change has been accompanied.

That the agreement to materialize religion and its meaning is spreading, and becoming very popular, can easily be demonstrated. Even the Roman Catholics here and there are being drawn into the current.

In a communication read at the conference at Edinburgh, on June 17, 1910, the Catholic Bishop of Cremona, Italy, gives 'due recognition' to the many elements of truth and value in several non-Christian systems of religion and ethics, although in the same breath he adds, 'But we should be unfaithful to the facts of experience if we did not

reaffirm our conviction that the education of the world demands for its highest and best development those elements of truth which are the peculiar contributions of Christianity to the world's thought and life.'

But an illustration nearer home will be more to the point. In a book entitled, *The Coming Religion*, published in the year 1893, Rev. Thomas Van Ness applies the term religion to three clearly defined systems of philosophical thought, to which at that time the earnest attention of thinking people was directed, as it is now, for that matter. These systems of religion are 'The Christian, the Scientific, and the Humanitarian, with their gospels of love, evolution, and socialism.'

In commenting on conditions and prospects, Mr. Van Ness describes the situation very clearly. He speaks of 'the three religions battling for supremacy in the Christian world,' and puts the question to his readers: 'Which of the three is to become supreme? Is not our religion,' he adds, 'perfect, as it is measured by the standards of its sincere believers?' The book in question, the author explains, 'was written to answer this question in the negative.'

Now, it is not necessary to dwell on the obvious distinction between the all-embracing personal service contained in the doctrines and faith of Dr. Brooks, and the religion of the future, which, in the mind's eye of Mr. Van Ness, is to be a sort of alliance or reconciliation between science, socialism, and Christianity. This is to-day a common and very acceptable doctrine. It is popular with liberal thinkers and hosts of people, and yet to the mind of the present writer, it means to Christianity and the spiritual life of the nation what the partition of Poland meant to the Poles.

The alliance in question, in all its complications, is becoming more and

more the popular interpretation of religious probabilities. The most advanced views on the subject, leaving out a good deal of the socialism, with a quite graphic description of the promised land connected with it, are very clearly outlined in the well-known treatise on *The Religion of the Future*, by Dr. Charles W. Eliot.

The present writer, however, is not now concerned with horoscopes and predictions. He invites his readers to examine the situation for themselves, and to see just how this proposed alliance between socialism and science on the one hand, and a large, influential, and well-meaning section of Christian workers on the other, pursues its ends and carries on its campaign. To a great extent it is a picture of spirituality and spiritual teachers backing out and losing ground under pressure from below. What follows is some of the writing on the wall.

IV

During the period to which I have referred, when Phillips Brooks was preaching to all sorts and conditions of men his great doctrines of love, spirituality, and personal service, and when at the same time from forum and platform messages of great human and scientific interest were being delivered to enthusiastic audiences, a young minister stepped out of the ranks, as it were, and proclaimed to the people of New England the dawn of a new era, or rather, the breaking of new ground in methods of religious teaching. For, after all, his message was neither new nor strange. But the man had personality. He was burdened with an idea. He was enthusiastic, honest, eloquent, and strong. From the start people took him seriously. The newspapers 'featured' him, and he began to draw crowds. Sunday after Sunday he filled Tremont Temple in Boston

to the doors. From a full heart he preached the ever virile doctrine of human brotherhood.

But the spiritual impetus that was at the root of his humanitarian ideas was, to the better educated among his hearers, its most attractive feature. Although the spiritual element in his audiences was in the minority, the preacher's standing on the subject added greatly to his popularity and to the quiet dignity of the services, and hundreds of regular church-goers from all over the state became frequent attendants at these meetings.

As time passed, interest in the movement increased, but, as it seemed to the writer, in response to the popular demand of a mixed audience, more emphasis began to be laid on the social, industrial, and human-brotherhood features of the programme. The idea of the spiritual origin and backing of the movement seemed to be losing ground, and before long, in the natural course of events, sermons on social justice were reinforced and illustrated by the teaching of science and the doctrines of socialism.

In this way, one thing leading to another, the Christian Church itself was brought up for consideration. There is no mistaking the outside popular view of this matter. If the religious liberal loses sight of it, he will get out of touch with his popular audience. And thus the minister in question, forgetting the Christian endeavor of centuries, held up, religiously speaking, his own flesh and blood to popular animadversion for its mistakes in the past, and its lethargy in the present. Perhaps he was right; in my opinion he was wrong; but leaving the ultimate good to the community an open question, the fact remains that he, this minister, had now joined the ranks of those who were cheapening religious traditions and thought.

Meanwhile the sermons were becoming immensely entertaining, and the ever-increasing radicalism and religious independence of the preacher continued to be received with marked applause by crowded audiences.

In this way, as it seemed to the writer recording his honest impressions, the preacher discovered the most popular element in his teaching, his visions of doing good were guided thereby, and thus he began to get a glimpse of the fascinating life-work that was before him.

The man, by this time, was a distinct power in the community. Apart from his regular religious services in Tremont Temple and elsewhere, he started a 'forum' in the interests of young men, in the Parker Memorial Building in Boston, for the freest possible discussion of social and industrial problems, and in particular of the doctrines of human rights and socialism.

Without exaggeration, hundreds of young men of thoughtful and religious tendencies were attracted to this platform which represented and encouraged the discussion of topics of such vital human interest. The moving spirits in this forum, the regular attendants and most interested debaters, were drawn from the churches. Without any reference to the merits of the case, it will have to be allowed that few, if any, of these young men ever returned to the churches from which they came.

But now mark the event.

The work of the forum and of the movement itself came to an end after two or three very successful seasons, not from lack of interest or attendance, but from the deliberate action and *test* of the founder himself. When the time came he put the case to his audience in so many words, very much as follows; at any rate this is the impression his remarks left on his hearers. 'My friends,' he said in effect, 'we have now come

to the parting of the ways. You have followed me kindly and courageously this many a day. What I am and what I teach, you should all thoroughly understand by this time. And specifically about religion you are particularly well posted, and my views on the subject I have not withheld from you. But now it is our manifest duty to take account of stock, to look forward as well as backward, and thus I now want to know something about results and the future. My religion, the doctrine I have preached, you understand, is founded on human justice, the brotherhood of man, the revelations and truths of science, and finally as much of the Christian religion as, in good faith and reasonably, we can admit into the partnership.

'With these ideas in our minds, and along these lines, I now propose to institute here in Boston a great brotherly congregation of Christian workers. To begin with, I ask you all to think the matter over carefully, and later, when our arrangements shall have been completed, I shall ask you to put your hands in your pockets, and give the movement some tangible evidence of your appreciation of my sojourn and labors among you. In a word, we must now have a regular constitution and a home to worship in. The question remains, Is this alliance of ours between Science, Socialism, and the Christian Religion good for it?'

To describe the situation more definitely, the city of Boston was thoroughly canvassed in behalf of the project. Those who had manifested any interest in the work were then invited to assist the committees. A form of pledge, promising financial assistance, was printed and circulated, and finally a mass meeting of regular attendants and well-wishers was held one Sunday evening in the Hollis Street Theatre.

The building was crowded to the

doors. If my recollection of the affair is correct, the services of an expert were secured for the financial aspect of the undertaking. The duties of this gentleman consisted in the reading of a financial report, in announcing the amounts of the pledges, and finally, by means of a stirring appeal, in arousing the enthusiasm of the audience to the requisite money-giving pitch.

In this way the best part of an hour was consumed; but when the sum total of the pledges was read out, it was found to be sadly disappointing. The minister, however, made the best of it. It remained for him to announce his plans for the future with such limited financial support. He promised to think it over. He had received a very flattering call from a society in California. He must not forget that. He thanked kind friends for their support and generosity, and then he gave his topic for the evening: 'Why I believe in Immortality.'

Now, in the present article neither the teachings of science nor the doctrines of socialism are up for consideration. The issue is simply the effect, or probable effect, of the alliance I have been describing on the spiritual life of the community. And from this point of view I think it fair to conclude that the movement which culminated, or rather disbanded, in the Hollis Street Theatre, cost the churches some two or three hundred regular attendants. The doctrines of personal religion and spirituality in general lost a great deal of ground. At the end there was no religious or any other cohesion, and the great audience in the Hollis Street Theatre represented a medley of social and philosophical opinions, drawn together by a single personality, and finally thrown back on the community to shift for themselves.

The characteristic feature and result of this movement, whether for better

or worse, was simply its *homelessness*, and every movement of this description in the churches, from that day to this, has in the end, and in a similar way, resolved itself into a society for the turning-out of religious vagrants. This applies to ministers and laymen alike. This making of religious vagrants is, to say the least of it, a very noticeable feature and sequence of the progressive religious sentiment of the day. In listening to an up-to-date sermon of this description, one finds it is frequently ninety-eight per cent political and socialistic, and two per cent spiritual.

The ultimate result to such churches can be imagined. It will repay us to give a little attention to the language used upon such occasions by prominent liberal preachers in the year 1910. Of course this kind of doctrine cannot yet be taken as typical of the situation in liberal religious circles, but it is by far the most extensively advertised and applauded feature of the situation.

Quite recently, in Boston, large audiences of Unitarians and their friends were addressed by ministers of that denomination, during anniversary week. The attitude of the church toward politics, labor problems, and social justice was the topic that aroused the keenest interest, and the addresses thereon were most extensively reported in the newspapers. The enthusiasm of audiences was repeatedly aroused by such sentiments as the following uttered by prominent speakers:—

'This money power has invaded and captured the Republican party. This money power has invaded our colleges and universities, and told their heads what they can teach.'

According to this minister, the church should preach politics and socialism from the pulpit. He himself had no hesitation in setting the example. The church, his own church, is conspicu-

ously weak and inefficient. Its plain duty is to denounce the money power, the Republican party, and the railroads. In regard to the latter, an audience was informed that 'The beast in the east masquerades under the name of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and it is one of the corrupting influences in the east.'

Parenthetically there is about one ounce of vanishing truth in this statement, and a ton of gross misrepresentation. Any one of its thousands of employees could have informed the speaker what the Boston and Maine Railroad and its management stand for to-day, socially, educationally, and industrially. As for the past — let the dead bury its dead.

According to these speakers, however, the greatest offender is the church itself. Its stand on economic and social questions is the centre of attack. The church is accused of being 'long on salvation somewhere else, and mighty short of it here.' One speaker, relating his experience and opinion, had this to say: 'I saw a congregation of people who would sing and who would talk about the brotherhood of man, but who would resent any attempt to make that brotherhood possible.'

'Where save in the church would you find buyers of legislatures?' he inquired. 'Where save in the church will you find the owners of foul tenements that kill the people who are compelled to live in them?'

The moral effect of this kind of sermonizing, advertised as it has been all over the country, is simply to bring all churches and every form of religious teaching into disrepute with the people. Not only is its tendency to initiate and encourage dissatisfaction and vagrancy in religious circles, not only are its accusations often exaggerated, but its very aims are themselves founded on error and misconception. This

final and most important phase of the situation should be clearly explained and understood.

V

One of the chief of these misconceptions relates to the function and duties of the Christian minister, and to the understanding or misunderstanding of Christian endeavor in all parts of the world in times past. The modern religious reformer, in thinking that he can fill the rôle of a political partisan or a corporation-baiter, and at the same time expect to remain on a spiritual eminence and direct the conscience of even a small congregation, is making a great mistake.

Personally this action of his may be commendable; he may be peculiarly fitted for this kind of work; nevertheless, it must be to him a fundamental change of occupation.

The position of the writer on the matter can be stated in the words of Phillips Brooks: 'God's purpose on the earth is man, and the primary and final concern of the Christian minister is human character.' This religious programme is not only all a Christian minister can reasonably be expected to attend to, but, as we shall see later, it includes, and always has included, social justice and betterment work of every description. Let us first emphasize this position or sphere of duty a little.

The Reverend Frederick A. Bisbee, editor of the *Universalist Leader* of Boston, in his baccalaureate sermon at the University of Maine some time ago, called attention to the part played by religion in the present great drama of life.

'The great need of the world,' he said, 'is not more laws, not more schemes for human betterment, but more of just plain, good, true men. The best office in the world will fail unless you

have good men to administer it. Every social system ever instituted has met wreck because of the failure of the individual man in it. All our evils, social, economic, and political, have their primary cause in evil men, often men of talent and training. The only way to reform the world is to reform the men in it.'

Here, then, is the religious proposition of to-day actually more insistent and more clearly defined than ever. This is the prescribed sphere of action of the Christian minister. It is orthodox, liberal, and catholic. But the American genius is averse to restrictions of any kind, and the fever in the blood is now running its course through the churches.

Let us take a glance at this now popular movement in perhaps its latest manifestation.

The Presbyterian Church in the United States, for example, with its one million three hundred thousand members, has recently issued a sort of manifesto on the subject. The document was reported to the assembly at Atlantic City, by Reverend John McDowell, D. D., and adopted with unanimity. Its terms call upon the church to declare itself specifically on certain social, moral, and industrial issues. It is true Jesus approached the social question from within. He dealt with individuals; he made men; he served the world through inspiration; he left the organization of social and industrial details to the individual who listened to and profited by his teachings. But the Presbyterian and other Protestant churches now propose to go further. The time has come, they declare, 'when our churches and ministers must speak their minds concerning particular problems now threatening society.'

To begin with, then, let it now be preached that 'All wealth, from whatever source acquired, must be held or

administered as a trust from God for fellow men.' 'The church must declare, too, for the application of Christian principles in the conduct of industrial organizations, whether of capital or labor; for a more equal distribution of wealth; and for the abatement of poverty. Furthermore, the church must stand for the abolition of child-labor. Provision must be made to relieve from want those who, through no fault of their own, now suffer the brunt of losses incurred in the service of society as a whole. The church must also have an eye on and a hand in regulating the condition of the industrial occupation of women. She must declare for the protection of working people from dangerous machinery, and for adequate insurance; and finally, 'The pay of every worker for six days' work'—the church must see to it—'should be made sufficient for the needs of seven days of living.'

Evidently these issues and interests are of the greatest importance, both to the churches and to the nation at large. The proposition from beginning to end does credit to the religious instinct and human sympathies of any church.

The principles concerned in the programme are all right, but in the working out of its details there is a peck of trouble, for both minister and church. But the churches have always preached and acknowledged the principles of social justice, on a level, at any rate, with the times. What they now propose to do is to step down into the social arena and take sides. Once in the arena there is no help for it. The minister must come out for the open shop or against it. He must be socialist or anti-socialist. Sooner or later he must be female suffragist or anti-suffragist. He must come out for an eight-hour day or against it. Meanwhile, under these circumstances, his congregation

being human, only a man-miracle could retain his spiritual jurisdiction.

In fact, to saddle the modern minister with even a subordinate part in the organization and solution of these problems of social justice is simply preposterous.

President Eliot of the American Unitarian Association is evidently of this opinion. He does not believe that 'one man can be a theologian, a sociologist, a raiser of church income, and a pastor with sufficient skill to make himself acceptable to an intelligent and critical congregation.'

This is the situation in a nutshell. Let the minister choose whom he will serve. Let him specialize; and seeing that the primal and final concern of the Christian minister is human character, let him specialize at his own business, and stand to his guns.

The churches to-day are as well aware of these facts, and of this situation, as the writer of this article. But, unfortunately, at the present day they are suffering from a simple case of Christian timidity or fright. Deep in its heart the church is aware of its spiritual mission, but the incessant haranguing of the popular reformer, and various other pressures from without, are eating into its faith, and it now seems to be possessed with a determination to part with no small portion of its spiritual function, in order to acquire an uncertain partnership in affairs over which its influence is comparatively slight.

But this religious misconception is not alone one of function and duty.

At the root of nearly all modern projects, or tendencies, to materialize religion, there is also a misinterpretation of church history and antecedents. For if there is any one thing to-day of which the churches have reason to be proud, it is the record of Christian endeavor and success along the very lines to which popular attention is now being directed.

In reading the programme and announced platform of the Presbyterian Church, one gets the idea that this denomination is becoming interested in these social and industrial problems for the first time. Nothing can be further from the truth. The past and present glory of the Christian Church does not consist in the lists of social and industrial cure-alls which it has officially sanctioned and proclaimed from the housetops. While others have been thus engaged, the individuals, the children and fruits of the church's ministry, the 'just plain, good, true men and women,' have been at work, and have crowded into the past fifty years a record of actual results in humanitarian effort which, properly understood, should fill the faintest religious heart with courage and gladness.

It is only necessary to study these reforms, the names of the reformers, and the associations connected with them, to understand that in a vast majority of cases the great work of human uplift has been initiated and carried on 'In His Name,' and in faithful response to the injunction, 'This commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another.'

RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA

BY HENRY M. WHITNEY

I

THERE is in all history no better illustration of the advantage, to all concerned, of free and unrestricted trade over a large area of country than that presented by the growth in population and in wealth of the United States within the last century, and especially within the last fifty years. Including the territory west of the Mississippi River, which barely one hundred years ago was foreign soil, and Alaska, which less than fifty years ago was foreign soil, the United States covers an area of 3,500,000 square miles, of which 500,000 square miles are in Alaska. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it contained a population of 5,300,000, which had grown in the first fifty years to upwards of 23,000,000, and at the end of the century to upwards of 75,000,000, and which now numbers about 92,000,000.

For the first fifty years of the century the increase in population and in wealth was comparatively slow, for the reason that transportation of heavy freights for any great distance had to be carried on almost entirely by water. Transportation by teams, which, before the introduction of the railway system, was the only means of inland transportation, was too expensive to admit of the profitable cultivation of farms or of the building up of manufacturing enterprises in places even a little remote from the watercourses. It is probably fair to say that a team of horses, or pair of oxen, could not move

more than one ton of freight over the average country road of a century ago a greater distance than twenty miles in one day. If the team were to make its return journey in half the time, it would involve a cost of transportation of a day and a half for a man and team. At present, the cost of the team to do this work would be about \$5 a day, or \$7.50 for the day and a half; in the olden time it could probably have been done for, say, \$4.50. Reckoning 33 bushels of grain to the ton, that would mean that it would cost 14 cents a bushel to move grain to the watercourse from a farm twenty miles away. Mr. W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central Railroad, has stated that the cost of transportation by teams from Buffalo to the Hudson River previous to the opening of the Erie Canal was \$100 per ton, which was reduced to \$11 a ton on the opening of the Canal, or, say, 34 cents per bushel on grain. Hence the cost of moving grain from a farm twenty miles from Buffalo to the Hudson River amounted to nearly 50 cents a bushel, which was probably all that the grain was worth at that time at the river point.

But with the introduction of the railway system this condition of things was entirely changed. Heavy freights are now carried one thousand miles by rail at the cost of twenty miles by teams. The railroads have been the pioneers and chief factor in the development of the resources of the country, and unless hampered by restrictive or hostile legislation, they will continue

to be so for many years to come. All sections of the country have shared in the benefit of this development, and have alike been prosperous.

The area of trade in the United States is in remarkable contrast to those of the different countries of Europe. For illustration: Great Britain has an area of 121,000 square miles, which is equal to that of the New England States, New York, and New Jersey. The area of France is equal to that of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, and Michigan. Germany has an area equal to that of North and South Carolina, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois. The area of Spain is equal to that of Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi; of Italy, to that of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri; of Austria-Hungary, to that of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Sweden and Norway together have about the same area as Arizona, Utah, and Montana; Portugal is something less in area than Oklahoma. The Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, and Greece have together an area of about 66,000 square miles—somewhat smaller than that of either Kansas or Nebraska.

These fourteen different countries occupy an aggregate of about 1,500,000 square miles, or about one-half the territory of the United States, exclusive of Alaska; and the remainder of the territory in the United States, including Alaska, is equal to the area of European Russia.

All of these countries, with the sole exception of Great Britain, are hemmed in by hostile tariff walls, each against the others, which limit their trade largely to the territory occupied by each. In addition, they are animated largely by feelings of racial hostility toward one another. They support large standing armies for protection against their neighbors, involving burdensome taxes, and have a system of compulsory mili-

tary service, which is also very burdensome.

From all these hindrances to trade the United States has been and is still free. The citizens of one state are free to travel and to trade in every other state, and friendship and friendly interests prevail. This absolute freedom of intercourse, this freedom from military service, and these lighter taxes, together with the opportunity for acquiring land and homes wherever one may see fit to settle, have invited immigration from all parts of the world; and for the last fifty years immigrants have been coming in increasing numbers. These immigrants have left behind them their racial feeling of hostility, they have ceased to be Germans, or Austrians, or Swedes, or Norwegians, and have become loyal and enthusiastic Americans. Were the territory of the United States divided into separate nationalities, as in Europe, there would have been no such rapid growth of cities, no Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, no Baltimore, or Pittsburg, or Chicago, as we know them to-day. The growth and development of these centres of commerce and industry is wholly due to the absolute freedom of intercourse and community of interest over the enormous area of 3,500,000 square miles.

Assuming that the spirit of private enterprise and the development of the railway system are not to be checked by unwise legislation, what is likely to be the population of the United States in the century to come? The average increase for the nineteenth century was three per cent a year. For the last twenty years the growth was twenty per cent every ten years, or two per cent a year; about fifteen per cent of which was due to reproduction, and five per cent to immigration. It seems to me that for the next fifty years the population will increase in like ratio, in which case we shall have

in 1920 a population of 110,000,000	
1930	132,000,000
1940	158,000,000
1950	190,000,000
1960	228,000,000

and assuming thereafter for the next forty years an increase of one and one half per cent a year, or fifteen per cent every ten years, we should find ourselves at the end of the century with a population of 400,000,000.

This would give us in 1960 an average population of 75 persons to the square mile, not including Alaska, and in the year 2000 about 140 to the square mile. Considering that Germany, France, and England have now a population of 300 to the square mile, that Massachusetts already has a population of 367 per square mile, and that the states of New York and Pennsylvania have about 150 persons per square mile, there would seem to be plenty of room for even the larger population. The chief concern would be how they should be fed and wherewithal they should be clothed.

II

Turning now to the development of our manufacturing enterprises, it is seen that the growth in this direction has been no less remarkable than the growth in population. The Census Reports do not give details of manu-

facturing enterprises further back than the Census of 1850. At that time, 1850, the value of products was \$1,000,000,000; there were 123,000 manufacturing establishments, having a capital of \$533,000,000, and wage-earners numbering 957,000. In 1900, the value of products was \$13,000,000,000; the number of establishments had grown to 512,000, with a capital of \$9,831,000,000 and wage-earners numbering 5,314,000.

Manufacturing enterprises, which at the beginning, and indeed until the end of the first half of the century, were almost wholly confined to the eastern section of the country, have moved westward, along with the march of population, until at the present time the capital invested and the number of men employed are nearly or quite as large in some of the western agricultural states as in the older states of the East, where manufacturing is, and always has been, the chief occupation. Having so large an area to trade over, without let or hindrance of any kind, manufacturers have been enabled to specialize their products, and to produce more cheaply than if they were confined to a limited trade-area, as are most of the countries in Europe to which I have already referred.

As showing the growth of manufacturing enterprises in the West, take for illustration the following statistics from the Census Report, —

MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS

<i>State</i>	<i>Year</i>	<i>Number</i>	<i>Capital</i>	<i>Wage-earners</i>
Illinois	1850	3,162	6,217,000	11,559
	1900	38,360	776,000,000	395,110
Wisconsin	1850	1,262	3,382,000	6,089
	1900	16,187	330,000,000	142,000
Minnesota	1850	5	94,000	63
	1900	11,114	165,832,000	77,234
Massachusetts	1850	8,852	177,461,000	89,000
	1900	29,180	823,000,000	497,000

The number of persons engaged in agricultural pursuits in the State of Illinois in 1900 was 462,781, as compared with 395,110 wage-earners in manufacturing establishments.

There is no reason to suppose that this tendency of manufacturing enterprises to draw nearer to the centres of population in the western countries will not continue. Gradually around these industries in the West will grow up a class of mechanics equal to those that are found in the eastern states, and the western establishments will grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength, and competition with the eastern manufacturer will be keener and keener as the years go by. And if the time shall come when, added to this natural competition, transportation shall be based upon mileage, and freight carried 2000 miles shall be compelled to pay ten times as much as freight carried 200 miles, the eastern manufacturer will be likely to be absolutely cut off from his customers in the distant West. It is, therefore, not only desirable, but, in my judgment, absolutely essential, that the eastern manufacturers should be able to avail themselves of the possible customers to the north and east of us with whom we are in such close proximity. Montreal, the Chicago of the Dominion, is but 350 miles from New York, or Boston, or Portland, while Chicago of the United States is 1000 miles away, St. Louis 1200, Omaha and Kansas City 1500.

The Dominion of Canada is entering upon a development closely resembling that of the United States one hundred years ago. Her population at the beginning of the present century was very much the same as that of the United States a century earlier, namely, in 1800. Although the climatic conditions in Canada are less favorable than those in the United States, her railway

development is now assuming large proportions, and it is more than likely that in the next forty years she will grow more rapidly than the United States grew in the forty years from 1810 to 1850. Immigration into the United States from 1820 to 1830 aggregated less for the ten years than 150,000 people, while at the present time there are probably double that number entering Canada every single year.

Her territory lies along that of the United States for nearly 4000 miles. The natural outlet and inlet for exports and imports of the Dominion is through the territory of the United States. Her Atlantic ports of Halifax and St. John are several hundred miles farther from Montreal than either Boston, or New York, or Portland; and in addition to the shorter distance, the greater attractions of the ports would draw the trade of the Dominion to the United States ports, if trade were allowed to flow freely, without the intervention of the tariff wall. The people of the United States would be the very best customers for the varied Canadian products. The people of the United States would be glad to join with the people of Canada in developing this great territory; and, as in the case of the territory of the United States, it could be developed to the mutual advantage of all concerned. That territory in the United States lying west of the Mississippi River, which barely one hundred years ago was a howling wilderness, now contains a contented and prosperous population of more than twenty millions of people, and there almost every day new manufacturing enterprises are being established on an enduring basis.

The free and unrestricted trade which has prevailed over the territory of the United States to the mutual advantage of everybody concerned would be equally beneficial to the territory of

the Dominion if the tariff barrier between the two countries were absolutely removed. Manufacturing enterprises would gradually find their way to the western sections of Canada, just as they have to the western sections of the United States; and all along from Ottawa to the Pacific would be found cities like Milwaukee, St. Paul, Spokane, Denver, Salt Lake City, and Sacramento. And this development would be more rapid if brought about by the united capital and energy of the American people and of the Canadians.

III

The establishment of friendly trade relations with Canada—and by friendly trade relations I mean trade that shall be as free and unrestricted between these two countries as that between the separate states of the United States—would lead to friendly social relations, and a bond of union would be woven between the United States, Canada, and the British Empire. The outcome might be an alliance for mutual protection which would have in it great possibilities of good for those immediately concerned, and perhaps for the whole human race.

Such an alliance as I have referred to might come to be of much importance to the United States, if we are to continue to play our rôle of a world power in the affairs of the East. The unfortunate legacy left us by the Spanish War has opened for us a Pandora's box of evils and responsibilities, of which the masses of the people are but very dimly conscious. If any great power in Europe, or in the East, should think the Philippines worth taking, it could appropriate them, for all we could now do to prevent, pretty nearly as easily as Dewey captured Manila. If it is to be the settled policy of the United States to retain possession of

the Philippine Islands, we must get ourselves in a better position than we are now to hold them; otherwise, we shall be nothing in this connection but a laughing-stock to the world, as in all probability we are now. We must seek alliances with other world powers. We cannot 'go it alone' there. But to be in any position to protect these islands, or to be of value to any European power as an ally, we must have a much more powerful navy than we have now, must have at our command a large fleet of army transports, and must have a much larger army. If we are not prepared to do all of these things, we must find some way to get out of our eastern complications and devote our energies and our resources to home development and home protection.

The people of the United States are ambitious to trade over a large area. If they had part or lot in the trade affairs of the whole of the British Empire, it would be their interest to help maintain the Empire in its integrity. I believe that the beginning of this much-desired end is a trade alliance between the United States and the Dominion of Canada. We have ourselves seen the benefit of free and unrestricted trade over an area of three million square miles. If Canada be joined with us we shall have a trade area of six million square miles. If the British Empire were added, we should have a trading area of fourteen or fifteen million square miles. It is likely, also, that other countries of Europe would be glad to join such an alliance, the beneficial effects of which can, perhaps, be better imagined than described.

In some respects, the question of reciprocity with Canada is more complicated than it was in 1897, when Sir Wilfred Laurier and his Cabinet came to Washington on their mission of re-

reciprocity, and were so coldly received. The question as to the proper division of the customs and internal revenue under a common tariff, and under a system of free trade between the United States and Canada, would not be altogether easy of adjustment, but might, in the last resort, be left to the decision of arbitrators to be agreed upon beforehand.

It is amazing, and I think wholly without excuse, that the representatives in Washington of the New England States, to whom a reciprocity treaty with Canada is of such great, and indeed essential, importance, should have been so indifferent with regard to Sir Wilfrid's proposition. It can only be accounted for by the fact that our own western country was developing at such a rate that nothing else seemed worth considering. And when one comes to realize that in the thirty years from 1870 to 1900, the number of farms in the United States increased upwards of three millions in number, with an acreage of upwards of four hundred and thirty millions, — a larger area in new farms in those thirty years than the whole area of France and Germany and Austria and Hungary combined, — it is not perhaps so strange.

In some respects the time is more opportune now than heretofore for favorable negotiation on the lines I have suggested. The tendency of to-day is in the direction of a lower scale of duties, and it would therefore be easier now for the two countries to agree upon a scale of duties more in harmony with Canadian ideas than it was in 1897, when Sir Wilfrid came to Washington, just previous to the inauguration of the Dingley tariff. I am well aware that there would be many difficult questions to settle, before the countries could unite on the basis of free and unrestricted trade relations. The fact that is thought by many Canadians to

stand absolutely in the way is the preference on certain manufactured articles given by Canada to England. It could hardly be expected that the United States would grant England this preference over the trade of other friendly nations; but if the United States tariffs were to be substantially reduced on goods of English manufacture, this greater opportunity of trade with one hundred millions of people would go very far toward compensating England for some small loss in her trade with seven millions of people. If all the parties to these negotiations would approach the question in a spirit of fairness, animated by friendly feelings and by wise statesmanship, I see no reason for supposing that all the questions involved in this great arrangement might not be ultimately adjusted with reasonable satisfaction to all parties concerned.

IV

Some resolutions that were passed a few months ago by the Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce of Montreal have been quoted far and near as evidence of the opposition of Canadians to reciprocity with the United States. One of the reasons given was that if Canadians were permitted to buy of the American manufacturers they would get their goods cheaper than if confined to the home market. Whether this would or would not be the fact, I am not prepared to say; but if such would really be the case, it would seem an argument, so far as the mass of the people are concerned, in favor of reciprocity rather than against it. Another objection, and the most important one, was that free-trade relations with the United States would tend to weaken the attachment of the Canadians to the mother country. This must not for a moment be considered. The interest that the mother country has in her

colonies relates almost wholly to her trade affairs, and I see no reason why these should be disturbed to any great extent. As to this 'attachment' to the mother country, if it would be imperiled by friendly trade relations with the United States and if such relations would create a sentiment in favor of annexation, then the 'attachment' cannot be very strong. The very objection carries with it inherent evidence of its weakness, and of the strength of the annexation sentiment.

What might ultimately be the political effect of the establishment of friendly trade and social relations between the United States and Canada, is a problem that had best be left to work itself out in the years to come. It is quite possible, indeed I think it quite likely, considering the number of questions of domestic and foreign policy which might arise under such a condition, that the two nations would in the end become politically one; but that would be a long way in the future, if it ever came to pass at all.

I do not, however, accept the expression of the Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce of Montreal as expressive of the final opinion of the mass of Canadians. I have not forgotten how difficult it was in 1867 to bring the Maritime Provinces into the Confederation. These provinces are naturally allied with the United States in all their trade affairs, and I believe that a recognition of this fact, though unexpressed, is still very strong there. And I think it is not too much to say that if the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada, which was abrogated by the United States in 1866, had been continued, the task of bringing the Maritime Provinces into the Confederation would have been still harder than it was, and might have been impossible. A few years ago I was invited to speak in Toronto upon the subject of reciprocity. The at-

mosphere of the city was somewhat hostile to the idea, but while there I was waited upon by a committee from the Farmers' Alliance of the Dominion, and invited to address the Alliance. I was unable to do so for want of time, but we had a pleasant half-hour's talk together. I found them in entire sympathy with my own ideas, and they stated, as representing the Farmers' Alliance, that if the time should come when the United States was prepared to offer to the Canadians reciprocity upon fair and equitable lines, the plan would find general support from the farmers of the Dominion.

I believe that this feeling still abides, and that when the opportunity arises, the farmers of the Dominion, and the Canadian people generally, will be found favorable to free and unrestricted trade with the people of the United States. There is no question that it is for the best interests of the two countries.

Of course, the first step in this direction must be taken by the people of the United States. I hope that the public sentiment of the people of this country will favor a movement in this direction at an early day. And if friendly trade relations could be established between the United States and Canada and the United Kingdom, it would conduce to the benefit of all concerned and promote the peace of the world.

v

Finally, if a reciprocity treaty on broad lines is not possible at the present time, owing to the attitude of the Canadians, why should we deny ourselves the advantage that would accrue to us from at once allowing the products of Canada's fisheries, farms, forests, and mines to come here free of duty. These are things that we need, and soon must have from some outside

source. If we were to admit Canadian grain free of tariff charges, much of it would stay with us for home consumption; a portion would go through our ports to foreign lands. In these days of high cost of living, what an absurdity it is to increase the burden by levying a duty of 25 cents per bushel on wheat, \$1.50 per barrel on flour, 25 cents per bushel on potatoes, 6 cents per pound on butter and cheese, 5 cents on eggs, and so on. Open wide the door and let these things come in.

New York and Boston and Portland are the natural outlets for the foreign trade of Eastern Canada. St. John and Halifax are twice as far from Montreal as New York, or Boston, or Portland. The Canadian Atlantic ports are not to be mentioned in competition with the American Atlantic ports, for passenger business. Our steamers are larger, and social conditions count for very much with travelers. Under existing circumstances, what Canadian

going abroad or coming from abroad would not prefer landing in New York, or Boston, or Portland, to disembarking in Halifax or St. John? And with the increasing size of the Atlantic liners and the growing attractions of our cities, the advantage will increase rather than diminish.

The elevators for storing and handling Canadian grain should be located on this side of the line, and the steamers of the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Pacific should, in the winter time at least, find their 'home' port in New York, or Boston, or Portland. And if, under a reciprocity arrangement or otherwise, the farm products of Canada were admitted free of duty, the Canadian government would be friendly, instead of hostile, to the use of American ports for Canadian business. My belief is that such a course would promote the cause of reciprocity on the broad lines of free trade between the two countries.

AVIATION IN DREAMS

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

DREAMS of flying, with the dreams of falling with which they are sometimes associated, may fairly be considered the best known and most frequent type of dream. They were among the earliest dreams to attract attention. Ruthes argues that the Greek conception of the flying Hermes, the god who possessed special authority over dreams, was based on such experiences. Lucretius, in his interesting passage on the psychology of dreaming, speaks of fall-

ing from heights in dreams; Cicero appears to refer to dreams of flying; St. Jerome mentions that he was subject to them; Synesius remarked that in dreams we fly with wings and view the world from afar; Cervantes accurately described the dream of falling. From the inventors of the legend of Icarus onwards, men have firmly cherished the belief that under some circumstances they could fly, and we may well suppose that that belief partly

owes its conviction, and the resolve to make it practical, to the experiences that have been gained in dreams.

No dreams, indeed, are so vivid and so convincing as dreams of flying; none leave behind them so strong a sense of the reality of the experience. Raffaelli, the eminent French painter, who is subject to these dreaming experiences of floating in the air, confesses that they are so convincing that he has jumped out of bed on awaking, and attempted to repeat the experience; 'I need not tell you,' he adds, 'that I have never been able to succeed.'

Herbert Spencer mentions that in a company of a dozen persons three testified that in early life they had had such vivid dreams of flying downstairs, and were so strongly impressed by the reality of the experience, that they actually made the attempt, one of them suffering in consequence from an injured ankle.

The case is recorded of an old French lady who always maintained that on one occasion she actually had succeeded for a few instants in supporting herself on the air. No one who is familiar with these dreaming experiences will be inclined to laugh at that old lady. It was during one of these dreams of levitation, in which one finds one's self leaping into the air and able to stay there, that it occurred to me that I would write a paper on the subject, for I thought in my dream that this power I found myself possessed of was probably much more widespread than was commonly supposed, and that in any case it ought to be generally known.

People who dabble in the occult have been so impressed by such dreams that they sometimes believe that the dream of flight represents a real excursion of the 'astral body.' This is the belief of Colonel de Rochas. Cæsar de Vesme, the editor of the French edition of the *Annals of Psychological Research*, has

thought it worth while to investigate the matter; and after summarizing the results of a *questionnaire* concerning dreams of flying, he concludes that 'the sensation of aerial flight in dreams is simply an hallucinatory phenomenon of an exclusively physiological kind,' and not evidence of the existence of the 'astral body.' The fact, nevertheless, that so many people are found who believe such dreams to possess some kind of reality clearly indicates the powerful impression they make.

All my life, it seems to me, certainly from an early age until recently, I have at intervals had dreams in which I imagined myself rhythmically bounding into the air and supported on the air, remaining there for a perceptible interval; at other times I have felt myself gliding downstairs, but not supported by the stairs. In my case the experience is nearly always agreeable, involving a certain sense of power, and it usually evokes no marked surprise, occurring as a familiar and accustomed pleasure. On awaking I do not usually remember these dreams immediately, which seems to indicate that they are not due to causes specially operative at the end of sleep or liable to bring sleep to a conclusion. But they leave behind them a vague yet profound sense of belief in their reality and reasonableness.

Dream-flight, it is necessary to note, is not usually the sustained flight of a bird or an insect, and the dreamer rarely or never imagines that he is borne high into the air. Hutchinson states that, of all those whom he has asked about the matter, 'hardly one has ever known himself to make any high flights in his dreams. One almost always flies low, with a skimming manner, slightly, but only slightly, above the heads of pedestrians.' Beaunis — from his own experience — describes what I should consider a typical kind of dream-flight as a series of light

bounds, at one or two yards above the earth, each bound clearing from ten to twenty yards, the dream being accompanied by a delicious sensation of ease and movement, as well as a lively satisfaction at being able to solve the problem of aerial locomotion by virtue of superior organization alone. Lafcadio Hearn, somewhat similarly, describes in his *Shadowings* a typical and frequent dream of his own as a series of bounds in long parabolic curves, rising to a height of some twenty-five feet, and always accompanied by the sense that a new power had been revealed which for the future would be a permanent possession.

The attempt to explain dreams of flying has led to some bold hypotheses. I have already mentioned the notion that they are excursions of the 'astral body.' Professor Stanley Hall, who has himself from childhood had dreams of flying, argues, with scarcely less boldness, that we have here 'some faint reminiscent atavistic echo from the primeval sea'; and that such dreams are really survivals — psychic vestigial remains comparable to the rudimentary gill-slits occasionally found in man and other mammals — taking us back to the far past when man's ancestors needed no feet to swim or float. Such a theory may accord with the profound conviction of reality that accompanies these dreams, though that may be more easily accounted for; but it has the very serious weakness that it offers an explanation which will not fit the facts. Our dreams are of flying, not of swimming; but the ancestors of the mammals lived in the water, not in the air. In preference to so hazardous a theory, it seems infinitely more reasonable to regard these dreams as an interpretation — a misinterpretation from the standpoint of waking life — of actual internal sensations. If we can find the adequate explanation of a psychic state in con-

ditions actually existing within the organism itself at the time, it is needless to seek it in conditions that ceased to exist untold millenniums ago.

My own explanation was immediately suggested by the following dream. I dreamed that I was watching a girl acrobat, in appropriate costume, who was rhythmically rising to a great height in the air and then falling, without touching the floor, though each time she approached quite close to it. At last she ceased, exhausted and perspiring, and I had to lead her away. Her movements were not controlled by mechanism, and apparently I did not regard mechanism as necessary. It was a vivid dream, and I awoke with a distinct sensation of oppression in the chest. In trying to account for this dream, which was not founded on any memory, it occurred to me that probably I had here the key to a great group of dreams. The rhythmic rising and falling of the acrobat was simply the objectivation of the rhythmic rising and falling of my own respiratory muscles, — or in some dreams, I believe, of the systole and diastole of the cardiac muscles, — under the influence of some slight and unknown physical oppression. This oppression was further translated into a condition of perspiring exhaustion in the girl, just as men with heart-disease have dreams of sweating and panting horses climbing uphill, in accordance with that tendency to magnification which marks dreams generally.

We may recall also the curious sensation as of the body being transformed into a vast bellows or steam-engine, which is often the last sensation felt before the unconsciousness produced by nitrous-oxide gas. It is the same with chloroform. 'There are marked sensations in the vicinity of the heart,' says Elmer Jones in the *Psychological Review* for January, 1909. 'The mus-

culature of that organ seems thoroughly stimulated and the contractions become violent and accelerated. The palpitations are as strong as would be experienced at the close of some violent bodily exertion.' It is significant, also, as bearing on the interpretation of the dream of flying, that under chloroform 'all movements made appeared to be much longer than they actually were. A slight movement of the tongue appeared to be magnified at least ten times. Clinching the fingers and opening them again produced the feeling of their moving through a space of several feet.' When we are lying down there is a real rhythmic rising and falling of the chest and abdomen, centering in the diaphragm, a series of oscillations which at both extremes are only limited by the air. Moreover, in this position we have to recognize that the circulatory, nervous, and other systems of the whole internal organism are differently balanced from what they are in the upright position, and that a disturbance of internal equilibrium always accompanies falling.

That the respiratory element is the chief factor in dreams of flying is clearly indicated by the fact that many persons subject to such dreams are conscious on awaking from them of a sense of respiratory or cardiac disturbance. I am acquainted with a psychologist who, though not a frequent dreamer, is subject to dreams of flying which do not affect him disagreeably, but on awaking from them he always perceives a slight fluttering of the heart. Any such sensation is by no means constant with me, but I have occasionally noted it down, in exactly the same words, after this kind of dream. H. J. Hutchinson, who in his *Dreams and their Meaning* has independently suggested that 'this flying-dream is caused by some action of the breathing organs,' mentions the significant fact that the

idea of filling the lungs as a help in levitation occurs in the flying-dreams of many persons. It is worth while to observe, in this connection, how large a number of people, and especially very young people, associate their dreams of flying with staircases. The most frequent cause of cardiac and respiratory stimulation, especially in children, who constantly run up and down them, is furnished by staircases, and though in health this fact may not be obvious, it is undoubtedly registered unconsciously, and may thus be utilized by dreaming intelligence.

There is, however, another element entering into the problem of nocturnal aviation: the state of the skin-sensations. Respiratory activity alone would scarcely suffice to produce the imagery of flight if tactile sensations remained to suggest contact with the earth. In dreams, however, the sense of movement suggested by respiratory activity is unaccompanied by the pressure produced by boots or by the contact of the ground with the soles of the feet. In addition, there is probably, as Bergson also has suggested, a numbness due to pressure on the parts supporting the weight of the body. Sleep is not a constant and uniform state of consciousness; a heightened respiratory consciousness may easily coexist with a diminished consciousness of tactile pressure. In normal sleep it may indeed be said that the conditions are probably often favorable to the production of this combination, and any slight thoracic disturbance, even in healthy persons, arising from heart or stomach and acting on the respiration, serves to bring these conditions to sleeping consciousness and to determine the dream of flying.

Dreams of flying are sometimes associated with dreams of falling, the falling sensation occurring either at the beginning or at the end of the dream,

this latter dream being of the Icarus type. Lafcadio Hearn describes the fall as coming at the beginning of the dream. Dr. Guthrie in his own case describes the flying sensations as coming first, and the falling as coming afterwards, and apparently due to sudden failure of the power of flight; the first part of the dream is agreeable, but after the fall the dreamer awakes shaken, shocked, and breathless. The association of the two dreams indicates that the causation may be allied, but it scarcely seems to be identical. If it were identical we should scarcely find so often that, while the emotional tone of the dream of flying is usually agreeable, that of the dream of falling is usually disagreeable.

I have no personal experience of the sensation of falling in dreams, though Jewell and Hutchinson have found that it is more common than flying, the latter regarding it, indeed, as the most common kind of dream, the dream of flying coming next in frequency. A friend, who has no dreams of flying, but from his earliest years has had dreams of falling, tells me that they are always associated with feelings of terror. This suggests an organic cause, and the fact that the sensation of falling may occur in epileptic fits during sleep, seems further to suggest the presence of circulatory and nervous disturbance.

It would seem probable that while the same two factors — thoracic and tactile — are operative in both types of dream, they are not of equal force in each. In the dream of flying, respiratory activity is excited, and in response to excitation it works at a high level adequate to the needs of the organism; in the dream of falling it may be that respiratory activity is depressed, while concomitantly, perhaps, the anæsthetic state of the skin is increased. In the first state, the abnormal activity of respiration triumphs in conscious-

ness over the accompanying dullness of tactile sensation; in the second state, the respiratory breathlessness is less present to consciousness than a numbness of the skin, which no longer feels any external pressure. This difference is rendered possible by the fact that in dreams of flying we are not usually far from the earth, and seem able to touch it lightly at intervals; that is to say, tactile sensitiveness is impaired but is not entirely absent, as it is in a dream of falling.

In my own experience the sensation of falling occurs only in illness or under the influence of drugs, sometimes when sleep seems incomplete; and it is an unpleasant, though not terrifying, sensation. I once experienced it in the most marked and persistent manner after taking a large dose of chlorodyne to subdue pain. In this case the sensation was probably due to the fact that the morphia in chlorodyne both weakens respiratory action and produces anæsthesia of the superficial nerves, so that the skin becomes abnormally insensitive to the contact and pressure of the bed, and the sensation of descent is necessarily aroused. Such sensations are indeed a recognized result of morphia in morphinomaniacs. Goron remarks that they are apt to feel that they are flying or floating over the world and unable to descend. It is possible that persons liable to the dream of falling are predisposed in sleep to a stage of unconsciousness in which cutaneous insensibility is marked. It is also possible that there is a contributory element of slight cardiac or respiratory failure.

In a dream belonging to this group I imagined I was being rhythmically swung up and down in the air by a young woman, my feet never touching the ground; and then that I was swinging her similarly. At one time she seemed to be swinging me in too jerky

and hurried a manner, and I explained to her that it must be done in a slower and more regular manner. There had been some dyspepsia on the previous day, and on awaking I felt slight discomfort in the region of the heart. The symbolism into which disturbed respiratory action is here transformed seems very clear in this dream, because it shows the actual transition from the subjective to the objective imagery of flying. By means of this symbolic imagery, we find sleeping consciousness commanding the hurried heart to beat in a more healthy manner.

Although in youth my dreams of flying were of what may be considered normal type, after the age of about thirty-five they tended, as illustrated by the example I have given, to take on a somewhat objective form. A further stage in this direction, the swinging movement being transformed to an inanimate object, is illustrated by a dream of comparatively recent date, in which I seemed to see a kind of music-hall athlete, a very graceful and skilled man, who was manipulating a large elastic ball, making it bound up from the floor. On awaking there was a distinct sensation of cardiac tremor and nervousness. Jules de Goncourt mentions that, after drinking port wine, to which he was unaccustomed, he had a dream in which he observed on his counterpane grotesque images in relief which rose and fell.

It may seem strange that dreams of flying, if so often due to organic disturbances, should usually be agreeable in character. It is not, however, necessary to assume that they are caused by serious interference with physiological functions; often indeed they may simply be due to the presence of a stage of consciousness in which respiration has become unduly prominent, as is apt to be the case in the early stage of nitrous-oxide anæsthesia; that is to

say, to a relative wakefulness of the respiratory centres. It would seem that the disturbance is always slight, frequently almost or quite imperceptible on waking, and by no means to be compared with the more acute organic disturbances which result in dreams of murder. In some cases, however, it appears that dreams of flying are accompanied by circumstances of terror. Thus a medical correspondent, who describes his health as fairly good, writes in regard to dreams of flying:—

‘I have often had such dreams and have wondered if others have them. Mine, however, are not so much dreams of flying, as dreams of being entirely devoid of weight and of rising and falling at will. A singular feature of these levitation dreams is that they are always accompanied by an intense and agonizing fear of an evil presence, a presence that I do not see but seem to feel, and my greatest terror is that I *shall* see it. The presence is ill-defined but very real, and it seems to suggest the potentiality of all possible moral, mental, and physical evil. In these dreams it always occurs to me that if this evil presence shall ever become embodied into a something that I could *see*, the sight of it would be so ineffably horrible as to drive me mad. So vivid has this fear been that on several occasions I have awakened in a cold sweat or a nameless fear that would persist for some minutes after I realized that I had only been dreaming.’

This seems to be an abnormal type of the dream of flight.

It is somewhat surprising that while dreams of floating in the air are so common, and clearly indicate the respiratory source of the dreams, dreams of floating on water seem to be rare; for as the actual experience of floating on water is fairly familiar, we might have expected that sleeping consciousness would have found here, rather than

in the never-experienced idea of floating in air, the explanation of its sensations. The dream of floating on water is, however, by no means unknown; thus Rachilde (Madame Vallette), the French novelist and critic, whose dream-life is vivid and remarkable, states that her most agreeable dream is that of floating on the surface of warm and transparent lakes or rivers. One of the correspondents of *L'Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et des Curieux* also states that he has often dreamed of walking on the water.

It is not in sleep only that the sensation of flying is experienced. In hysteria a sense of peculiar lightness of the body, and the idea of the soul's power to fly, may occur incidentally, and may certainly be connected both with the vigilambulism, as Sollier terms the sleep-like tendencies of such cases, and the anæsthetic conditions found in the hysterical. It is noteworthy that Janet found that, in an ecstatic person who experienced the sensation of rising in the air, there was anæsthesia of the soles of the feet. In such hysterical ecstasy, which has always played so large a part in religious manifestations, it is well known that the sense of rising and floating in the air has often prominently appeared. St. Theresa occasionally felt herself lifted above the ground, and was fearful that this sign of Divine favor would attract attention (though we are not told that that was the case); and St. Joseph of Cupertino, Christina the Wonderful, St. Ida of Louvain, with many another saint enshrined in the *Acta Sanctorum*, were permitted to experience this sensation; and since its reality is as convincing in the ecstatic state as it is in dreams, the saints have often been able to declare in perfect good faith that their levitation was real.

In all great religious movements among primitive peoples, similar phe-

nomena occur, together with other nervous and hallucinatory manifestations. They occurred, for instance, in the great Russian religious movement which took place among the peasants in the province of Kiev during the winter of 1891-92. The leader of the movement, a devout member of the Stundist sect, who had received the revelation that he was the Saviour of the World, used not only to perceive perfumes so exquisite that they could only, as he was convinced, emanate from the Holy Ghost, but during prayer, together with a feeling of joy, he also had a sensation of bodily lightness and of floating in the air. His followers in many cases had the same experiences, and they delighted in jumping up into the air and shouting. In these cases the reality of the sensory obtuseness of the skin as an element in the manifestations was demonstrated, for Skorski, who had an opportunity of investigating these people, found that many of them when in the ecstatic condition were completely insensible to pain.

The sensation of flying is one of the earliest to appear in the dreams of childhood. It seems to become less frequent after middle age: Beaunis states that in his case it ceased at the age of fifty; I found it disappear, or become rare, at a somewhat earlier age. It is sometimes the last sensation at the moment of death. To rise, to fall, to glide away, has often been the last conscious sensation recalled by those who seemed to be dying but have afterwards been brought back to life. Piéron has noted this sensation at the moment of death in a number of cases, usually accompanied by a sense of well-being. The cases he describes were mostly tuberculous, and included individuals of both sexes, and with atheistic as well as religious beliefs. In all, the last sensation to which expression was given was one of flying, of

moving upwards. In some, death was peaceful, in others painful. In one case a girl died clasping the iron bars of the bed, in horror of being borne upwards. Piéron, no doubt rightly, associates this sensation with the similar sensation of rising and floating in dreams, and with that of moving upwards and resting on the air experienced by persons in the ecstatic state. In all these cases alike, life is being concentrated in the brain and central organs, while the outlying districts of the body are becoming numb and dead.

In this way it comes about that out of dreams and dream-like waking states, one of the most permanent of human spiritual conceptions has been evolved. To float, to rise into the air,

to fly up to Heaven, has always seemed to man to be the final climax of spiritual activity. The angel is the most ethereal creature the human imagination can conceive. Browning's cry to his 'lyric Love, half angel and half bird,' pathetically crude as poetry, is sound as psychology. The prophets and divine heroes of the race have constantly seemed to their devout followers to disappear at last by floating into the sky. St. Peter once thought he saw his Master walking on the waves, and the last vision of Jesus in the Gospels reveals him rising into the air. For in the world of dreams the human soul has its indestructible home, and in the attempt to realize those dreams lies a large part of our business in life.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF OPPOSITION

BY JOHN GRIER HIBBEN

THE University of Berlin is celebrating this autumn its one hundredth anniversary. The beginnings of this educational enterprise were intimately associated with its pioneer professor and rector — the patriot, philosopher, and teacher, Johann Gottlieb Fichte, who by his labors and personality gave to the university the early promise of distinction which through the course of its history it has so brilliantly realized. There is a phase of the philosophy of Fichte which profoundly affected the moral traditions, not only of the university, but of the German people generally, and which should prove exceedingly suggestive to all who may be concerned with a practical philosophy of life.

This idea of Fichte's I would charac-

terize as the philosophy of opposition. His theory was born of experience, and through bitter years of adversity and deprivation he evolved the cardinal doctrine of his practical creed: that, in the making of a man, power is born of opposition; that struggle begets strength; that resistance provokes vigor of body and of spirit; and that the very obstacles to progress make progress possible. This was not merely the teaching of the class-room. It became the dominant note of his stirring appeal to the German nation. By his challenge of circumstance, Fichte sought to arouse his countrymen from the torpor of humiliation which had been induced by the disasters of the Napoleonic wars. In his *Addresses to the Ger-*

man Nation he endeavored to awaken the spirit of the people to an appreciation of the fundamental truth that the distress of a nation is the patriot's opportunity; and that out of the depths of adversity it is possible for a people to arise to a new life of strength and power. In this he appeared not only as a priest to the national conscience, but as a prophet as regards the nation's destiny.

Fichte's philosophy, however, is not for the past alone, nor exclusively for the German people; but now, after a century, and in reference to the present-day problems of life, we may well pause to consider the kindly offices of opposition in the evolution of human capacity and character. Human nature is the same the world over; and, quite irrespective of the age or of the land in which one may happen to live, it remains universally true that man is born to struggle, not only for what he may wish to possess, but also for what he is fitted to become. We are in this world to fight. Under what banner does one draw his sword? That is the question of chief interest and concern.

The earliest consciousness of self, the vague impression of one's individuality as distinct from the world about him, comes to the child, when for the first time he becomes aware of the barriers of his young life. As he puts forth his hand, and feels the first shock of opposition as a check upon his free activity, then and there he experiences the first throb of personality. The 'I,' the heart of his being, the inner self, is revealed by the resistance of the things or forces about him which he must encounter, and which he recognizes instinctively as something different from the self within, and never to be confused with it. The power of self-assertion is provoked by the very power which opposes the inner self and seeks to overcome it.

And later in life there often comes a second awakening to a more profound sense of personality, when we find ourselves amidst a storm of opposition which emerges in some significant crisis of our experience. Such a crisis may mark not only a new birth of power, but also a new order of being. It often becomes a moral renaissance. Under the fire of opposition, in the collision of opinion, a new spirit is quickened, daring great things and capable of great things. In an experience of such a nature, one realizes that he is something more than a human machine; that he is not a puppet nor a slave; not a being merely, to feed and sleep and play; not a creature caught in the toils of circumstance, but a man, and as such bound to recognize the truth that man's vocation is a call to freedom and to duty.

It is well for us if we early recognize the fact that every difficulty in life is a challenge. Is there something within the man to meet it, or not? That is the question which every one must ask himself. Upon his response his fate is fixed. Obstacles suggest opportunities, if they are only regarded in their true light; they put a man upon his mettle, stimulate his energies, strengthen his power of resistance, increase his art of resource, and inspire a spirit of courage and determination. If there is any latent power, resistance discovers it. The line of least resistance, on the other hand, can never be the line of development and of progress; for then there is nothing to call forth hidden possibilities. But resistance creates necessarily a demand for new methods and devices, new processes, new inventions, the conservation of forces, and the more considerate direction of effort.

Not only, however, is progress assured by overcoming resistance, and in spite of it, but resistance itself is often an essential factor in progress. No leverage

is possible without the resisting medium of a fulcrum, so that without resistance it would be impossible for us to get a foothold upon the earth even in the ordinary act of walking. We know that it is not the strength of the arm only, but the stubborn stuff of the bow which speeds the arrow. It is a commonplace, moreover, of electrical theory, that a current of electricity, passing freely through its conducting wire, gives no visible evidence of its existence; but when it meets the resistance of the carbon points, it bursts into light. The illumination results from the opposition offered by the resisting medium, and this generates heat of such intensity as to become incandescent and the bearer of light. In the world also of human affairs and relations, much of the light has its source in the clash of opposing forces, and the struggle to overcome resistance.

Life is a game, we say; and from time to time we urge one another to play the game fair and to a finish. In this reference, we must remember that the zest of a game consists in one's skill to overcome opposition. An opponent who fails to call forth our best endeavor deadens interest in the sport, whatever it may be. A one-sided contest means loose playing and flagging zeal; on the other hand, the more skilled and alert an adversary, the more resourceful and aggressive our game. In the contests of life where there is no worthy competitor, there can be but slight achievement and little glory. The uphill game, however, which is won through no adventitious aid of favor or fortune, but solely upon its merits and by stubborn persistence, brings a glow of satisfaction which is wholly unknown in the triumph of an easy victory. We do not care to play with a novice, we demand the rigor of the game, and free scope for the display of our powers. It is possible, therefore,

to meet the opposition which life holds for us, in the spirit of adventure, and ride forth to meet the foe with high hope and the joy of battle in our heart.

This idea, however, which would represent life as a game, does not adequately portray the true philosophy of opposition. The game-conception of life emphasizes perhaps too much the idea of victory or defeat; for to overcome in life is not merely to win a victory, but it is rather to gain a mastery over the powers which oppose us. And complete mastery is possible only when we learn the secret of transforming opposite powers into coöperative agencies in serving our needs and ministering to our purposes. There is a savage superstition that every foe killed in battle surrenders his spirit of valor and courage to the one who slays him. In some such manner we gain in strength when we can so subdue opposing forces as to make them contributory to our resources of energy, and thus in a sense a part of us. All conquests in life come through the ability to dominate circumstance. We are not passive beings, to become the play of nature's forces about us, but free agents, with the power of initiative and the will to compel these forces to do our bidding.

The two conquests which are of supreme significance for us, which we must achieve, or else face inevitable failure in life, are the conquest of knowledge and the conquest of character. Our primal limitation throughout the various phases of experience is that of ignorance. When we find ourselves in any situation where the nature of the forces in opposition to us is unknown, such forces are not only an obstacle to progress, but may prove a most serious danger as well. It is not simply that all effort is obviously futile under such circumstances, but it is quite likely also to be disastrous, inasmuch as our very striving may become our undoing. But

when the nature of the powers arrayed against us is adequately discerned, it is then possible, not only to combat them successfully, but also to direct them to our obvious advantage.

The life of every individual may be appropriately represented by an inner circle of knowledge, placed within a vast outer circle of the unknown. Growth, progress, attainment, all are possible only when there is an ever-increasing expansion of this inner circle, transcending its own limits, and appropriating more and more of the outlying region within the area of its comprehension and appreciation.

Undiscovered countries forever lie beyond the confines of our understanding, and we feel under compulsion to push forward the frontiers and possess these new lands in the name of knowledge. The process of transforming the unknown into the known is life, education, development. It is a process essentially of assimilation. It consists in making knowledge a part of our own being; for knowledge is not primarily a possession, it is a power; it is not a stored mind, it is a trained skill; it is not a mass of information, but a living spirit. In this sense we overcome the world therefore when we so comprehend the nature of its powers as to make them our own, and compel them to obey our will.

We speak of 'the world in which we live,' or of 'the world which is about us.' These phrases, however, are quite misleading, if they are taken literally. 'The world in which we live' is in reality only so much of the great world, after all, as lives in us; it is that which we understand, and which our knowledge commands. It would be truer to fact, therefore, if we should say that the world is in us, rather than we in the world. A million persons live in one and the same city, and yet their various pursuits, occupations, and professions form distinctly separate worlds of activity

and of interest. Each one makes his own world; for knowledge creates as well as discovers. Consequently one's world is large or small, as one chooses. Its boundaries are determined by that area which one's intelligence controls, and which one has reclaimed from the waste stretches of ignorance. Our world is simply the sphere in which our skill and proficiency find play, and in which we speak with authority. The building of such a world is no light task. The pursuit of knowledge is proverbially difficult, and yet in the struggle for it we are fighting for a kingdom.

The progress of knowledge is illustrated not only in the development of individual capacity and efficiency, but as well in the history of humanity as a whole. The progress of civilization has been a continuous process of enlarging the area of commanding knowledge generation after generation. By the toil of the ages, the conquests of human thought have been steadily maintained. Nature, however, does not reveal her secrets gratuitously; but they must be wrested from her. For nature, like the kingdom of heaven, suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. Man has invaded nature from many sides, and has established over every conquered region his sovereign control. Even that which lies beyond the range of his observation must sooner or later surrender to the bold attack or patient siege of his subduing thought. There is a whole universe of supra-sensible phenomena, a world of the all-pervading ether, a world of magnetic fields and electric waves, a world of ultra-violet rays, of radio-active forces, of ions and electrons, of ideoplasm and entelechies, a world which eye has not seen, nor ear heard, but which the mind of man has penetrated, and brought under its control. Man possesses the earth, and his title to it is knowledge. His understanding of the laws of nature

is a patent of proprietary right over the domain of nature.

However, mere knowledge of itself is not power. To convert knowledge into power there must be ceaseless activity, and a wise direction of all our energies. With every effort of will which man puts forth to command and humanize his environment, there is an expansion of the inner circle of personality as well as that of knowledge. Wherever resistance is overcome, limitations removed, or difficulties transferred into advantages, there is a conquest of character, and the growth of a larger soul in the process of appropriating to itself a larger world. When the circle of life contracts, it is evident that the world is encroaching upon the domain of personality; but when it expands, we may be sure that the power of personality has asserted itself, and is in the way of overcoming the world. An eternal warfare is waging between the necessity of nature on the one hand, and the manifestation of the free spirit of man on the other. In this contest man has always the advantage, for he wields the weapon of thought, against which no foe can prevail.

In his philosophy of life, Fichte regards the material world, the course of its events, its routine of universal law, the every-day circumstance and commonplace of experience, as merely the stage-setting of the great moral drama of life. 'Our world,' he says, 'is the sensualized material of our duty. What compels us to yield belief in the reality of the world is a moral force, — the only force that is possible for a free being.' Every historian is bound to regard the world, in a certain sense at least, from this Fichtean point of view; for the end of history is primarily the display of character, and the office of the historian is essentially that of a psychologist who deals with human documents. All institutions — social,

political, and religious — represent the objectified will of men. They make permanent record of habits, of controversies and conflicts, of received opinion and established procedure. The events of life are of slight significance which fail to show the good or evil of human nature, its weakness or its strength, its noble or ignoble strain. Even the work of a man's hands should give some evidence of his quality of mind, and disposition of heart; some intimation of his purpose and desire, of his struggles, of his defeats and victories.

The forces of nature with all the material elements of the world subserve therefore the ends of a higher order, the moral order, and they possess for us a final significance only in so far as they directly or indirectly fulfill this function. All things have a meaning for us, according to their relation to man, and man has a meaning according to the position which he is able to take, and maintain, amid the obligations and responsibilities of his surroundings.

For a man's life, however, to have a moral significance, the inner circle of power should expand in such a manner as to inclose within its bounds of control other selves as well as other things. The nature of man is such that he does not develop normally in solitude; for it is indeed true that character is formed in the stream of the world. While man has to contend against the forces of nature and subdue them to his will, the supreme test comes when the conflict is with human nature, with another personality like himself, which stands opposed to him, urging equal rights and equal privileges. The gospel of self-assertion therefore must be tempered by a due consideration of others.

When we urge the rights of freedom and of conscience for ourselves, we are constrained in consistency to recognize

similar rights for others whose wills may clash with ours. The rules of the game are made impartially for all comers, and not for any individual or for the few. The rights of an individual, however particular they may be in any specific instance, can be justified solely by proving that they rest upon some universally valid ground. What I can in justice claim for myself, and if necessary should fight to maintain, I must in all honor allow even in my thoughts to any other human being similarly situated. Life is not a struggle for existence in which one wins necessarily at the expense of another's loss, where one survives while the remnant is pushed to the wall. This is a poor view of life; it is the animal view of life; it is anti-social, and inhuman. There is no relation between man and man in which some reciprocity of advantage may not be secured, and it is our paramount duty to discover the means to this end, and cause it to prevail. The most signal victories in life are gained, not by conquering others, but conquering for them. We overcome, not by excluding our fellow men from the circle of self-realization, but by enlarging that circle so as to include others within the area of common interests and sympathies. To convert an antagonist into an ally is the consummate art of diplomacy. To conclude a wise treaty between two nations upon terms of mutual benefit is of greater service to one's country than winning a battle, or sinking an enemy's fleet. The supreme victory is that which can be shared. In human affairs the conquests of coöperation alone are worthy. Through them the individual creates for himself an empire of power whose boundaries are determined solely by the number of lives which are brought within the range of his care and concern. One who is conscious that he holds his power in trust

will not be likely to use it arbitrarily, or tyrannically, but with justice to all, and to the one end, — that of the common good.

The relations of life approach the normal as individual progress is identified with some form of social welfare, and the prosperity of one becomes the good fortune of the many. When the conditions of society, however, tend to array man against man, class against class, and life becomes a veritable struggle for existence, then all coöperative endeavor must cease, which means always an abnormal state of human relations, and the deterioration of social and national life.

In the Germany of Fichte's age, foreign invasion and oppression had restricted the free spirit of high endeavor, and had discouraged all effort save that of the bare preserving of one's existence. Fichte felt that under such conditions progress either of the individual or of the nation was wholly out of the question; that coöperative effort would be unavailing, and striving for individual advantage would be ignoble.

These sentiments he expressed to his class at the close of a lecture one memorable day in the year 1813. He spoke to them with a grim fervor concerning the impending danger to their country in the presence of an invading army, and the patriot's duty to respond to the call of need; then he concluded his appeal with these ringing words, which proved to be his valedictory to his students, and to the German people: 'This course of lectures will be suspended until the end of this campaign. We will resume them in a free country or die in the attempt to recover her freedom.'

Such was the spirit of one whose philosophy of life is most strikingly illustrated in his profound conviction that 'a nation becomes a nation through common struggle.'

A PSALM FOR OCTOBER

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

For the days he ordained who is Maker of trees
His forests have flourished, fair green, in the sun.
From the balm of the rain and the heartening breeze,
From the noon and the night and the cool of the morn,
New strength to themselves they have won;
For the hour of the quick'ning to be
They have ripened the seed of the tree;
They have sheltered the paths where the wayfarers pass,
And stood as a barrier stout for the corn
And the meadows of grass;
In the web of the moss and the cup of the spring
They have gathered the myriad drops that will keep
The rivers content with clear waters and deep;
And the wild-folk, the timid of foot and of wing,
In the cleft of the rock, in the root and the head
Of the tree, they have hidden and fed.



Long months, saith the Maker, the leaves of his trees
Have exulted, fair green, in the sun.
Is it meet, now their laughter must cease,
Now the gain of their living is won,
Is it meet that unhonored they wait for their death?
Shall a blast come forth
From the mouth of the north,
Shall the cold come down
From the pole's ice-crown,
And scatter, unheeded, these leaves with its breath?
Nay, saith the Maker, they shall not so fare;
They shall triumph in passing, shall dying declare
The worth and the grace of their service; on pyres,
That each shall ignite with its own heart's fires,
The trees of the forest shall yield up the dress
That was lent them for use and for loveliness;

VOL. 106-NO. 4

And the crown of the seasons shall be,
Not noon of the summer nor dawn of the spring,
But the time when a splendor of flaming shall bring
The death of the leaves of the tree.

Now the trees of the Maker have heard—
Who doubteth? — the sound of his word,
For the forest grows bright with the glow at its heart,
And everywhere gleams
The kindling of trees that are standing apart
On the slopes of the meadows, the borders of streams.
Flame-red is the frond of the sumach now,
Fire-gold the long arch of the elm-tree bough;
As quivering light in the peace of the air
Is the flicker of aspens, the birchen-tree's flare;
Yellow and scarlet and crimson-red,
From the low-lying swamp to the hilltop spread,
Burns the blaze of the maple trees higher and higher,
And molten and lambent grow chestnut and beech,
Till pinnacles, pyramids, pillars of fire
Toward the crystalline dome of the azure upreach,
And an incense from braziers of smouldering oak,
From the torch of the ash tipped with duskier smoke,
Is blent with the mist that at nightfall o'erfills
The hollows and folds of the hills.

Incandescent the hills 'neath the far pure sky
Where the sun and the rivers of stars roll by,
Incandescent the valleys and marshlands lie;
Yet verdant, unscathed, stand the hemlock and fir
And the column and crown of the pine
In the clasp of the flame — from the Maker a sign
That the life in the veins of his forest shall stir,
And shall burst into greenness again,
In the warmth of the spring, in the springtime rain.

Shall only the children of Adam behold
Such glory unrolled?
Shall only the gaze of the earth-born desire
The miracle wrought with these wreathings of fire?
Not so. In the calm of the white sunrise
The Maker looks down with his holy eyes,

And the seraphs that stand
At his left and right hand
Chant the song of the season of sacrifice:
The psalm of the earth when, her harvesting done,
She lifts up her arms to the path of the sun,
And offers, with tithes of her vines and her sheaves,
The life of her leaves —
Their beauty of burning as praise
To the Ancient of Days.

THE LAW AND THE INDIAN

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

THE Indian was fishing — with nets. It was unlawful to fish even with pole and line at that season of the year, and it was unlawful to fish with nets at any season of the year in those waters. The game-warden told him so.

‘I don’t want to make trouble for you, John,’ the game-warden told him, ‘but you’ve got to quit this.’

‘No hunt, no fish,’ said the Indian stolidly.

‘Not out of season,’ explained the warden. ‘You know that.’

‘No can carry gun,’ said the Indian.

‘Not out of season,’ repeated the warden. ‘You’d be potting deer at all seasons.’

‘How live?’ asked the Indian.

‘Work,’ answered the warden.

The Indian straightened up, and the slow sweep of his hand took in the surrounding country. ‘All mine — one time,’ he declared.

‘But not now,’ returned the warden. ‘You sold it.’

‘Keep right to hunt and fish,’ said the Indian.

‘Well now, John, if it will make you feel any better, I don’t mind telling you that I think you’re getting all the worst of it,’ the warden conceded amiably, ‘but that is n’t any of my business. I’d be willing to let you fish and hunt all the time, but I’ve got to go by the law, and the law says you can’t. Pull up those nets, John.’ The Indian sullenly obeyed. ‘I ought to arrest you,’ the warden went on, ‘for you’ve made me trouble before.’

‘Keep right to hunt and fish,’ repeated the Indian.

‘Oh, you kept it all right at first,’ agreed the warden, ‘but the law flim-flammed you out of it somewhere. I’m not lawyer enough to tell how it was done, but they’ve got you tied up now, John. That’s why I like to be easy on you. But you’ve got to quit it. Understand? I’ll have to get after you in earnest if this thing happens again. And I’ll just take your nets now, to make sure you don’t use them any more.’

There was a moment of hesitation, a

moment when trouble was imminent; then the Indian surrendered the nets, and strode silently away. He was a 'good' Indian; he could not well be anything else, for the few left of his tribe were scattered, and he had long since learned the power of the white man; but he could not live as the white man lived. Some of his tribe had been more successful in this, since the cession of their lands to the government, and were able to gain a living from their individual holdings or the bead-work of their squaws or as guides to white hunters; but John Red-Deer — the very name illustrates the tangled conditions that troubled him — was unable to adjust himself to the new mode of life. Nor could he understand the operation of the white man's law.

In this latter failing he was not alone; there were others who could not understand the operation of the white man's law as it applied to the Indian; and the game-warden, Jim Tansey by name, was one of these. Not that Tansey troubled himself very much about it, but circumstances occasionally compelled him to give a little thought to individual cases that were puzzling. John Red-Deer was one of the puzzles.

'I'm going to have trouble with that Indian,' the warden told Pete Pemberton, when he returned to his headquarters at Woodford. 'Some day I'll have to bring the old buck in, and then he'll go to jail because he can't pay a fine.'

'What's the matter with him?' asked Pete.

'He can't understand *why* he can't hunt and fish as much as he likes,' explained Tansey, as he filled his pipe; 'and I can't understand it either. Now you can't blame an Indian for not understanding what puzzles a white man, so I always feel like being rather easy on him. Looks to me like Uncle Sam or somebody put it all over him somehow, but I don't know how.'

'All you got to do,' argued Pete, 'is to tell him that it's the law.'

'But he comes back with some grunts about an old treaty.'

'What old treaty?' asked Pete.

'I'm hazy on that,' answered Tansey, scowling at his pipe; 'but somewhere along when his tribe gave up their lands they made a treaty with the government that gave them and their descendants the right to hunt and fish as much as they liked, whenever they liked, and he thinks he's got that right yet.'

'What happened to the treaty?' persisted Pete.

'That's what beats me. Somebody told me once that the Indians was n't a separate nation and that there could n't be a treaty except between nations, so this treaty was n't a treaty at all, and that all there was for the Indian to do was to sit down, and try to figure out what happened to him.'

'But Uncle Sam got the land,' suggested Pete, after a pause.

'Yes, Uncle Sam got the land.'

'Well,' declared Pete, 'I don't think much of Indians, but Uncle Sam would have to get out the troops to keep me from fishing if I'd had any such trick played on me.'

'It does n't look like a square deal to me, not if it's the way I understand it,' admitted Tansey; 'but I don't understand it very well. There may be kinks that I don't know anything about. Anyhow, it's my business to enforce the law, and they tell me the Indian has n't any more hunting and fishing rights than the white man. So I figure I'll have to bring the old buck in before I get through with him. But I hate to do it. He fishes and hunts to live, not for sport.'

'Looks to me,' mused Pete, 'like there was some counterfeit coin in what he got for his land; but a man that trades has got to look out for that.'

'It's low-down to trick an Indian that way, though,' observed Tansey, 'and I'm sorry for the old grunter.'

Nevertheless, the game-warden confiscated the fish that he found in the Indian's possession a few days later. He thought he was lenient in not arresting him, but the Indian merely realized that he and his squaw went hungry that day.

The following week, being caught again, the Indian was brought to Woodford, and haled before the local justice. His only defense was, 'Sell land, but no sell right to fish.' The warden testified that he was a chronic offender, but he also explained that he had practically no other way of making a living, and undoubtedly believed that an old treaty with his tribe gave him the rights he claimed. The justice was sorry for the Indian, admitting in private that the red man seemed to have got the worst of it somewhere, but the law was the law, and must be respected — and the Indian went to jail for ten days. The justice thought he was lenient in the matter, but the Indian merely realized that he was locked up for trying to feed himself and his squaw.

Two days after the Indian was released, the warden left Woodford to make his usual rounds. 'And,' he told Pemberton, 'I'll bet I'll find the buck up to his old tricks, though I'm not going to look for him very hard this trip. I wish he'd be good; I don't want to make any more trouble for him.'

'You'll never break him of his bad habits till you kill him,' returned Pete.

A searching party, sent out a week later, brought back a dead warden, and a live Indian. They had known just about where to look, when the warden failed to report from any of the towns he usually visited, and the Indian had stolidly admitted his guilt. 'Me kill,' he said. 'Him no let live, so me kill.' And then, being further pressed, 'Him

break treaty — make all time hell for me.'

It was, of course, a clear case of murder. There could be no question of self-defense, for it was well known that the warden felt rather sorry for the Indian, in spite of the trouble he had occasioned, and certainly would not attack him. Further, the Indian was a law-breaker, several times caught, and attributed all his troubles to the warden. It was evident, therefore, that the Indian either had deliberately waylaid the warden in a spirit of revenge, or, being caught again, had killed him to escape arrest. Indeed, the Indian himself made no claim of self-defense; so it was unquestionably murder.

But it looked like an interesting case to Tom Gates, a lawyer of Woodford. Gates was a young man, without much experience in the law, and, like most of those who knew anything of the circumstances, he was sorry for the Indian. It was a peculiar fact that, in spite of the popularity of the warden, there was quite general sympathy for the Indian. As one of the local men put it, —

'He's going to get *his*, all right, and he had no call to kill Jim Tansey, but he's been getting the worst of it at that.'

It was the fault of the law, not of Tansey, but it was natural that the Indian should charge it up against the man. They could all see that. Tansey was worth a hundred Indians, but the Indian had suffered much and had only done what *seemed* to him necessary to protect his rights.

Perhaps, if the Indian's fate had not been so certainly sealed, they might have felt differently about it, but one can always feel sympathy for a man, misguided rather than vicious, who is about to be hung. He at least *thought* he was justified, and his very ignorance of the white man's law and the white

man's courts added to his desperation.

Gates, however, was not so sure he was going to be hung. It might be impossible to secure an acquittal, but there were certainly extenuating circumstances; and, aside from his own feeling in the matter, Gates was glad to take the case for the experience and the notoriety it would give him.

'If I *could* get him off,' reasoned Gates, 'it would just about make my reputation as a lawyer; and, anyhow, I think I can give them something to think and talk about.'

Gates had been looking up that treaty, and he had found that it actually did exist. It was an old treaty, of course, but it unquestionably gave the members of the tribe and their descendants the right to hunt and fish upon the ceded lands. No time limitation had been put upon that right, and he could find no legislative or executive act that even sought to terminate it. The Indian's descent from members of this tribe was easily and incontrovertibly established. Clearly then, the Indian was entitled to hunt and fish upon at least so much of this vast tract as remained public lands, and only the public lands figured in the case.

'That Indian,' reasoned Gates, in discussing the matter with Wiley Cregan, 'was clearly within his rights in all that he did previous to the killing, and Jim Tansey was altogether in the wrong. It was n't Jim's fault, of course. Jim was no lawyer, and he simply did what he was told. The Indian was no lawyer, or he would have gone about the matter differently; but he had rights that he was entitled to protect, and these rights involved his means of livelihood. Jim, meaning well, trespassed upon the Indian's rights — did it again and again — and the Indian adopted the only means known to him to stop it. They can't hang that Indian, Wiley.'

'But they will,' asserted Cregan.

'But don't you see —'

'He's an Indian,' interrupted Cregan, 'and they'll hang him.'

'Oh, there's a good deal of sympathy for him,' argued Gates.

'That's because he's going to be hung,' was Cregan's philosophic rejoinder. 'Let them think he's going to get off, and you'll hear a howl for blood that will make the ground tremble.'

'Oh, I don't expect to get him off,' said Gates, 'but I tell you, Wiley, they can't hang him!'

'And I tell you, Tom, they will!'

'But look at it,' persisted Gates. 'He was interfered with in the exercise of his lawful rights; he was harried and worried and goaded to desperation; he was put in jail; he was practically denied the right to live; and for what? Why, just because he insisted upon doing what he had a right to do. The right was his by treaty, which is the highest form of man-made law. State legislation can't abrogate a treaty made with the national government. They would n't even suggest the absurdity of a state law superseding a treaty in dealing with anybody but an Indian.'

'But they'll hang him,' said Cregan.

'Don't you believe it,' retorted Gates warmly. 'He had no right to kill Tansey, of course, but Tansey had no right to interfere with him. That Tansey *thought* he was right does n't cut any figure at all: the Indian also thought he was right, and the Indian was right. That's what counts. Then, too, he did n't know any other way to stop this persecution. They may send him up for manslaughter, Wiley, but they can't hang him.'

'They'll hang him,' maintained Cregan doggedly.

'By thunder!' exclaimed Gates, goaded to wrath by this insistence, 'I'm not sure I won't get him off en-

tirely. There's a tremendous lot in his favor: the very fact that he's an Indian ought to count.'

'That's why they'll hang him,' said Cregan, still serenely confident.

This time, however, Gates was too absorbed in his own thoughts to resent the remark. He was thinking as a lawyer, a young lawyer, an ambitious lawyer, rather than as a man and a citizen. 'Great Jupiter!' he cried suddenly, 'but would n't it be a big thing for me if I should get him off! Just think of winning such a desperate case as that!'

'But you won't,' asserted Cregan. 'I'm sorry for the Indian, myself, but he'll hang.'

Perhaps this pessimistic view of the situation aroused in Gates more than the usual amount of natural obstinacy. At any rate, he went about his preparations for the trial with enthusiasm and confidence — at least, the outward appearance of confidence — that the people of Woodford found it difficult to understand.

The case was a simple one. The prosecuting attorney said the trial would be brief, and Gates agreed with him. The prosecuting attorney also said that he was sorry for the Indian, but that this, of course, did not affect his duty in the premises. Everybody was sorry for the Indian, but nobody was so sorry for him as to lose any sleep over his fate. It was right and necessary that the man who killed Jim Tansey should suffer the penalty, for Jim was a good man. But they were sorry for the Indian. Perhaps, however, the Indian is not to be blamed for showing no gratitude for sympathy that contemplated his death upon the gallows with so much equanimity.

Gates had the Indian's squaw present at the opening of the trial. A squaw, however wretched her plight, cannot arouse much sympathy in the

breasts of a jury, but, as Gates remarked, —

'It helps some, and there's no use overlooking even the minor points.'

The squaw was a miserable creature, ugly and dirty; but even squaws have to live, and it was partly to provide food for her that the Indian had defied the game-warden.

The jury was quickly selected. Gates challenged only an occasional man whose antipathy to Indians generally made him objectionable. The case for the prosecution was presented almost as quickly. The main facts were not disputed, and it was only necessary to bring them properly to the attention of the jury, and to present such additional details as might have a bearing on the question of punishment.

The Indian had killed the game-warden. This was admitted. The warden had not been the aggressor, except in so far as, within his lawful authority, he might have attempted to confiscate the Indian's fish or place the Indian under arrest. This was not capable of proof, as there had been no witness of the actual killing, but it was admitted in part. The warden had not been an intentional aggressor, but he might have unwittingly exceeded his authority, and thus been a technical aggressor.

In view of this contention, the prosecuting attorney deemed it wise to go more into detail than was necessary where the facts were undisputed. He showed, by witnesses, that the game-warden, far from being vindictive toward the Indian, had been disposed to be as lenient with him as the circumstances would permit, and had even stated that he 'was n't going to look for him very hard' on his last trip. So it was altogether unlikely that any attack had been made by him upon the Indian.

Gates waived cross-examination.

The prosecuting attorney also showed that the Indian was a chronic law-breaker.

'Helps my case,' murmured Gates, and he waived cross-examination again.

Next it was proved that the Indian had been repeatedly warned, that his fish, game, and nets had been often confiscated, that he had been arrested and sent to jail, and that he blamed it all on the game-warden. Gates smiled, as if this were quite in line with his plans, and waived cross-examination.

The actual killing being admitted, and having proved, to his own satisfaction, that the warden was acting in the line of his duty, that he had been tolerant, that his feeling for the Indian was one of pity rather than anger, and that the Indian had a motive for the deliberate murder that he evidently committed, the prosecuting attorney rested his case.

Gates, for the defense, put the Indian on the stand. This was a surprise, for it seemed to open a way for the prosecution to show on cross-examination that the warden was in no sense the aggressor. But the Indian proved a difficult witness. He admitted the killing, of course, but, beyond that, even Gates could get no more out of him than, 'Him break treaty — make all time hell for me,' or 'Him no let live, so me kill.'

Whatever the question, the answer usually took one of these forms. It seemed almost as if Gates had coached him, and the prosecution quickly realized that every repetition served to emphasize the fact that the Indian believed he was being unwarrantably persecuted, and, driven to desperation, had sought to end that persecution in the only way that seemed possible to one of his primitive instincts. In effect, the situation presented, indirectly, extenuating circumstances. So the cross-examination was quickly dropped.

The squaw followed, and she was an equally difficult witness. Still, under skillful questioning, she did succeed in making it clear that the activity of the warden left them often hungry, there being neither fish nor game to eat, and no money wherewith to buy anything else.

Here Gates changed the line of his defense, and, first proving the descent of the Indian, then offered in evidence a copy of the treaty with the United States Government, that gave these Indians the right to hunt and fish on the ceded lands.

The prosecuting attorney immediately objected, and the judge asked Gates what he expected to prove by it.

'I expect to prove,' was the reply, 'that the warden was an aggressor, that he had exceeded his authority in practically all his dealings with this Indian, that he had deprived the Indian of rights guaranteed him by the United States Government, that it was the warden who was the law-breaker, and that the Indian, up to the moment of the killing, was wholly within his legal rights. That there was no personal malice or unlawful intent on the part of the warden in this matter is of no consequence; he did hound and persecute this Indian, and I wish to show that the Indian acted in defense of actual, not imagined, rights. Your honor will see that everything in this case depends upon which was and had been the real law-breaker when they last met.'

The judge turned to the prosecuting attorney, and the prosecuting attorney again objected.

The whole case hinged upon that treaty, and each lawyer saw that success or failure depended upon whether or not it was allowed to be put in evidence. So far as Gates was concerned, it was the keystone of his whole case. Without it, there was absolutely no-

thing upon which to hang a plea of even partial justification, nothing but the mere fact that the Indian, believing himself in the right, had defied and finally killed an official for doing his duty. So Gates went over the ground again, being careful to see that no link was missing. The Indian was a descendant of the tribe, the tribe had made the treaty with the government, the treaty never had been abrogated, the rights under it still belonged to the Indian, and it was proper to show, in extenuation of his act, that he had these rights, and was acting in defense of them.

The prosecuting attorney replied that there was no treaty. It was quite impossible that there should be any treaty. The Indian, under the Indian Appropriation Act of 1871, was held to be incapable of contracting treaty obligations. He was to be considered as either a citizen or a ward of the government, and in neither of these capacities was it possible for him to make a treaty. True, the act in question expressly stated that it was not to be construed as invalidating any existing treaty, but there had been no existing treaty in this case — certainly none covering this point.

The prosecuting attorney was an older and more experienced man than Gates, and it was evident that he had foreseen and prepared for this question. His calm denial of the existence of a treaty that had just been offered in evidence was staggering. Gates was inclined to doubt the evidence of his own senses, but he managed to call attention to the fact that he had already produced a copy of the document.

'Oh, that was abrogated long ago,' was the reply. 'The Indians may not have known exactly what happened to them, but that does not alter the facts. The form and the words still remain, but as a valid treaty it passed out of

existence long before the Indian Appropriation Act became a law.'

The prosecuting attorney was unpleasantly patronizing and confident. The treaty, he said, was made previous to the admission of the state to the Union. The state had then been admitted 'on an equal footing with the original states,' and the act contained no reservation as to rights of Indians under treaties, and no mention of any special privileges granted to or held by any Indians. It had been held in at least two states, Wyoming and Wisconsin, that the admission of a state on an equal footing with other states abrogates, by implication, the treaties with Indians which grant them privileges inconsistent with the sovereignty of the state, or the rights and powers possessed by other states. In support of this he quoted from the decision in the Wyoming case of *Ward vs. Race Horse*:—

'Determining the question whether the provisions of a treaty giving the right to hunt upon unoccupied lands of the United States in the hunting districts, are repealed in so far as the land in such districts is now embraced within the State of Wyoming, it becomes plain that the repeal results from the conflict between a treaty and the act admitting that state into the Union.'

The Wisconsin case, *State vs. Morrin*, was to similar effect:—

'The Act of Congress admitting Wisconsin into the Union on an equal footing with the other states abrogated the stipulations of the treaty of March 28, 1843, with the Chippewa Indians, respecting their right to hunt and fish within the borders of the state, so that thereafter they were subject to the laws of the state in that regard.'

'So I submit, your honor,' he said in conclusion, 'that this so-called treaty is no better than waste paper and should not be admitted in evidence.'

'Ruled out,' decided the judge.

Gates saw his case crumbling, and he was desperate. He listened gloomily to the brief and formal statement of the case by the prosecuting attorney, and he became bitter. His case had collapsed, had become so weak that the prosecution deemed it hardly worth while to argue the question at all; his client had not even had the poor satisfaction of having his rights taken from him openly and boldly, but had been cunningly deprived of them, without his knowledge, by implication. *By implication!* An Indian, who at best would have difficulty in comprehending laws that dealt with him directly and frankly, was now told that his treaty had been nullified by inference. The idea rankled. He based his brief address to the jury on it.

'The tribe had these rights,' he said, 'and they should have descended to this Indian among others. The promise was made that they would so descend, but they were taken away by implication — not honestly and openly, in a way that the Indian could understand, but by implication, by inference. The Indian never knew that he had legally lost them; he thought all his troubles were due to one man; he does n't understand it yet. Uncle Sam put the little pea under the walnut shell, but it was n't there when the Indian lifted the shell. The Indian is still wondering what happened.

"Where's my treaty?" he asks. "I had it, I thought I had it, and then I did n't have it, *but you got all you bargained for* — you never discovered anything wrong until it became inconvenient for you to carry out your share of the contract."

"I don't really know what became of that treaty," says Uncle Sam. "It looked perfectly good the last time I

noticed it, but somewhere in the course of a transfer it got frost-bitten or burned up or something. All I know about it now is what my courts tell me, and they are sometimes rather hazy and difficult to understand. I'm mighty sorry about this. You certainly had some treaty rights, but they seem to have vanished, and I'm not sure just when or how it all happened."

'And if Uncle Sam is puzzled,' demanded Gates, 'how can you expect an Indian to understand?'

More there was in explanation of the Indian's point of view and in sarcastic arraignment of the government's treatment of him, much of which might have been excluded had the prosecution cared to object, but it had no bearing on the material facts, and the prosecution did not object. The prosecuting attorney, while in no sense condoning the crime, was sorry for the Indian.

The foreman of the jury also found something in the Indian's plight to excite sympathy. 'The old buck has certainly been given the worst of it all along the line,' he remarked carelessly, when the jury had retired, 'but he killed Jim Tansey, and we don't have to bother about the rest of it.' So the verdict was 'Guilty as charged,' and it was reached without discussion.

'To be hanged by the neck until dead,' was the important detail of the sentence pronounced by the judge.

There was a silence then, which was broken only when the sheriff led the Indian back to his cell.

The jurors were thanked and discharged, the lawyers left, and the judge leaned back in his chair, and gazed moodily at the ceiling.

'I can't help being sorry for that Indian,' the judge finally muttered, and then, straightening up, —

'Call the next case.'

THE LADY OF THE SLAVE STATES

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

I

THE archaic character of Southern ante-bellum society is illustrated by the rapidity with which since its collapse it has fled back in historical perspective to join the forms with which it should properly have been contemporary. It disappeared, not as things so widespread generally disappear in real life, a little at a time, and so gradually that the participants hardly notice the change. On the contrary, it disappeared as things do in dreams; it was held together, like M. Waldemar, by mesmeric passes, and when they were interrupted it was found to have been dead some time. It became immediately the theme of legend as though it had thriven in the ninth century, instead of in the nineteenth. Like most other archaic social forms, it has left but an unsatisfying documentary basis for history.

For the hundredth time fiction is proved to be incomparably more enduring than life, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* bids fair to be the form in which posterity will see the age of which it is so bewildering a mixture of 'Dichtung und Wahrheit.' The Homeric poems and the romances of chivalry, the Hebrew Scriptures and *Uncle Tom*, have established ideas against which the scientific historian, if we may assume his existence, can but file his exceptions; the jury will not heed his technicalities. The South cried out against *Uncle Tom*, but was unable to oppose it by a similarly persuasive work of

fiction; and fiction appears to be the only form of statement that in the long run carries conviction.

So far as the voice of the South itself has been effective in helping to shape the myth, it has spoken chiefly through the lips of amiable and estimable old ladies recalling honestly, but uncritically, the days of their youth. This is a class of literature in which, notoriously, dimensions expand and colors grow bright. After a course of it the reader who visits the physical remains of its world is amazed by their shrinkage. At Monticello and Mount Vernon the traveler feels, it is true, a touching and imperishable charm; but it is the charm of modesty, not the charm of grandeur. And apart from the historic seats of the mighty, he searches in vain for the stately mansions of his fancy. Surely they were not all burned by Yankee raiders or riotous freedmen. 'Stately mansions' is, in fact, very strong language. The traveler would not immediately recognize as deserving it the large two-storied house of wood or brick, with its double gallery, that formed the well-to-do planter's residence.

The archaic lady of the South obeyed a law of her being in leaving very little written record of herself. Ladies from the real world penetrated into her territory from time to time, and gave accounts of what they saw. Two Englishwomen could hardly be more unlike in temperament and antecedents than Miss Martineau and Fanny Kemble, but they differed far more from

the Southern lady than from each other. They agreed in approaching the South with a lively interest, and each was stirred to write excellently in her own way of what she found. In the North a rather remarkable group of women arose in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, able to think and to speak, who associated, with a profounder logic than they were perhaps themselves aware of, the political and social limitations of women with those of the slave. A really noble eloquence sprang from the enthusiasm of Lucretia Mott.

The lady of the South was equally enthusiastic. The time came when she sincerely believed that the chief end of slavery was the good of the slave. But she was unable to say so. She could suffer for her faith, see her sons die for it, cherish it long after the men who fought for it had laid it aside; but it never stirred her to effective defense of it. This is not attributable to any inherent defect in it; causes just as bad have been movingly and triumphantly argued. It is not attributable to any lack on the part of the Southern lady of the talents that we call literary; for soon after the war she gained a creditable place among American men and women of letters. The trouble was that the social system based on slavery discouraged general mental effort both in men and women, but especially in women. The planter's high gifts of intelligence were concentrated on keeping his balance, and the lady in an even higher degree must make no gesture outside her prescribed rôle. Though the exigencies of the situation often made him a shrewd debater and a vigorous orator, they had no analogous effect upon his wife.

The truth is that in the days of slavery nobody was free at the South. The planter, whose autocracy was his boast, who contrasted himself with the

men of other communities as being more completely a free agent than they, submitted to enact laws for himself that no other Anglo-Saxon society in the world at that time would have endured.

It may not be surprising that Louisiana, with its exotic social ideas, should make 'imprisonment at hard labor not less than three years nor more than twenty-one years, or death, at the discretion of the court,' the punishment for one who 'shall make use of language in any public discourse . . . or in private discourses, . . . or shall make use of signs or actions having a tendency to produce discontent among the free colored population of this state, or to excite insubordination among the slaves.' But it is hard to believe that the Code of Virginia of 1849 abridged the freedom of speech and press.

As the slave was a chattel of the owner, who could do what he liked with him except kill him (otherwise than 'by accident in giving such slave moderate correction'), it would seem evident that he could, if he liked, set him free. In Virginia he could generally do so, by his last will or by deed, provided his creditors were not prejudiced; though the Revised Code attached to the permission to emancipate, a rider that contained the oddest *rapprochement* of barbarism and civilization: 'If any emancipated slave (infants excepted) shall remain within the state more than twelve months after his or her right to freedom shall have accrued, he or she shall forfeit all such right, and may be apprehended and sold by the overseers of the poor, etc., for the benefit of the Literary Fund.'

But in several states an act of the legislature was required to allow a man to relinquish his property. In Georgia the penalty for attempting to free a slave in any other way was not to exceed one thousand dollars. In the

use of his chattel, the owner was hampered in many ways by laws forbidding him to teach the slave to read or write. In Georgia any one was liable to fine and imprisonment 'who shall procure, suffer or permit a slave, negro, or person of color, to transact business for him in writing.'

All these abridgments of liberty, which would at that period have been intolerable to most English-speaking people, were but the reflection of a far more coercive social sentiment. The lawlessness of the planter in certain directions may be recognized as reaction against the restrictions on which his existence as a class depended. No man was ever more enslaved by public opinion. As the last traces of serfdom and slavery vanished in other societies, the planters came gradually to realize that they were alone in the world. They were mutineers against the course of civilization, and the only safety of mutineers is to hang together lest they hang separately.

Thus a rigorous and imperative social mandate was formulated, more tyrannous than the statute-book, and another mediæval characteristic was revived. Nothing so 'solid' had existed since the effective days of the Holy Roman Empire. Once more the world saw a society so homogeneous that if one turned over, all must. Every planter must continue steadfastly to hold his wolf by the ears, or all must let go together. If slavery was to persist, its champions must uphold it incessantly in the Senate, and on the election-platform. The whole brains of the South were applied for fifty years to the mediæval task of erecting a logic and an ethic for slavery. This was as stimulating and exciting to the planter as was the theory and practice of resisting siege to the castellan. But what sort of life did it offer to the lady?

II

It is generally remarked that a woman, whether by some real psychological idiosyncrasy or as a result of her ordinary conditions of life, is apt to be more struck with details than by generalizations. This sometimes works to her own disadvantage and that of the community, as, for instance, when it makes her the supporter of the 'bargain-counter.' Her abstract knowledge of the principles of this phenomenon is not sufficiently vivid to enable her to withstand the appeal of a concrete instance. On the other hand, this feminine trait is of inestimable service, as society is now constituted, in keeping its owner incorrigibly individualistic, easily interested in the special case, ready to ignore the law when it is inept, and thus to constitute herself a perpetual court of equity.

Bearing in mind this function, characteristic of all women and more especially of the lady, the student of slavery is baffled by the difficulty of understanding how the planter's theories were able to convince his wife in the presence of their practical results. Fanny Kemble writes: 'Mr. — was called out this evening to listen to a complaint of overwork from a gang of pregnant women. I did not stay to listen to the details of their petition, for I am unable to command myself on such occasions, and Mr. — seemed positively degraded in my eyes as he stood enforcing upon these women the necessity of fulfilling their appointed tasks. How honorable he would have appeared to me begrimed with the sweat and toil of the coarsest manual labour, to what he then seemed, setting forth to these wretched, ignorant women, as a duty, their unpaid, exacting labour! I turned away in bitter disgust.'

How did it happen that any gen-

tlewoman was able to command herself on such occasions? We are accustomed to think that our own social sins endure chiefly because the lady sees so little of them. In every case, others do the dirty work for her. If she had to shoot and skin her own bird, the plumage would disappear from her hat. A military journal has lately cried out against the proposition of sending out a woman as war-correspondent. If the world begins to learn through women what goes on at the front (cries this voice in the wilderness) we may as well say good-by to war! Similarly, if the sweat-shop, the tenement-house, and the Raines-law hotel were picturesquely grouped under the elms of her country-place; if her children spent their infancy in close playfellowship with the offspring of those institutions; if her husband were occasionally called out from his dinner to listen to a complaint of overwork from a gang of pregnant women, we like to imagine that the result would be a clean sweep of this class of our iniquities.

One answer to the puzzle in regard to the planter's wife is fairly obvious. The most vocal part of the South was Virginia. Nine persons out of ten in the North to-day use 'Virginia' and 'the South' as interchangeable terms. That state formed early the habit of producing distinguished men; the prestige of her Revolutionary history gave her great weight both North and South. The South (with the exception perhaps of South Carolina) was willing to make Virginia the spokesman, and the North was willing to accept her as representative. But Virginia was not representative. When an old Virginian recalls with rapture those rosy ante-bellum days which have become something of a jest to a world that knew them not, he is not touching up the picture very much as regards the relation between master and servant.

It is probably true that, at any rate after the soil was eaten up, the worst features of slavery were not visible in Virginia. A lady might live and die there without once seeing a Negro under the lash; or even witnessing, unless in exceptional circumstances, those forcible partings of families which the abolitionist rightly put his finger on as the greatest of social mistakes. She was surrounded by a community of sleek, well-fed, cheerful, comic creatures, as unlike Fanny Kemble's retinue as two groups of the same race could be. In her neighborhood, harsh treatment of servants was bad form and was punished by social ostracism. And if the Virginian emigrated to another state he took his traditions with him. If his neighbors in the new environment had a lower standard, they concealed it from him as long as possible.

'I cannot,' said Thomas Dabney, expressing a profound truth in social psychology, 'I cannot punish people with whom I associate every day.' The average Virginia gentleman could no more have a slave flogged than the average gentleman anywhere could deliberately infect a fellow creature with tuberculosis. We are so made that our victims must be out of our sight. But he could and did breed and rear strong, healthy men and women whom it would do you good to see, and sell them in large annual invoices for service in the sugar and cotton states. A Virginia gentleman told Olmsted that 'his women were uncommonly good breeders; he did not suppose there was a lot of women anywhere that bred faster than his'; and Rhodes notes a lady in Baltimore, 'richly and fashionably dressed, and apparently moving in the best society, who derived her income from the sale of children of a half-dozen Negro women she owned, although their husbands belonged to other masters.' But in the consciousness of the owner

of a human stock-farm, and still more of the owner's wife, there was a sincere contempt for the next link in the chain, the slave-trader and the auctioneer; while the overseer, the actual slave-driver of the cotton-field, the man who did the dirty work on which the whole social scheme depended, was despised by all. In fact, the lady of the plantation felt toward the overseer by whose exertions she lived, as the lady of other economic dispensations feels toward the proprietor of the sweat-shop whose product is on her back.

All the conditions that bore hardly on the man of talent were equally operative on the woman, and she had a special extinguisher of her own in the nature of the planter's conception of the lady. Her man did not wish her to be clever. There is at the first glance no obvious reason why the Southern lady should not have been a *salonnière*; the type is sufficiently aristocratic and exclusive, one would think, to recommend it to the gregarious and leisured planter. The student is surprised to find that, on the contrary, the married woman had virtually no social existence. The woman of Southern romance is the young girl; the social intercourse of the little Southern cities consisted chiefly of balls and dances, at which the young girl might be seen by young men. When she was married, her husband carried her to his plantation, and there she lived in isolation. She reverted to a far earlier type than that of *salonnière*, the type, namely, of the twelfth-century *châtelaine*. Only the few who maintained town-houses as well as country-houses, and spent part of every year in Richmond or Charleston or New Orleans, retained their hold upon communion with their kind, and for them a staid and modified social life was deemed fitting. Instead of being the means of a wider freedom, marriage was an abdication.

Mrs. Gilman, in her *Recollections of a Southern Matron*, describes the ideal lady of the plantation. 'Mamma possessed more than whole acres of charms, for though not brilliant she was good-tempered and sensible. A demure look and reserved manner concealed a close habit of observation. She would sit in company for hours, making scarcely a remark, and recollect afterwards every fact that had been stated, to the color of a riband or the stripe of a waistcoat. Home was her true sphere; there everything was managed with promptitude and decision; and papa, who was . . . an active planter was glad to find his domestic arrangements quiet and orderly. No one ever managed an establishment better; but there was no appeal from her opinions, and I have known her even eloquent in defending a recipe. . . . Her sausages were pronounced to be the best flavored in the neighborhood; her hog's cheese was delicacy itself; her preserved watermelons were carved with the taste of a sculptor.'

When the heroine of the work was herself married, she remarked that the planter's bride 'dreams of an independent sway over her household, devoted love and unbroken intercourse with her husband, and indeed longs to be released from the eyes of others, that she may dwell only beneath the sunbeam of his.'

If we turn to so romantic an account of Southern ante-bellum society as is contained in (for instance) Kennedy's *Swallow Barn*, we find a marked sentimental discrimination between the young girl and the matron. Lovely maidens are portrayed, brown and blond, madcap and demure. Their manners, their whims, their dresses, are important. Their love-affairs are the excitement of the countryside. But the matron, the respected head of the establishment, is touched in with some-

thing of satire. Her good qualities and achievements are duly set down; her affairs are said to go like clockwork; she rises with the lark and infuses vigor into her recalcitrant assistants. But her charms are not the author's theme. 'She is a thin woman to look upon and a feeble; with a sallow complexion, and a pair of animated black eyes which impart a portion of fire to a countenance otherwise demure from the paths worn across it in the frequent travel of a low-country ague.' Her contribution to social enjoyment seems to have consisted in playing the harpsichord for the children to dance, and in singing *The Rose-tree in Full Bearing*. For the rest, her annalist, to describe her foibles, dips his pen in some medium which from the old-fashioned acidity of its flavor might be the lady's own blackberry cordial. She takes more pride (says he) in her leechcraft than becomes a Christian woman, and prepares daily doses for the helpless youngsters of the family, both white and black. And there is an element of the mystical in some of her prescriptions: 'Nine scoops of water in the hollow of the hand, from the sycamore spring, for three mornings, before sunrise, and a cup of strong coffee with lemon-juice, will break an ague, try it when you will.' Her husband laughs at her, and depends upon her.

It is fair to say that *Swallow Barn* was written before the *femme de trente ans* had become domesticated in English literature. Mr. Page, writing in an age in which she is fully appreciated, feels it incumbent upon him to celebrate with more enthusiasm the lady of the plantation. Very charmingly he does it, yet in his page, as plain as in Kennedy's, stands the record of her limitations. Her life was, on its professional side, the life of the Greek lady. The programme laid down by Ischomachus for his child-bride governed the

days of the later mistress of slaves. Each was the wife and steward of a farmer. Each was responsible for the reception in the house of produce of the farm intended for home consumption. Each must keep order regnant among slaves and goods. A surprising amount of what the household used was in each case made under the lady's direction from raw material produced on the estate. The Greek lady worked with wool, the modern lady with cotton; but each must understand spinning and weaving, shaping and sewing. Each was the chief executive of a large and motley community, in duty bound to enforce the laws. And each was responsible for the health of her household: it was her duty to prevent sickness, if possible, and when it came, to tend it. Each doubtless, if not overtaxed, derived satisfaction from the performance of important work bearing directly on the welfare and happiness of those she loved best; but neither could be called a free woman.

In the case of the Greek lady we see this plainly enough. No sentiment had arisen in her day to mask the issue. If she was constrained to an exacting profession, no one obscured the fact by calling her a queen, or, with a much stronger connotation of leisure, an angel. In the case of the lady of the plantation we are misled by her husband's vocabulary, which is that of the twelfth century. It is hard to realize that he could combine the manner and the phrases of the minnesinger with the practice of the ancient Athenian. In some aspects the law-abiding and thrifty Athenian was the better husband of the two; for the planter indemnified himself for the fear he felt for his order by a careless courage in regard to his individual life, and for the lack in his existence of some of the ordinary sources of interest by the speculative habit. Thus he might

shoot or be shot somewhat casually; and he might lose at cards anything, from his wife's most valued house-servant to the cotton-crop for the year after next.

III

One of the great burdens of slavery was that it overworked the lady. She was typically undervitalized. Mr. Page, in the full swing of his dithyrambic, declares that she was 'often delicate and feeble in frame, and of a nervous organization so sensitive as to be a great sufferer.' Mrs. Smedes, who has left us so beautiful a picture of the best type of plantation life, complains of the heavy drain it made upon the vitality of the ruling class. 'There were others who felt that slavery was a yoke upon the white man's neck almost as galling as on the slave's; and it was a saying that the mistress of a plantation was the most complete slave on it. I can testify to the truth of this in my mother's life and experience. There was no hour of the day that she was not called upon to minister to their real or imaginary wants. Who can wonder that we longed for a lifting of the incubus, and that in the family of Thomas Dabney the first feeling, when the war was ended, was of joy that one dreadful responsibility, at least, was removed?'

It is quite plain from the record that Mrs. Dabney, mistress of hundreds of slaves, the happy wife of a faithful husband, died of nervous exhaustion. She was overworked. A slaveholder could not get rid of an unprofitable servant. The good abolitionist in Boston believed that if the omelette was scorched, Mammy Venus was strung up by the thumbs to receive forty lashes; but the owner of slaves was after all a man with bowels like another. He could not flog a person with whom he associated every day.

VOL. 106 - NO. 4

At a time when timidity in the North and fear in the South ruled conversation, good Miss Martineau trod heavily through American society, asking terrible questions and making observations hardly less startling than obvious. Some deliberate fictions were poured into her ear-trumpet, which she was unable to check as another might have done to whom general conversation was audible; and sometimes doubtless she misunderstood what was said to her. But if her ears were not always trustworthy, her eyes enjoyed a compensating power. She passed two years in this country, devoting five months to a tour of the Southern States — Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee. She was everywhere kindly received, and found the planter ready and willing to talk of the chief circumstance of his life. Fanny Kemble, five years later, decided to set down nothing in her plantation journal that was not the result of her own observation, because she had heard people boasting how gloriously they had gulled Miss Martineau. But it will hardly be supposed that any slave-owner exerted his powers of mystification to give the stranger an unduly dark view of the peculiar institution; if we are to read her story with allowance for misinformation willfully supplied, our confidence must be least in the passages most favorable to slavery.

Miss Martineau was astonished, as other travelers were, by the hardships of the lady of the plantation. She must rise early, and but late take rest. A comfortable house is to be had only as the result of systematic arrangement, but systematic arrangement was impossible to slaves. The Englishwoman stood aghast at seeing so many servants accomplish so little. She would have preferred to serve herself rather than wait for the tardy and ineffect-

ive service of the blacks. She found them lolling against the bed-posts before she was up in the morning, leaning against sofas during the day, officiously offering service at every turn, and generally making a mess of it.

She found little real comfort in the planter's house; and said, indeed, in her downright way that with one exception she never saw a clean room or bed within the boundaries of the slave states. She saw the lady without leisure save as it was bought at the price of despair, and a momentary determination to let things go. She saw the great bunch of keys at the lady's girdle in constant requisition, for everything consumable must be locked up, and yet must be forthcoming at the whimsical demand of ministrants whose orbits were incalculable. She saw the lady constrained to follow up personally every order she gave, lest the result be confusion. She found and noted many remarkable women whose powers were equal to their responsibilities, women competent to rule over a little barbarous society, who realized the gravity of the duty that lay upon them to watch over the health and regulate the lives of a number of persons who could in no wise take care of themselves. Often she found a lady who was unequal to her task, timid, languid, and unintelligent. The house of that woman would not be a pleasant one in which to stay. But in the main she was impressed by the lady's capacity for making the best of a system for which she was not responsible, and of which she was the garlanded victim.

Miss Martineau had no hesitation in asking any lady she met for a candid expression of opinion of the system, and some very singular confessions were poured into the sympathetic ear-trumpet, if it reported truly to its ingenuous owner. Two ladies, 'the distinguishing ornaments of a very superior society,' were very unhappy, and told their

new friend what a curse they found slavery to be. A planter's wife, in the bitterness of her heart, declared that she was but 'the chief slave of the harem.' One singular little anecdote shows how the lady's logic could work to her husband's credit. 'One sultry morning I was sitting with a friend who was giving me all manner of information about her husband's slaves. While we were talking one of the house slaves passed us. I observed that she appeared superior to all the rest; to which my friend assented. "She is A's wife?" said I. — "We call her A's wife, but she has never been married to him. A and she came to my husband five years ago and asked him to let them marry; but he could not allow it, because he had not made up his mind whether to sell A; and he hates parting husband and wife. They have four children, but my husband has never been able to let them marry; he has not determined yet whether he shall sell A."'

Another story is irresistible in this connection, though it came to Miss Martineau at one remove. A Southern lady told a group of friends the romantic story of a pretty mulatto girl whom she had once owned. A young man came to stay at her house who fell in love with the girl. The girl fled to her mistress for protection, and received it. Some weeks later the young man came again, saying that he was so desperately in love with the girl he could not live without her. 'I pitied the young man,' concluded the lady, 'so I sold the girl to him for fifteen hundred dollars.'

The characteristic virtue of the lady of the plantation, Miss Martineau found to be patience. Only the native, born and bred among slaves, achieved it in perfection. Foreigners or Northerners who became slaveholders could not compass it; they were impatient and sometimes severe; their tempers broke down altogether; their nerves

were racked, and their self-control shattered by the unconquerable inertia of the slave. But the mistress born in slavery hardly noticed that the company were waiting twenty minutes for the second course, and was willing to repeat an order unto seventy times seven. A certain amount of lying and stealing, of disobedience and procrastination, was allowed the slave daily with his other rations.

No problem-novel could be more interesting than the true narrative of the experiences of Frances Anne Kemble in connection with slavery. This young woman was of a strongly individualistic type, being not only English, but a Kemble, and an artist. Her appearance on the stage, followed by immediate popularity, had saved her father's theatre from insolvency. London petted her; people of importance recognized her importance. After a triumphant tour of the United States, she made a love-match with Mr. Pierce Butler of Philadelphia, and in the winter of 1838-39, she, with her two little children, accompanied her husband to his plantations in Georgia. She had contemplated the theory of slavery with entire distaste, as she admitted in a letter written before she began her journey: 'Assuredly I am going prejudiced against slavery, for I am an Englishwoman' (it was precisely five years since slavery had been abolished in Jamaica, and the slave-trade that had filled the Southern colonies with Negroes had been continued by the British government in the face of earnest prayers from the colonies that it might be stopped), 'in whom the absence of such a prejudice would be disgraceful. Nevertheless, I go prepared to find many mitigations in the practice to the general injustice and cruelty of the system — much kindness on the part of the masters, much content on the part of the slaves.'

This impetuous and able young woman, not only warm-hearted, but highly intelligent, was forced by her qualities to judge for herself of the system by which she and her children were supported. Incidentally she was forced to judge her husband, and as all the world knows, she finally went back to her own people. Her *Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation* naturally deals only gingerly with her personal relations. It is easy enough to fill in the details of the bewilderment of both young people: the irritation and dismay of the planter as his uncontrollable wife went about the estates cheerfully teaching insubordination to the hands, and the panic of the wife when she discovered that her husband was sincerely unconvinced of sin toward his black people.

The two estates, one devoted to cotton, the other to rice, had long been in the hands of overseers, unvisited by a master. The pecuniary returns had been satisfactory, and the plantations had a good repute as being well-managed. But they were very different from the long-established homestead plantations of Virginia. On the rice-plantation the planter's residence consisted of 'three small rooms and three still smaller, which would be more appropriately designated as closets, a wooden recess by way of pantry, and a kitchen detached from the dwelling — a mere wooden out-house, with no floor but the bare earth; and for furniture a congregation of filthy Negroes, who lounge in and out of it like hungry hounds at all hours of the day and night, picking up such scraps of food as they can find about, which they discuss squatting down upon their hams. Of our three apartments, one is our sitting, eating, and living room, and is sixteen feet by fifteen. The walls are plastered indeed, but neither papered nor painted; it is divided from our bedroom

by a dingy wooden partition covered all over with hooks, pegs, and nails, to which hats, caps, keys, etc., are suspended in graceful irregularity. The doors open by means of wooden latches raised by means of small bits of pack-thread — I imagine the same primitive order of fastening celebrated in the touching chronicle of Red Riding Hood; how they shut I will not attempt to describe, as the shutting of a door is a process of extremely rare occurrence throughout the whole Southern country. The third room, a chamber with sloping ceiling, immediately over our sitting-room, and under the roof, is appropriated to the nurse and my two babies. Of the closets, one is the overseer's bedroom, the other his office, and the third, adjoining our bedroom, is Mr. —'s dressing-room and *cabinet d'affaires*, where he gives audiences to the Negroes, redresses grievances, distributes red woollen caps, shaves himself, and performs the other offices of his toilet. Such being our abode, I think you will allow there is little danger of my being dazzled by the luxurious splendours of a Southern slave residence.'

The plantation was in fact not a home but an industrial plant.

In paying her visits, Mrs. Butler, like Miss Martineau, plunged by preference into the most delicate of questions. How can you stand slavery? she would genially ask her hostess. Where the answers are recorded, the ladies seem naturally enough to have shirked the question of abstract justice and to have argued, on the assumption of the inevitability of slavery, that kindness and indulgence were so common among masters as to make the slave's life far happier in practice than in theory. Mrs. Butler makes a shrewd comment which goes far to solve the whole problem. 'They' (women) 'are very seldom just, and are generally

treated with more indulgence than justice by men.'

In Mrs. Butler's own reflections, her personal helplessness is the obstacle she comes up against when she tries to help the helpless slave. An intelligent boy of sixteen asked her to teach him to read. To do so was to break the law under which she lived, and though she would probably not have boggled at mere law-breaking, she was embarrassed by the consideration that her husband would have to pay the fines which she would incur for the first and second offenses. The third offense was punishable by imprisonment. She sighed to think that she could not begin with Aleck's third lesson, so that the penalty might light on the right shoulders. She winds up by saying, 'I certainly intend to teach Aleck to read. I certainly won't tell Mr. — anything about it. I'll leave him to find it out, as slaves, and servants, and children, and all oppressed and ignorant and uneducated and unprincipled people do; then, if he forbids me, I can stop — perhaps before then the lad may have learned his letters.' This brilliant and energetic young woman, who had demonstrated her ability to maintain herself in economic independence, found herself suddenly reduced to the stereotyped movements of the lady-acrobat; a spontaneous gesture would topple her husband over.

When the little girl who was afterwards to be Mrs. Roger A. Pryor was not ten years old the aunt with whom she lived realized the shortcomings of education on the plantation and took up her residence in Charlottesville, which was then beginning to be the centre of a little group of cultivated people. The child was entered at the Female Seminary. The headmaster examined her and prescribed her lessons. The books given her were Abercrom-

bie's *Intellectual Philosophy*, Watts's *Improvement of the Mind*, Goldsmith's *History of Greece*, and somebody's *Natural Philosophy*. A more advanced little student blazed a trail for the child through these works, inclosing in brackets the briefest possible answers to the questions in Watts. Thus the little girl was enabled with labor and tears to say (when asked 'What is logic?'), 'Logic is the art of investigating and communicating Truth.' After a few months in the seminary she was removed by the good aunt, and home education began again. She read classical English literature with her aunt, she learned French from a German, and she studied music under the direction of an itinerant master, whose relations with the sheriff frequently made it convenient for him to appear at midnight to give a lesson.

IV

A special piquancy is lent to the spectacle of the lady as mistress of slaves by a knowledge of her history, a review of which might be fitly entitled 'Up from Slavery.' Herr Bebel, in his striking way, declares that woman was the first slave, 'she was a slave before the slave existed.' The gradual promotion of an occasional slave to comparative idleness began to make a lady of her. When she was given control over other slaves, and when she was considered to be her master's wife in some special sense which differentiated her from the other women who bore him children, the process was complete. Her idleness consisted in release from useful manual labor, and was an evidence of her husband's wealth. As such it was valuable to him, and she preserved it at his command. Not only was she excused from labor, — she was forbidden it. The Chinese, a logical and direct people, cripple the little

girls of the gentle class so that they may bear the outward visible sign of incapacity to labor. The hampering dress of the European lady has the same purpose.

The etiquette which everywhere forbids the lady to serve herself is closely bound up with her husband's *amour propre*. He believes that his objection to seeing his wife occupied in useful toil is sheer consideration of the strong for the weak, whereas it is largely based on the fear that her exertions will reflect on his ability to compete with other men for the prizes of life. The lady of the proprietary household is therefore as much under orders as any of her subordinates, but her orders are not to work with her hands. This by no means dispenses her from other labor. She uses more nervous energy in causing a task to be done by incompetent servants than it would cost her to do it herself, but she is not allowed to do it herself.

In the presence of slavery, — in Constantinople, for instance, or in South Carolina, — the performance of manual labor would be, of course, more shameful than elsewhere. Writers dealing with the old South, naturally struck with its feudalistic survivals, are inclined to dwell upon them to the exclusion of its orientalism. The feudal lady was allowed to develop her mind. She was better educated than her husband. When circumstances made her a patron of literature, minnesong bloomed and the romance of chivalry. The orientalized lady of the South was discouraged from systematic education; in fact, it was virtually impossible for her to get it. Her husband was far better educated than she. The literature produced to supply her demands was that of Mrs. Southworth and Miss Evans.

It filled the planter with unfeigned horror to hear of the employment of

women in the Northern States for useful purposes. Thomas Dabney was reduced to great poverty in his old age by his determination to pay debts incurred through the bad faith of another. The touching picture of the heroic old man and his daughters giving up such ease of life as the war had left them shows that some illusions had survived. His chivalrous nature (says his daughter) had always revolted from the sight of a woman doing hard work, and he could not have survived the knowledge that his daughters had stood at the washtub. So he did the washing himself, beginning in his seventieth year. So artfully is the human mind composed that he who had complacently employed women all his life to hoe his cotton without pay, could not stand the demolition of the lady. It remains to be said that it was not every planter whose orientalism was of so altogether lovable a type as Thomas Dabney's.

The Southern lady was forced by war and ruin to make in a day the transition that the rest of the world had taken several centuries to effect. And she had to make it under the most disheartening conditions. In many cases she was mourning for a man who had died defending a cause of which no one but his fellows would take his point of view. It was plain that the men of the South would go down in history as having fought to retain an institution which the world at large had come to think altogether iniquitous. And they had been beaten. That

the Southern lady should change her opinions was not to be expected; her mental training was not of a kind to make reasoning an easy or a familiar process. If she had been capable of changing her opinions, she would have been all the time a different kind of woman and slavery would have come to an end long before. It was not then with the inspiration of an awakening, but with the bitterness of uncomprehension—and therefore with all the more heroism—that after being so roughly tumbled from her high place she picked herself up, and made herself useful.

A Southern gentleman told Miss Martineau that nothing but the possession of genius, or the arrival of calamity, could rescue the lady of the plantation from her orientalism. What genius could at best have done but for an individual here and there, calamity did for a whole class. As the calamity was unexampled, so was the response. It has perhaps not happened twice in history, that so great a number of civilized women were reduced from comfort to misery in the same length of time as in the Confederate States during the last two years of the Civil War. The courage of their men and their own courage served but to prolong the struggle, and to deepen the misery. And the misery produced a type of heroism compounded of high spirit, endurance, and efficiency, that the world has agreed to honor as one of the most stimulating and admirable achievements of the race.

A PATENT OF NOBILITY

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE

RENAN, speaking of his ancestors in *Recollections of My Youth*, said of them that 'one proof of their nobility was that whenever they attempted to engage in any commercial business they were defrauded.' He explained the apparently paradoxical statement thus: 'There are some people who are born to be rich, while there are others who never would be so. The former have claws, and do not scruple to help themselves first. That is just what we have never been able to do. When it comes to taking the best piece out of the dish which is handed round, our natural politeness stands in our way.' He asserts, in fact, that the pursuit of wealth is not the pursuit of a gentleman; and that it is a more respectable and honorable position, indicative of a higher breeding and a finer taste, to be decently poor than to be even decently affluent. Long ago, and without any assistance from him, I came to the same conclusion.

Do not, my affluent reader, say 'sour grapes' to me, if you please. I admit they are ripe and luscious, and out of my reach, but protest that it is with no fox's eye that I regard them. I know it is next to impossible for a moneyed person, in his wildest flights of fancy, to imagine a human being who does not want money — almost as impossible as for a mother to believe the childless woman who blesses her freedom from maternal cares; and I seem to feel the inevitable smile that I cannot see, prepared to blight my little thesis in the bud. I beg you to take my

sacred word of honor that I never made a more conscientious profession of faith. Like Renan, with whom I do not presume otherwise to compare myself, I have had a long time to work the matter out, and it is my sober, settled, and sincere conviction that it is better to have small means than a large superfluity.

No use. The smile only broadens. I might as well talk to a stone wall. Very well. I say no more to you. I remember that I am writing for a magazine which does not address itself to the wealthy lower orders. Its high standards are set for, and appeal to, those whose ideals of life are high, the truly high class of the civil and social as well as intellectual worlds, the high-thinking, who are almost necessarily the plain living, and almost impossibly the nurslings of the lap of luxury, accustomed, as they say, to having the best of everything. In short, I may as well say it first as last, for you and me, dear impecunious brothers, to whom I now turn with instant confidence that I shall be listened to and understood.

Not, mind you, that I regard the best of everything as other than the best. Wealth is wealth, if words are to have meaning. No one can more keenly appreciate a daintily ordered domestic life, or be more clearly aware of the ill effects upon character of grubby tablecloths and threadbare clothes, not to speak of debts and hunger. The poverty I am referring to as a state of grace is not squalid poverty, the ill-gotten poverty that is as discreditable

as ill-gotten wealth; it is the decent poverty that can pay its way without taxing time and strength, a sufficient provision for one's reasonable daily needs, but not enough to deprive one of food for hope, stimulus to effort, the pleasures of anticipation, which transcend all the pleasures of possession; freedom to call one's soul one's own, and to do with it exactly what seemeth to one good. Conversely, my conception of wealth as applied to this argument is not that of the multi-millionaire. He has put himself outside the pale of decency, and it is of the decently affluent that I speak; plebeian, of course, more or less, according to how he got his tidbits out of the dish, but not shameless in his clawings and graspings, like the most notable of the world's so-called self-made men (as if money ever made a man since the world was).

I have in mind the polished gentleman of leisure, who reads in his fine library, and buys pictures with discretion, a lover of good horses, a judge of good wine, a patron of the arts; husband of a stately lady, who gathers about her every evidence of cultivated modernity; father of university sons, and traveled, linguistic daughters; master of servants trained to the last point of perfection. A charming establishment! I have visited it many a time, and delighted in it. To arouse from sleep in my soft and delicate bed at break of day and find the fire to dress by already burning brightly; a little later the exquisite tea-tray; a little later again the warm bath on the feather-soft blanket, and all its forethoughtful adjuncts, by the glowing hearth where I sat last night to read my novel and toast my toes in an arm-chair of indescribable comfort. Then, after delicious breakfasting, the huge and cunningly furnished motor, that runs like oil without jar or sound; cushioned from my feet (on the foot-warmer) to

the back of my head, befurred to the eyes, reclining at utmost ease and idly surveying the liveried men in their glass compartment or the common herd scurrying up and down the street.

Yes, it is charming — for a little while. But I never can stand it long. I begin to feel alien and oppressed. I have a vague sense of something unsatisfactory, something wrong, as if I had taken to drink or opium-smoking, or some other secretly immoral course of conduct. And I find the lap of luxury not only frightfully enervating, but a place where I should be bored to death in no time.

Of course, I am not used to it. But it is not that. I am sure it is not that, because I have a love of elegance as great as anybody's. It is because I feel in the marrow of my bones that the money-bloated form of elegance is vulgar. What do you think, poor brothers, who never had motors and yachts and diamonds, and never will have? Is the note of true refinement in it? As an expression of human culture, it is certainly very primitive. Lafcadio Hearn even calls it 'savagely bourgeoisie,' and contrasts it with a civilization which, although barbarous to us, is far more finely-mannered and dignified, and, moreover, had been thousands of years in existence when ours was still that of the stone axe and the cave. 'Carpets, dirty shoes, absurd fashions, wickedly-expensive living, airs, vanities, gossip; how much sweeter the Japanese life on the soft mats, with its ever dearer courtesy and pretty, pure simplicity.'

But a patron of the arts? Only a rich man, who can encourage the artists by buying their works, is accounted such. We say of one who uses his personal wealth in this enlightened fashion, that he, at least, deserves to have it; that he, at least, is doing good with it. But let us think before we say it again. Does he? Is he?

No. In face of the most firmly-established and respectable of our social beliefs, I emphatically say no. Considering how, as a general rule, true art elevates and money debases almost everything they severally touch, it must logically be assumed, as a general principle, that the less they have to do with each other the better. Also everybody can see that, as between the artist and his patron, the volume of supply and demand is not in any way conditioned by the worth of the commodity.

There is art and art. Simplicity and sincerity are the bases of all beauty, of whatever kind, and there are more beautiful things yet to be conceived and created for the uplifting of the æsthetic sense than houses and furniture, dresses and jewelry, even pictures and statues. The world is young yet, and the human race still in a state of childhood, the stage of toys and gewgaws.

Then take science. For a long time after I had ceased to believe in the power of money to better things in general, I had one good use for it: to endow scientific research. I did think that there was that channel in which it could flow beneficently, a fructifying irrigator, not a blighting poison-water, like the stuff they pour on gravel walks to kill the weeds. I have quite given up thinking it now.

There is science and science, as there is art and art. There is the science that invents cunning collar-studs and magnificent engines, and takes out patents for them, and puts them on the market, and gets fortunes out of them, according as they make for the public convenience, and only contingently and accidentally for the public good. And there is the science of bacteriology and hygiene, the science that searches into the bases of life, the laws of the universe, to the one end that man may learn his highest duty, which is also

his highest welfare, and the best means by which he may attain to a faithful performance of it. The first needs no patronage from wealth, for money is already its inspiration and reward. The second can and does do its work as well without it as with it, and better; it is work for the work's sake solely. When it is done, and money can serve in applying its benefits to the public, it is the duty of the state to supply that money, since it is in discharge of a public debt.

Thinking back along the chain of cause and effect, one sees more and more clearly that the claw-hand is at the bottom of all the mischief in the world, and that in few ways has it done more mischief than in its perversion of science to ignoble ends.

When we got railways and steamships and telegraphs and things, and began to travel about and live in and trade with all countries as if they were one, and to know foreign peoples as they knew themselves, and to see that the interests of each were the interests of all, one would think the time had come then for nations to learn that their mediæval provincialism was not patriotism, and to teach their governments, in their international dealings, to play the game as sportsmen and gentlemen. But now, to get (through science) this great new privilege of aerial flight, the freedom of that celestial, hitherto-unsullied neutral world, where there are no boundaries, no shores, no obstacles between man and man, and to use it straight away, and (one might suppose from appearances) for no other purpose than, to drop dynamite on defenseless ships and towns! — one wonders that the very babes of the kindergarten of the twentieth century do not rise up to denounce the contemptible rascality of the very thought.

I have often stolen out at night to some deserted garden bench or balcony chair, to look at the illimitable

and divinely peaceful sky, as a way of cleaning my soul of the dust of the day, and generally renovating its ragged furnishings. The stars of the Infinite have seemed to see me there, as I saw them, a heavenly host of heavenly intelligences, to which my little world belonged. I have visualized my little world as a wee point of light spinning on its path amongst them, and myself as 'flagging' them from some upper or outer window, some projecting outpost, to apologize for our presence in their majestic company, so diseased and blood-stained as we are, and unfit for their pure eyes. I have wanted to tell them that the human heart is in the right place; that the Moral Law is known, although it is not acted upon; and that some day, when the mutations of taste and thought bring the vogue for high-mindedness, they will see a change, if they can bear with us so long.

Then that wonderfully-imagined story of Rudyard Kipling's, 'The Night Mail,' has come into my head, and I have thought of the nearer sky as our blessed heritage of peace and purity, come to us when we are dying for something uncorrupt and incorruptible, some place where the claw-hand finds nothing to clutch. It has been my ambition for years to make one aerial voyage before I die. I read not long ago a little magazine article which described how a lady went up in a balloon one evening with her husband, wandered through moonlit clouds all night, and came down in a field next morning. There was nothing striking in the narrative beyond its record of the feat, but there were unspeakable suggestions in it for me; it haunts me still when I gaze at the sky at night. I feel myself floating in that uncharted sea like a disembodied spirit: 'safe from all evil,' as we say of the dead; to all intents and purposes in heaven. And now the

sharks and pirates are going *there*. Some night I may look up with the old sense of adoration, and suddenly find myself saluted with a bursting bomb. It is quite a possible thing to happen to me, old as I am.

Well, it is not the 'nobles' of the scientific world who spend precious life and genius pandering to the worst vice in men and nations, adding by their very knowledge to the crimes of ignorance which work all our woe. Their science knows no frontiers; it knows that the cosmic forces are for all, everywhere potent to recreate and unite; and the true scientist, like the true artist, never uses them for any other ends. No money that was ever coined could bribe him to it.

That he is 'good for trade,' is an argument always put and ready for adverse criticism of the excesses of the modern sybarite; but (although it is not for me to meddle with high matters of political economy) I cannot think so. For one thing, wealth in its patronage of trade is responsible for worldwide waste and misery of a singularly atrocious kind. It is gradually exterminating whole races of lovely creatures that we shall never get back, accelerating the process at times in sheer wantonness, as when somebody says it is going to be the fashion to have muffs three times larger than can conveniently be carried. It would exterminate the angels if they came within gunshot, and it could get good feathers from their wings.

Do I, then, mean that the unearned increment should be given to charity?

I do not. I mean that less than anything. No, whatever you do with money, do not give it away, to corrupt those who maybe have not yet bowed the knee to idols. And do not put it in the sea, which may seem to be indicated as a last resource. Put it in its proper place. Let it be but the useful

adjunct of life's work, and not the aim and end. In its right place it is, of course, not only legitimate but indispensable. The dish handed round was prepared for healthy appetites. Money, like opium and brandy, is an excellent thing in itself, and there is no moral law against one having more than another (in reason) if he has worthily come by it. This is no brief for socialism. The earth is the mother of all, and eternal justice demands the freedom of the common home and equal rights of sonship for all; but the same eternal justice decrees that each child's status shall match his ability and deserts, or it has no right to its name. The whole object of this disquisition is to try to define what the word 'status,' in such connection, means.

But what is the use? I know all the time that it is a voice crying in the wilderness to ears plugged with wax and cotton-wool. There is none so deaf as he who will not hear, and all my good advice will be thrown away except on those who do not need it. The Bible is piously quoted in defense of the existing situation. 'The poor [meaning the indigent] ye have always with you.' It is conveniently assumed to be a divine institution. To those who hold this view, the divinest thing on earth is the multi-millionaire.

So it will be in my time, and perhaps to the third and fourth generation after me. But the world moves fast on its upward way, and we will hope not.

There would still be a little something to say for this vulgar passion of mankind, and its dominance over all others in the present state of society, if it brought any joy to its votaries on their own account. The pursuit of wealth is, I suppose, in the last resort, the pursuit of happiness; and the luxuries they will stick at nothing to obtain represent to them the raw material of which that precious thing is made.

Well, when they have all their luxuries in possession, are they happy?

No. They are not even happy. Consider, my unburdened and untrammelled comrade, whose life is peppered and salted, full of flavor and nourishment, what it must mean to be stuffed with sweets from morning till night, and have the liver of a Strassburg goose in consequence. To me, the idea of being in the position of having nothing to do, nothing to want, nothing to build air-castles with; no holiday, which presupposes work; no rest, which presupposes active energy; no novelty, no liberty, no interest, no pleasure but to chase pleasure, which is never, never to be captured by force or fraud, — to me, I say, the idea is horrible. The immense and utter boredom of such an existence, to say nothing of its ignominiousness, appalls one. Poor things! Poor, blind, plebeian things, spiritually low-born, intellectually low-bred: the only excuse for them is that they know no better.

Thank Heaven, and perhaps a nobler ancestry, we do. Ay, let us be Pharisaical for once, my brothers, and congratulate ourselves that we are not as these other men are. We have the best of them in every way. While they wallow in their soul-deadening swamp of wealth, we sprint along our hard road of poverty, in light marching order, through scenes of beauty and realms of knowledge that they will never know, and that in any case it is not in their limited intelligence to appreciate. And in the end, please God, we shall not die lonely as a camel in the desert when the vultures gather to pick his bones, the waiting heirs, our own friends and children, counting days and hours to the reading of the will; not die with the accusing spectres of starving mothers and shivering babes in rags about our bed, and with the shame in our failing hearts of having

been worse than merely unprofitable servants in the world we were born to serve. It will be with us, I hope, as with Huxley, when his splendid work, which had nothing to say to money, was accomplished. Looking back upon it from the peaceful arm-chair of his old age, the peaceful garden which it was

his last occupation to tend, he said, 'I have warmed both hands at the fire of life.' Or, as with Renan, whose inherited politeness was conspicuous in his parting remark: 'I have had so much pleasure out of life that I am really not justified in claiming a compensation beyond the grave.'

INTELLECTUAL LIFE IN JAPAN

BY PAUL S. REINSCH

THE intellectual life of less self-conscious ages than ours has had no independent existence. Men have sought some other primary purpose, and given to philosophy, to poetry, to story-telling, only that time and attention which they could spare from more strenuous, or at least outwardly more energetic, pursuits. The minnesinger or troubadour played on his viol and poetized when he was not wielding the sword. When men first begin to devote themselves entirely to the joys of the spirit, their fate is that of Ruteboeuf, — grinding poverty, and the gray misery of an outcast's life; unless perchance they may come to enjoy the patronage of some Mæcenas. From these humiliations, they cannot, with Dr. Johnson, proudly declare themselves independent, until another age has dawned, an age in which the things of the mind are valued in and for themselves.

Japan is but now emerging from a state of culture which it shared with mediæval Europe throughout a remarkable parallelism of historic development. In Japan, as in Europe, it was the priest who philosophized, though

his first duty was to pray; it was the samurai, the warrior, who developed poetry, in the moments of relaxation from the severities of military discipline and warlike combat. Yet, though intellectual life under these conditions can develop only as it connects itself in an ancillary way with the two great interests of war and religion, nevertheless the clear purpose and well-defined ideals that are apt to animate an age of action are favorable to the creation of literary masterpieces, so that there may be a literature though there are no literary men. But even in Dante, the temper of priest and warrior is predominant.

In old Japan, art and philosophy were hieratic, or courtly and precious. Under the Tokugawa régime a new era dawned with the popularizing of literature through Bakin, and the picturing of the humbler phases of life in the Ukiyoye. Then with the Restoration a flood of new experiences and emotions burst upon the Japanese, carrying them along toward a more varied and specialized civilization. Yet the substructure of Japanese society is so

firm that the earlier influences and ideas are still powerful, and we cannot understand the intellectual struggles and triumphs of modern Japan unless we often revert to the literary activities of the priests and the samurai, or rather of those among them who had a feeling for the things of the mind.

With the new era has come a reign of general education. Illiteracy has almost disappeared, and a large reading public has come into being. We cannot, indeed, expect the same taste and discrimination that characterized the courtly circles of the earlier age, but there is a broader field in which intellectual life — of higher or lower aspirations — may flourish. Old class distinctions and trade-groupings have broken down, and the simple activities of the earlier societies have multiplied and have become specialized in the endless complexity of modern life. Thus there has come about an opportunity for men to devote themselves more exclusively to science, literature, or philosophy. In dignity and independence their position is not equal to that which *savants* have obtained in Western countries, but something has been achieved in that direction. The limitations inherited from the earlier society still condition these activities, but they are emerging constantly into greater prominence and repute.

Whoever desires to grasp the essential currents of Japanese thought, and picture to himself the modern development of Japanese psychology, is beset with innumerable difficulties, which all, however, contribute to the deep interest of the problem. The adjustment of an old culture, itself highly refined and complex, to entirely new conditions; trying demands upon faculties which had not been cultivated before; the adoption of new processes and modes of thought, and their amalgamation with those elements which had

been retained from the past — these are the main requirements imposed upon Japan by her new situation. Of transcendent interest to the student of psychology is the rapid development of faculties such as the mathematical, which in the feudal society were considered unworthy of cultivation, being looked down upon as mercenary and plebeian.

Nor is the Japanese mind perplexed only by the difficulty of choosing between the old and the new. Added to this great problem of policy and conduct, is one common to the entire civilized world to-day, but which under Japanese conditions assumes a peculiarly troublesome aspect. It concerns the relation of the demands of material development and technical perfection to those deeper elements of culture — the art of literary and pictorial expression, the emotional life of poetry, and all that mankind yearns after when its highways have been constructed and its harvests garnered. The necessities of national self-defense and maintenance have in Japan emphasized everything that makes for material strength; and have put on the defensive, even more than in Western countries, those pursuits and enthusiasms whose value transcends mathematical demonstration.

The student of Japanese psychology will also note many other interesting likenesses to other civilizations. Though in character and temperament the Japanese have much in common with the French, yet in their intellectual and scientific culture, they have followed rather the English and the Germans. During the present era, the star of the French has not been in the ascendant; they are not preëminently a successful race. And disregarding to a certain extent intellectual sympathies, Japan has turned to those who, under present conditions, stand for

demonstrable success and positive achievement.

Before entering upon a survey of the intellectual life of Japan, it is necessary that we should divest ourselves entirely of the superficial theory, so frequently put forward, that there is an impassable gulf between the psychology of the East and that of the West. If such a view is to be held at all, we ought to accept it only after it has been forced upon us unavoidably as the result of long observation and comparison in many fields of intellectual life. Nothing is easier than to enunciate a startling and absolute theory and then give a few examples which to the superficial view bear out the aphorism. No matter how different from our own may be the Japanese mental attitude and manner of expression, it is not necessary to accept such a transcendental explanation when we still have the effects of social structure and physical environment to take into account as determining factors. Were we to enter upon this matter at this place, it would be easy to make a *prima facie* case for the identity of psychological organization and intellectual activity among Japanese and Europeans; but this is not our purpose. We would rather look at life as it presents itself and, above all, endeavor to appreciate the multitude of shades that distinguish apparently similar relations and phenomena. Thus, shunning generalization of a sweeping kind, we shall pass in review certain types of Japanese intellectual experience, and attempt to gather by accretion a composite view of the operation of intellectual forces in the Japan of to-day.

The type of priest who is also a philosopher and man of learning is still found in Japan, though modernized and adapted to new conditions. Let us look for a moment at the career of Count Kōzui Otani, by inheritance

Lord Abbot of the Nishi Hongwanji, the great western monastery of the Shin sect of Buddhism. This young man, destined for the most influential position in the Buddhist Church in Japan, prepared himself for his duties and responsibilities by a long period of study abroad. He spent four years in Europe examining the relations of religion to political life, looking into the details of the government of the Established Church in England and Germany, as well as into the religious difficulties of France. Nor was he without the companionship of numerous other Buddhist students, men of high rank who were following learning with a similar purpose and from a similar point of view in the great centres of European education.

After completing his European studies, Count Otani went to India, where he carried on researches in the early history of Buddha and his religion. He gathered many inscriptions and other historical data, proceeding in the collection and criticism of historical material according to approved scientific methods. The death of the reigning Lord Abbot called him back to Japan in 1903. Here an abundance of work lay ready to his hand. Buddhist missionaries were sent to the United States and to China, and the Buddhist societies in California were given assistance and encouragement. When the great war came, a service of chaplains for the army had to be organized. The patriotic outburst of the war aroused in Buddhist endeavor new vigor and enthusiasm. Especially in the field of China was missionary work taken up with redoubled energy. Fertile in resources, an active and efficient organizer, the Lord Abbot has been the soul of the great Buddhist expansion of these recent years. Meanwhile, he leads the simplest of lives, ascetic in his conduct, living without ostentation or a large

household, but full of energy and enthusiasm in his action.

The sermons of another Buddhist ecclesiastic, Sōyen Shaku, Lord Abbot of the great Kamakura monastery, which were delivered to audiences in the United States, also give us an insight into the intellectual awakening among the higher Buddhist clergy. Not only are internal questions of belief and ethical principle dealt with in a broad and modern spirit, but these sermons also contain highly significant discussions of the relation of Buddhism to Oriental and Western culture. There is a great deal of preaching in Japan, and many books of sermons are published. These discourses are less formal than with us, they contain little of purely doctrinal matter, but discuss ethical teaching in its relation to life, and are enlivened with many anecdotes and quaint applications of folk-wisdom.

In its first effects, the Restoration in Japan was not favorable to religious fervor. The revival of Shintō proceeded from purely political motives and did not imply a strengthening of religious sentiment except as it expressed itself in loyalty to the throne and to national traditions. Whatever religious zeal was aroused by this feeling was turned into channels of state action. The attitude of mind of the leaders in this great transformation was purely secular. They judged of religions by their fruits, that is, by the ethical impulse they imparted. Nor were they inclined to view with enthusiasm the achievements of the older forms of religion in the matter of ethical culture.

Kunitake Kume has described for us, with a touch of humor, the experience of a group of representative Japanese in 1872. In that year Prince Iwakura went to America and Europe at the head of a mission of which such prominent men as Kido, Okubo, and

Itō were members. Kume, who accompanied the mission in the capacity of an expert on Chinese and literary subjects, was detailed, with another member, to make an investigation of the state of religion in the West. In their zeal to begin work, they early on the voyage accosted a Roman Catholic priest, and questioned him about Western religion. They got an account of the Ten Commandments and of the Trinity; but soon the tables were turned, and they were themselves questioned on the religion of Japan. The answers which they gave did not satisfy either themselves or their hearers. So a council of war was held in the smoking-room that night. What attitude should the mission take when questioned about Japanese religion? It was first suggested that they might claim Buddhism as the religion of Japan, but it had to be confessed that there was no one in the mission who knew enough of Buddhism to give a trustworthy account of it, especially on doctrinal matters. Confucianism might be professed, but this would not help matters, as Occidentals look upon the doctrines of the great sage as merely a politico-ethical system. Shintō was ruled out, as it was then too little known in the West, and also because a religion which lacks sacred books, and one whose observances are so archaic, might not particularly impress the Western mind. There remained no alternative but to confess that Japan had no religion — an unfortunate situation, because heathen are considered but little better than wild beasts in the West.

This dilemma did not, however, prove fatal to the mission, for they were not questioned as to their religion during all the remainder of their trip. On their part they had the amusement of wondering at the strangeness of Western ceremonies and at the piety of their host, when Sir Harry Parkes took

them to a service of the Established Church in England. In relating this experience, Kume dwells upon the change which has come over the educated Japanese in the matter of religion. In the earlier part of the Meiji era most men of education shunned religion as unworthy of a rational mind and corrupting in its practices. Now they no longer denounce and repudiate religion, but admitting the importance of religious sentiment, direct their shafts of satire against beliefs and practices that seem superstitious.

On the other hand, it is apparent that the educated classes of Japan are not entirely free from what may be truly called superstition, — from the personal belief that man is surrounded by beneficent as well as by evil spirits or influences, which may be propitiated by befitting observances. Fanciful suppositions of occult influences by which the course of human destiny is determined, are common in Japan. During the Russian War, carloads of ikons were shipped to the frontier by the Orthodox believers; but the Japanese, also, did not disdain to court the favor of mystic powers by wearing amulets, and observing special rites.

It is difficult to draw the line between superstition and higher forms of religion, and the ceremonies observed by such great leaders as Togo and Kodama undoubtedly bear witness to the awakening of religious feeling under the spur of the tremendous struggle for national life. But other practices common among the people are plainly superstitious — certain sounds are believed to forebode ill, there are lucky and unlucky ways of beginning an undertaking. Wonder-working priests have a great many adherents, even among the educated and the wealthy; nor have the superstitious practices of such sects as the Jisshūkyō, whose activities are devoted mainly to exor-

cism and divination, abated with the progress of enlightenment.

The fading of the first flush of rationalism which dominated the beginning of the Meiji era, has thus resulted not only in a revival of religious sentiment, but also in a recrudescence of superstitious feelings and observances. In the masses of the people, rationalism had made little headway, and the grosser superstitions current among them have never been energetically combated by the priests, who profit by popular ignorance in these matters. There is, however, in Japanese superstition much that is poetical, much that has a deep meaning, approaching to a profound wisdom in matters of human destiny, as is well known to those who have read Hearn's marvelous studies in the borderland of psychic mystery.

Religious life is not stationary in Japan, or in other Oriental countries. New sects are being thrown off by the main stocks of religion, new tendencies are being developed in individual groups. Such a new sect is that of Shingaku, which attempts to represent in itself the best elements of Shintō, Confucianism, and the Buddhist faith. There are two recent Shintō sects, the Remmon Kyōkai and the Tenri Kyōkai, which seem to many to be but baneful and superstitious corruptions of Shintō.

Tenri Kyōkai (the teaching of heavenly bliss) has a strange similarity to the Christian Science movement in America, especially in the matter of healing disease through prayer. The sect was founded by a woman, Omiki, who died in 1879, and who exercised a great personal ascendancy over her followers. Its doctrines are simple. They have a tinge of individualism as well as of communism, inculcating the sacredness of labor, coöperation in the activities of life, and mutual assist-

ance in misfortune. It calls for fellowship between husbands and wives, and would give Japanese women a more independent position. But the sect appeals most to the Japanese masses by associating religion with health and material welfare. It preaches cheerfulness, and aims to uplift the masses to a more joyous condition of life. Its faith-healing practice, resting on optimistic views of psychic power, attracts many votaries. Though it teaches kindly morals, its ethical standards are not exacting, and it calls for no self-sacrifice other than that which is involved in fellowship and coöperation. The sect believes in one chief god or supreme ruler, and is true to its Shintō derivation in being extremely nationalistic in its enthusiasm. Its joyousness often takes a luxuriant form, such as hilarious dancing and wild orgies,—frowned upon by the police authorities. For this reason, the government at first refused to recognize the sect as an authorized religious body. But the growth of the Tenrikyō in numbers and influence was such that the state was forced to take official cognizance of it. In the few decades of its existence, this sect has grown so as to comprise at the present time over four million adherents, and many thousand preachers.

Japanese Buddhism is remarkable for the great number of sects into which the believers are divided. Every conceivable tendency of thought is represented by a different grouping. Of late there has moreover been great activity in the formation of Buddhist societies among the educated people. Among organizations recently formed, the Great Japan Young Men's Buddhist Association, which works among the students of the different Tokio universities, is perhaps the most important. Many of its older members have attained high position in the social and

political world, and the society therefore enjoys a considerable influence among the intellectual classes. It includes among its members adherents of all the different sects of Buddhism.

Other associations are formed for special purposes, such as the scientific study of Buddhism, the commemoration of important personalities, or the development of the tenets of particular sects. The great commercial house of Mitsui and Company has been instrumental in organizing a Buddhist society of nearly one thousand members — officials, statesmen, newspaper editors, and well-known business men. This society devotes itself especially to meditation and to the study of *Hekiganroku*, one of the most popular books of the Zen sects. Recently a young Buddhist priest has established a dormitory where he brings under his educational and religious influence a great number of young men. These are some of the centres of activity through which Buddhism is regaining in part the influence which it formerly exercised among the intellectual classes of Japan.

We may note in passing that the situation is not entirely unfavorable to the further development of Christianity in Japan. The rationalistic apathy of the first part of the Meiji era was the most unpropitious soil for religious growth. Rationalism is indeed still strong, and therefore rationalistic forms of Protestantism, especially Unitarianism, have exercised a definite influence among thinking men of Japan. Some scholars even believe in the possibility of a Japanese religion constructed upon a rational basis, with an eclectic use of the best elements in other religions. Of this opinion is Dr. Tetsujirō Inouye, whose writings are quite representative of the thought of educated Japanese. Dr. Inouye's point of view is, however, essentially secular.

He values religions according to their ethical contents and the moral influence which they exert. Neither Buddhism nor Christianity, considered as forms of supernatural belief, inspires him with enthusiasm. The mixture of doctrines in Buddhism brings about a distracting confusion, and as for moral influence, 'the majority of Buddhist priests are so bad that if there was such a place as hell they ought to be the first to go there.' Christian teaching, on the other hand, to his mind lacks many of the character-forming elements in which Confucianism is rich. In common with many Japanese Christians, he believes that the future growth and influence of Christianity in Japan depends upon the manner in which it shall be able to solve the ethical questions that perplex Japan, and to adapt itself to Japanese character and social conditions.

The search for ethical standards to be applied in national life has strengthened the hold which Confucianism has upon the Japanese. The ethical elements contained in Bushidō, the warrior's code which has of late received so much applause in Europe and America, are drawn mainly from Confucian thought; therefore the success of Japan in the recent war again redounds to the prestige of the Chinese sage, as it encourages in general a return to Oriental origins. Thus it happens that we witnessed, a year or two ago, the revival in Japan of the custom of publicly paying honor to the memory of Confucius. This ceremony in honor of Confucius had been allowed to lapse at the time of the Restoration, when Japan was bent upon the revival of Shintō and was in other respects looking to Europe for light and guidance. But now the commemorative festival is again observed — a spontaneous homage to a great Oriental sage and hero. Moreover, Confucian thought has been

made the basis of the practical work of several ethical societies, as notably of the association which, under the guidance of such men as Baron Shibusawa and Mr. Yano Tsuneta, is attempting to develop higher standards of morality in the Japanese business world.

In the matter of ethical ideals and common morality, Japan is passing through a critical era. The code of Bushidō, which produced the moral excellences of the feudal age, deals in the main only with the reciprocal duties of feudal vassal and superior. It has no teachings for the relations of man to man in a more democratic state of society, especially in a society of competition where men meet face to face in the strenuous and grim struggle for a livelihood. Despite itself, Japanese society is becoming individualistic. The harsh compulsion of the competitive system, ambitious striving after success, or mere grasping for the necessities of life, has brought into play motives which were dormant in the older era of group association. The word 'success' is used as frequently in Japan as in the rest of the world, and seems to exercise the same kind of charm.

With the older restraints removed, and with a universal worship of getting ahead, there remains no ethical check upon selfish and ruthless action in the scramble for livelihood, wealth, and power. The virtues of liberality, generosity, and self-control, inculcated by the code of Bushidō, have not as yet been transferred to the ordinary relations between men. Even the greatest admirer of Bushidō would not claim that this code answers the moral needs of Japan to-day. The inspiring devotion and self-sacrifice of the Japanese soldier have not been given their counterpart in the virtues of every-day life. The principle of the

limitation of moral force seems to be borne out by Japanese experience. The potentialities of Japan are exhausted in the heroic virtues of war and the traditional loyalty and piety toward superiors and parents. A new distribution of moral energies, in accord with the new structure of society, is a task that will require the patient effort of generations.

In the field of ethical speculation, men's minds are confused by the impact of system upon system, and sect upon sect. Christian ethics is a matter of ideal to which, even in Christian societies, conduct conforms only in part; it is an aspiration which presupposes all that is contained in Western civilization. Its full bearing and influence cannot therefore be appreciated by an alien society. The greatness of Buddhism lies in the realm of psychology and in the refinement of mental powers and processes, through freeing the mind from the limitations of individual existence. On the side of popular morals, its teachings are subject to a great many conflicting interpretations. The ethics of Confucius does not deal with the relations of man to man, but with certain enumerated social relations, leaving the men who may not be thus bound together confronted with each other in the struggle of competition without any adequate ethical guidance.

Whatever instruction the masses of the Japanese people receive in ethical subjects is based upon the imperial edict on education of 1890. With great wisdom the Japanese government resolved to place public education on a secular footing; and in following the precedent set by America, it avoided the endless struggles which the introduction of religious teaching would inevitably have brought about. But it was felt that some ethical guidance should be afforded the young. The highest authority in the realm there-

fore addressed the nation on this matter in the edict which has become the *Magna Charta* of Japanese education.

The principles which this edict lays down as fundamental in ethical culture are grouped about the duties of loyalty to the sovereign, and piety toward parents and other superiors. A second edict was issued in 1908, which instills the virtues of frugality, frankness, and simplicity of life. The moral problems resulting from the victories over Russia offered the occasion for issuing this edict; but its purpose may also have been to supply guidance in the more ordinary and less heroic virtues, of which Japan has been in special need in times that require patient dutifulness in every-day relations. The reception accorded this ethical exhortation was rather cool, and some critical minds ventured to suggest that such preaching on the part of the government was not complimentary to the intelligence and self-reliance of the nation.

The complaint is often heard that while the edict might be made the basis of broad instruction, the official interpretation has been such as to confine emphasis entirely to the ideas of loyalty and filial piety (*chu ko*). Should any teacher attempt a broader treatment, or should he even suggest that the imperial edict ought to be supplemented by further instruction in order to fulfill its purpose, he might be accused of want of respect to the Emperor, and his position would be endangered. The Japanese school system exercises the most painstaking care with respect to the observance of loyalty to the Emperor. The loyalty which the Bushidō code inculcated is at the present time focused entirely upon the head of the state. The Emperor's photograph hangs in every schoolroom in the Empire. The attitude of students and teachers toward

this picture is one of veneration, sometimes almost of fearsome awe. It is certainly not in accord with the wishes of His Majesty that his picture should become a source of apprehension to his subjects, and yet such has been the result, in many cases, of official practice. Persons have lost their lives in trying to rescue the photograph from fire, and school principals have committed suicide because the imperial picture had been destroyed or removed.

A peculiar situation has thus been brought about. In the schools, from which religious instruction is excluded, there has grown up a political cult, which claims the entire force of the religious sentiments of the pupils in deep reverence, and the unquestioned acceptance of mythical explanations of national origins. The moral capital accumulated during the feudal era has been invested almost entirely in loyalty to the Emperor. By the side of this cult, no other religious feelings are encouraged in the schools; any ethical ideas that do not directly contribute to its strength are frowned upon by the authorities. A certain kind of official guardianship over morals is also illustrated by an order issued by the Tōkiō police to troops of itinerant story-tellers, to the effect that only such stories are to be related as teach loyalty to superiors and filial piety. It is not difficult to imagine how readily these

disreputable vagabonds will satisfy ethical requirements by allowing their hero-villains to utter a few pious sentiments — an art of ethical legerdemain which is, as we know, also practiced in higher circles.

While speaking of ethical motives in Japanese life, we ought not to overlook the fact that ethical conflicts form the deepest interest in Japanese drama and literature. The Japanese distinguish between *giri*, which is reason, principle, duty, and *ninjo*, human affections. When these two are in conflict, the knightly code of Japan demands an absolute sacrifice of all human feeling. The moral grandeur of suppressing the strongest passions and affections of the heart and obeying without a murmur the dictates of duty, will always move the Japanese, to the point of causing them to shed tears even when the conflict is presented only in poetry or on the stage. This great ethical force, though focused upon loyalty to a superior, might in time come to form a strong substructure for broader moral sentiments and enthusiasms. The problem of developing it in such a manner as to comprise the social relations between man and man, and to bring these powerful ideas of duty and justice to bear upon the ordinary affairs of life, is what Japan has set herself to solve, as a result of the social transformations during the Meiji era.

THE BENEFICENT VALLEY

BY GRACE HERLIHY

AFTER the first cold fog of the California coast, there came sunny days and a sparkling ocean. Lazy days, given over to watching the ship's wake, and to watching the water creatures that for a moment would show themselves, and to watching the western horizon, clear and incredibly far, its final streak of light surely the sunshine on Japan.

In a while the Mexican ports began, — a day here, an hour there. There would be a swift turning from the green ocean into a land-locked bay, always a light-blue bay with hills sheer to a light-blue sky, and with white adobe houses scattered about, wherever there was foothold between hill and sea.

At our imperious whistle, launches would come out with the ship's mail and her coal; and boats would come out laden with fruits, flowers, parrots, shells, drawn-work, fans, pottery; and on the beautiful southern water would show the still reflections of the boats and of the red-robed boat-women.

For a day — or an hour — there would be loud bartering, shrill Spanish babbling, the screeching of parrots, and the rasping of coal, — then out again to the green ocean.

At Salina Cruz the stop was for passengers, fifty of them, — an opera troupe from Spain, — who, during the rest of the way, sang for us of nights on deck; complacent, wondrous nights, with moonlight upon us, and upon old Mexico across the water.

Early on the fifteenth morning the mountains of Guatemala loomed up,

and soon we were standing off Port San José whistling for row-boats.

A train waited, and there was an all-day ride up the beautiful Central American Cordillera. Toward evening came the circling of a volcano whose ridges and cañons were rich in pink and purple and strongest greens; then the final rush over a splendid plain, the flash of a white stone bridge, and a glimpse of domes and palms above a level of rich brown tiles.

But this was only the Valley of the Hermitage and Guatemala City. My valley, the valley that had, it seemed, been especially made for me, lay still farther on in the mountains, and the next morning I started for it by mule team, for, thanks be, no railway leads there.

The road went for thirty miles straight toward the volcanoes, past a three-hundred-years-old Indian city and through many a *pueblo*. The streams were high, the stone bridges moss-grown. I wondered at the beauty of sky and trees. The magnificence of the trees gave me hope; surely the hills and the air that had quickened them would be able to do something for me.

At perhaps six o'clock in the afternoon, we got into the Valley, a great volcano-trough that has often been torn and sundered, and drove toward its ruined city, Antigua, that since the earthquake of Santa Marta, in the seventeen hundreds, has lain literally prostrate at the foot of Mount Fuego.

We followed an old, crooked, tree-shaded road, across rivers and up and

down *barrancas*. The sun was setting and shone like snow on the volcano tops; but the valley itself was almost darkened by the huge pyramidal shadow of Mount Agua.

Toward evening we entered Antigua by the Gate of the Arch of Saint Catherine, and followed along the Avenida del Calvario. There were trees, trees; and ruined churches; and old adobe houses, with crosses and saints carved above the doorways, and marble virgins in niches under far-jutting eaves.

Women were about in black shawls. All was peaceful, unearthly.

We drove through the town to the Hotel Palacio, a long adobe set back amongst coffee trees; the wretched Hotel Palacio with its dark mouldy rooms, and its dinners of black beans and *tortillas*; and for ten melancholy nights I slept at the Palacio.

By day I would prowls about the narrow streets or along the outlying old avenues. Often, while passing an isolated cane-stalk hut, or some deep, silent place under canopy of the fine trees, I would find myself wondering whether or not it would be too unconventional to come out here and live in the almost open, not too far from humans, yet away from deadly walls and doors. I would incline seriously to the idea for a moment, but did not have the courage: — the snakes, the rains, — nothing would come of it. But one blessed morning I happened upon what was left of the monastery La Recoleccion. I walked about its wide arcaded corridors and climbed to its domes and towers. And, on the moment, I knew that this monastery had been as especially made for me as had the valley.

But, even in Antigua-Guatemala, one may not enter a ruined monastery and set up housekeeping without leave. I must, so the hotel people told me, see the Doñas Quevedo about it.

I found the Doñas Quevedo, two

oldish bachelor sisters, in a mellow adobe opposite the ruined cathedral. They were of the old Spanish school, and it seemed incredible to them that I should plan to live alone for a year on the monastery top. They could not understand, they did not approve.

But in the end, such was my insistence, — ethically the place was more mine than theirs, — the old sisters told me graciously that La Recoleccion was at my 'disposition.' A rental was named, also at my insistence, and the sisters delivered to me twenty-eight heavy brass keys, upon whose flattened thumb-pieces were carven all sorts of heavenly things.

More than this, the next morning — so kind are ladies of the old Spanish school — the Doñas Quevedo brought to the hotel a servant for me; they said that I, myself, might be unable to find one willing to live so eccentrically as I proposed.

This servant was an *hija de la casa*, — daughter of the house, — whose people, for generations, had been born and had lived and died in the service of the Quevedo family. She was, they said, a good cook, laundress, fetcher and carrier; her name was Innocente Bolanos, and with much pleasure they would lend her to me for a year.

And for a little more than a year I lived there in the old monastery, in that silent mediæval city, with the kind servant and a few books.

The walls of La Recoleccion inclosed large *patios* — gardens — surrounded by wide, arched corridors from which open thick-walled, windowless cells. I made no use of the cells, excepting, once in a while, to look about them for hidden treasure, but lived my year up on the roof among the broken domes and turrets.

The roof is flat, its brick pavement smooth and lustrous from wind and rain and sun, and from its chinks grow

delicate flowers and fine grasses. It once had arches and vaulted roof of its own, and from the stumps of its broken columns I swung my hammocks and awnings. The night-hammock I hung in the dome that stands over the place of the high altar.

A perfect sleeping place, the dome. From the Calle Real — Royal Road — it seems entire, because the western wall and the rounding roof are entire; but from the side that gives upon the inner *patio* everything has been torn away, leaving it open to sun and air, but not to the rain, nor to the passer-by.

There are deep window-places here and there, massive as portals, with colossal stucco angels standing above them. The floor is of square bricks and, like that of the corridor outside, is grass-and-flower-grown.

My dining-room was a tower by the southern wall. I had a native carpenter make for it table and benches of mahogany, about the cheapest wood, and upon the walls I draped *savannas* of the rich cloth these people weave. But I did not cover the stucco angels, and the broken-toed creatures became a sort of company for me.

From the wide, arched doorway of my dining-room I had the whole southern sweep of the valley, with its miles of glistening coffee-bushes growing under the shade of quinine and lotus trees, its breadths of sugar-cane sweeping down the volcano from the woods above, and in the valley-centre fields of alfalfa and corn.

From the north corridor, where my day-hammocks hung, I had the tile-roofed adobe city, the volcanoes, and coming down from a ring of far-away hills, the old stone aqueduct that God may have made when he made the valley.

On the morning we took possession, I stood with Innocente Bolanos in the doorway of the monastery kitchen and

asked her if it could ever be made fit to cook our food in. And Innocente, as though challenged, set to work with shovel and brooms. For two days and far into two nights she toiled, until the brown ceiling-beams, the brown wall-tiles, the brown floor-bricks were shiny. Then with twenty *pesos* — about two dollars — she bought innumerable jars and *ollas* of buff and red and brown *loza*, the native ware, which she set on the deep brick ledges; and about the walls she hung woven fire-fans, carved *molinillos* for stirring chocolate, strings of peppers, bunches of plantains.

On the evening of the third day candles were placed about in corners and on ledges, wherever there happened to be an old stone socket; fires were lighted in the square, shallow holes of the mediæval range; dinner was put to cook in the odd utensils of Indian make, and the big kitchen was athrob again; probably as full of old Spanish charm as before the night of Santa Marta.

In the spacious kitchen *patio* we found, half-hidden by vines, three *pilas* — fountains. One was tree-shaded and sunken, one was out in the sun, one was in the shade of the wall. Square brick-walled things, the *pilas*, each with its moss-grown tower and its idiotic stone face for the spewing of the water. They had been dry since the night of Santa Marta, and we found them full of stones and shrubs and poisonous spiders. But Innocente brought Indian workmen; the Doñas Quevedo brought a government permit; there were a few days of clearing, retubing, scraping, polishing; and once more through the thick stone lips came pouring water from the old aqueduct.

La Recoleccion is a wondrous and beautiful place at sunrise, at noon, at sunset. In its *patios* are columns and arches that lie as they fell on the night of Santa Marta; vines and crimson flowers grow upon them, and upon the

standing gates grow wheat and cactus plants.

But columns and vines can take malevolent shapes by night. During the first week in the monastery I saw thieves and murderers of nights, and Innocente saw ghosts and devils. We needed more humans about. I told Innocente that if she could find a native family, the members of which would be willing to bathe at the *pila* every day, she might bring them to live in her *patio*.

In a trice she found just the people: a *ladino* woman, who fashioned for sale little figures of wax and straw, her half-grown daughters, and her awful grandmother.

Innocente said these people would be only too happy to bathe instead of paying rent. But she did not let them have the liberty of her kitchen; they were given a half-dozen cells farther up the corridor, and they cooked out in the open on a portable brazier.

In the early morning they would go down to the sunken *pila* and throw calabashfuls of water over their shoulders; then all day and until far into the night the woman and her daughters would sit on the damp bricks in the doorway of a dreadful cell, intent on their absurd craft; and all day the grandmother would kneel, bent into unhuman shape, grinding corn on a stone, or washing cacao beans on a stone, or toasting *tortillas* on a stone — the soles of her terrible feet showing, from under the dull skirt, like lumps of baked mud.

Of evenings, after I had watched the sun go down behind the pale volcano Acatenango, watched the fading of the after-colors on the hills at the east, watched the coming of the stars, — they never failed me, — I would turn from the great things of the valley and look down upon the *ladino*-life in the kitchen *patio*.

The cell-bound, strangely-treed gar-

den would be dark but for the splotch of strong flickering light in the corner where the native women were: Innocente at the *pila* washing dishes by the light of pitch-sticks; the woman and her daughters by their black doorway, moulding pink wax by the light of pitch-sticks; and, well out on the *patio* bricks, the old woman stirring a witch's cauldron, their evening meal, over the charcoal brazier.

Hours later, in what they call the richness of the night, maybe eleven o'clock, they would put aside their work and huddle over the nightly cups of hot chocolate; huddle in a circle about the burning sticks, their faces showing red, coppery, bright yellow, in the peculiar changing light.

Nor was I without the companionship of my equals. The Doñas Quevedo visited me; at first from frank curiosity, with almost unbelieving wonderment; but later, satisfied that I was safe and sane, they came every second day, and sat with me in the hammocks, or upon the broken brick and stone work of the northern roof. They dressed in black, with Early Victorian collars and brooches, and with heavy silk shawls about their heads. They were kind and formal, women with whom one might have long friendship untainted by familiarity. They always smoked as they talked; immediately the old-fashioned salutations were over, they would open little silver boxes and take therefrom the cigarettes, the bits of flint and steel, the pieces of tow. They could remember their great-grandparents, in whose house they still lived; and, with here and there an artful question from me, they would keep for hours on the phases of old Spanish and Indian life.

The rains broke in April. The mountains and valley became a-wash with every shade of green, and the rough volcano, Fuego, stood out like a tur-

quise. Often while the sun was still bright on Antigua, I would see a storm moving about the horizon. It would circle from northeast to southeast, then come down across the valley, a black wall of water, bringing with it the fearful lightning. There would be no warning, no large, solitary rain-drops, no slanting shower. The compact, straight-falling water would come swiftly, beating the earth like horses' hoofs. I would hear it loud upon the bricks of Innocente's *patio* before the sun had quite left my own. A moment more, and both *pacios* would be lakes, each with a whirlpool in the centre, where the water would be rushing away through holes that had been cut for it, centuries ago, in the centre stones.

The sky would be black and thunderous for perhaps an hour, then the storm would go over to the cemetery hills, and I would go down and walk along the streaming streets. The air would be sweet and the hills bright again; the roofs, newly washed, would show rich and dark against the cleared sky; doves would alight upon them and eat of the grass blades that grew in the hollows of the tilings. Buzzards, also, would descend to the housetops, and stand in rows with wings outstretched, drying in the sun.

Of mornings I would arise at the *madrugada* — break of day — and watch the sun come up from the Valley of the Hermitage, come up so quickly that the light would flow like milk down the opposite volcano; and, after the coffee, I would walk out the tree-darkened Alameda of Calvario to meet the Indian women on their way into Antigua with its day's food.

They were from little *ranchos* and *pueblos*, sometimes four leagues away. They would come trotting in groups, with jars and baskets on their heads, the dull blues and reds of their embroidered trappings showing richly against

the bright colors about. They seemed to me almost majestic, so strong, straight, silent, calm they were, with steady eyes that told nothing. Inscrutable women. I often wondered what they saw when they lifted their eyes to the trees, the sky, the mighty *cordillera*. They would enter and cross the city to the *plaza*, — the big square in front of the church of La Merced, — and I would follow along with them and sit on the church steps, and watch them arrange their fruits, vegetables, eggs, chickens, flowers, milk, and honey, under the big *seybo*-trees of the *plaza*; and all the morning I would sit there watching the peculiar life of the Plaza of La Merced.

Blessed morning sun on the steps of La Merced! I would feel ready for anything: for a swift walk out the aqueduct, for a run up and down the volcanoes; but in reality, I would sit, very quiet, on the church steps.

Until June these strolls were all I had been equal to, and I always returned from them slowly; but by June I wished to go away out on the Camino Real, and to follow the alluring lanes that I could see from my housetop, shaded lanes that led over hills to the *pueblos*.

I wrote for permission. I had, of course, to wait six weeks for an answer; but six weeks in Antigua are but as a watch in the night.

Yes; I might walk out the old road; but I might walk only half an hour out, then rest an hour before returning.

The restrictions were hard, I felt equal to great things; but on the first morning, when my half-hour was up, I found myself hardly beyond the Gate of the Arch of Saint Catherine, and was glad to sit down under a mango tree for the hour's rest.

Not until October got into the air could I do better.

By November I got as far as the

house of Juan Capistrano Robledo, a weaver of fire-fans.

Juan Capistrano was an old friend of mine; I had often bought his wares at the monastery gate; so, that first day, as his wide front door stood open and he himself sat busy within, I entered and asked him to make a fan for me; and I spent my hour watching him plait the iris reeds.

There were no flowers in Juan Capistrano's *patio*, and the old man was well set off by the severe walls and the stretch of brick pavement that so often struck his own color-tone. Then too, with no trees against it, the square of sky above the warm tilings seemed wondrous delicate and heavenly.

Juan Capistrano, a serious man, thought his work important. He would stretch and bend each reed; the less than perfect he would throw aside; and as he worked, his face was grave, not a thought wandered.

And I watched him as seriously, for I too would become a weaver of fire-fans.

So until gentle December I sat out my hour, morning after morning, weaving iris reeds in the *patio* of Juan Capistrano Robledo.

The air of the beneficent valley! With the desire for work came the desire for companionship, another impulse that had long been side-tracked; and I began to return the visits of the Doñas Quevedo.

Their house had great charm for me; not the tomb-like parlors, but the *patio* with its noble corridors, its long run of heavily-barred windows, its long run of vine-covered columns, and its twelve apostles standing, life-sized, each over his own deep doorway.

Out in the centre, amongst the flowers, gabbled parrots and paroquets; and, near the gargoyle *pila*, upturned water-jars were always drying in the sun. I would sit on one of the worn stone seats under the pointed auricaria tree,

drink *tiste* from a black calabash, and listen to traditions and vividly-told tales of happenings that were, to me, strange enough.

These sincere women showed me many a quaint kindness. On the feast of Santa Marta, anniversary of the great destruction, they importuned me to stay the night with them, — it seemed that on this date one 'Stanislau the Watchful' is wont to arise from his tomb under the place of the high altar, and prowl the 'Recoleccion'; and when I would not, — a Central American bedroom is so much more dangerous than a ghost, — they, much distressed, followed me home and wound about my wrist a rosary, blessed by Pius IX, that would prevent all sorts of things.

At Christmas, when I came down with nostalgia, they brought me to the house of their old friends to see the miniature Bethlehems that are always arranged in rooms set aside for that purpose.

And again, when I began to thirst for music 'as the hart panteth after the water brooks,' they brought to my sunset roof a wonderful young man who had been touched by the gods and Munich, and who, until far into the perfect January night, played for us with rapture on the violin.

By February I could walk to the nearest *pueblo*, which was a great point for me. I had long wished to see the Indian women at their weaving; and I had long wished to learn the secret of the calmness and silence, whether it were from almost superhuman intelligence, or from stupidity.

So from February until May I sat weaving with the women of San Pedro.

Innocente came walking down the lanes and over the hills with me the first morning, carrying the primitive loom, but unwillingly, — she disappeared, — and she bargained in

'Quiche Spanish,' that, for moneys, I be allowed to sit in the midst of them, and that they teach me to set the threads and charge the shuttle.

They looked at her as she explained energetically; but if they understood they gave no sign, and they made no offer to help me.

I took my loom over beside a woman who was about to set her threads, and I sat upon the ground beside her and did as she did, turn for turn.

We all sat in the sun,—the shade gives fever,—and not a word would be spoken. Hour after hour of silence, day after day. What a time for thinking, for imaginings! But the forest women sat dull-eyed; they seemed not even to think of the patterns they wove. For generations had their mothers been weaving these same men and birds and trees, and now the long brown fingers seemed to need no guidance.

By May, I too knew the weave and the patterns; knew them as though for generations my mothers had sat in the sun at San Pedro; and by May I knew that the majestic silence of the Indian women was not from intelligence, and that when they lifted their eyes to the sky, the forest, the *cordillera*, they saw nothing at all.

One morning in May I walked clear across the valley and halfway up the high hill Tigre, to a coffee plantation, whose owner, the widowed Doña Solidad, friend to the Quevedos, I knew very well.

This *finca* is one of the few that retain the old spirit and customs. Houses of Indian laborers are just inside the gates; rows of thatched bamboo huts along clean lanes, each hut with its vegetable patch and its plantain bushes, its pig, hens, dogs, parrots, and naked babies; and its leathery old woman grinding something upon a stone.

There is a school in the *pueblo*, and a church, the unshaven *padre* of which

lives at the house of Doña Solidad, along with generations of her poor relations.

The coffee was in bloom that May morning, and Doña Solidad took me to the west veranda to see the glory of it; hundreds of thousands of fine little trees with dark polished leaves, their stiff branches dragged down by weight of white blossoms.

We had breakfast there on the western veranda, the coarse *finca* breakfast, black beans, *tortillas*, *tamales*, roasted plantains.

When I was leaving, Doña Solidad insisted that I let a servant accompany me, and it pleased me, when we reached home, to hear this strong Indian woman complain to Innocente that she was fagged out; that the 'Americana' walked so strong, so swift, like a man.

In May my year was rounded, and from that year are left me many a fine recollection, illusive but dominating: the gradual changing of the valley colors, the pageants and music of Holy Week, the gathering of the coffee; memories of Indian women in scarlet, washing clothes by the brooks, of charcoal-carriers in the sun, of beggars sitting by stone crosses; memories of lonely evening streets, and of dark young men in black cloaks standing beneath grated windows; memories of slow-walking women, saying the rosary on the way from vespers; memories of long rows of cocoanut palms, their slim gray bodies and green plumes delicate against the sky, their splendid shadows black on field, or road, or white adobe wall; memories of the nights: of the momentary waking in the depth of a January night to feel on cheek and forehead the tempered north wind; the momentary waking in a July tempest to the pounding of rain out in the blackness,—rain that could not enter, could not be seen, but that flung in under the dome its blessed gifts, ozone, electricity, love of life.

DETACHMENT AND THE WRITING OF HISTORY

BY CARL BECKER

THE witty remark of Dumas, that Lamartine had raised history to the dignity of romance, would have appealed to Thomas Buckle, who was much occupied with reducing it to the level of a science. Critics have told us that the attempt of the latter was a flat failure. But the attitude of the critics toward Buckle is less reassuring than the attitude of the scientists toward history; for while the former maintain that Buckle pursued a good end by a false method, the latter to this day reproach history with being entertaining and useless.

The remarks of Herbert Spencer in this connection are well known to every one. But perhaps there are some who have not heard the complaint of Professor Minot, who recently took occasion, in some public addresses, to lament the quite obvious futility of present historical methods. Whereas, in all other departments of knowledge great and useful advances were being made, historians alone were industriously engaged in aimless endeavor. In this opinion he had been confirmed only the summer before, when he had carried with him to the mountains, or wherever it was that he spent his vacation, a work which he supposed represented the best that modern historical scholarship could offer — the first volume of the *Cambridge Modern History*! A part of his summer had been pleasantly spent in perusing this work. In it he found much of interest: events related in great detail; facts, curious and suggestive, presented, the truth of

which could doubtless not be questioned. But of fruitful generalization, there was little indeed, no effort having been made, apparently, to reduce the immense mass of facts to principles of universal validity.

I do not suppose there are many historians who carry the *Cambridge Modern History* with them to the mountains. It is not a book to be read in the greenwood. Certainly, the vision of the eminent professor dropping the ponderous tome into a vacation trunk, and pressing the lid deliberately down without a qualm, is pathetic enough. And yet the *Cambridge Modern History* is a serious work. If it is not the best that modern historical scholarship can do, it should be. Until Professor Minot found it interesting, no one, I imagine, ever thought it in danger of being classed as literature. If it is not science, it is nothing.

Professor Minot, who is perfectly clear about its not being science, in spite of its being entertaining, would doubtless find the lively remarks of Bagehot, in his essay on Gibbon, even more entertaining. 'Whatever may be the uses of this sort of composition in itself and abstractedly, it is certainly of great use relatively and to literary men. Consider the position of a man of that species. He sits beside a library fire, with nice white paper, a good pen, a capital style, every means of saying everything, but nothing to say; of course he is an able man, — but still one cannot always have original ideas. Every day cannot be an era, — and how dull it is

to make it your business to write, to stay by yourself in a room to write, and then to have nothing to say! What a gain if something would happen! Then one could describe it. Something has happened, and that something is history. Perhaps when a Visigoth broke a head, he thought that that was all. Not so: he was making history; Gibbon has written it down.'

Humorous sallies like this are to be enjoyed, but happily need not be answered. At least it is so in this case, for most historians will readily agree with Professor Minot that the *Cambridge Modern History* contains a great mass of facts the truth of which cannot be questioned. But they will think that in saying so he has given the book a very good character indeed. You cannot disconcert the orthodox historian of our day by saying that he has got a mass of facts together without knowing what to do with them: if the truth of them cannot indeed be questioned, he will know very well what to do with them: he will put them in a book. But imagine the sentiments of the authors if Professor Minot had said that 'the beautifully coördinated generalizations, with which the *Cambridge Modern History* is packed, are most stimulating and suggestive.' Their chagrin would have been immense! No, the modern historian is not given to generalization. It is not his business to generalize, — so, at least, he thinks; it is his business to find out and to record 'exactly what happened.' So far, Bagehot is quite right after all. History is what happened; the historian must write it down, if not like Gibbon, at least *wie es ist eigentlich gewesen*.

If historians take this attitude somewhat uncompromisingly, it is not because they do not care for scientific history. Quite the contrary! They care for nothing so much; and to contribute a little to such history — to make 'a

permanent contribution to knowledge' — is their chiefest ambition. Yet the thoughtful man knows well, in spite of what the reviewers say every month, that it is not easy to make a permanent contribution to knowledge. In nearly every age, able men have written histories; of them all, a few have proved permanent contributions to literature; as history, not one but must be edited. Even the great masters, whom we loyally advised every one to read without reading them ourselves, do not escape. Of course Tacitus was a great writer, but he was not at all scientific: he had ideas, and they were, unfortunately, the ideas of a Roman republican. Even Gibbon, with all his fine lack of enthusiasm, gave expression to the eighteenth-century dream of a golden age. Finding nothing in the Middle Ages but the 'triumph of barbarism and Christianity,' he too, in his ponderous fashion, voiced the demand *écraser l'infâme!*

As for the favorite historians of the nineteenth century, a decade or a generation has sufficed in most cases to shelve their works behind glass doors now rarely opened. Ceasing to be read, they are advertised as standard by publishers, and fall at last to be objects of glib criticism by the young professor who has himself written a monograph and three book-reviews. Not a life of drudgery, or genius itself, shall avoid disaster. Faith in democracy discredits a history of Greece; lack of it inspires the apotheosis of Cæsar. Hatred of tractarianism guides a facile pen through twelve volumes. The Reform Bill is read back into the Revolution of 1688. The memory of Sedan becomes a misleading gloss in all Merovingian manuscripts. Little wonder if the modern historian, stumbling over the wreckage that strews his path, has no desire to add anything of his own to the débris. Much better, he thinks, to be employed quarrying out of the bed-

rock of historical fact even one stone, so it be chiseled four-square, that may find its niche in the permanent structure of some future master-builder.

This attitude of mind is not peculiar to historians. In every field of intellectual activity, men of science are reconstructing the cosmos in terms of the evolutionary hypothesis. We are most of us quite proud of having reduced the universe to unstable equilibrium, and yet there is one thing that seems to be exempt from the operation of this law of change and adaptation which incessantly transforms everything else — truth itself: everything is unstable except the idea of instability. It is true, the Pragmatists are asking whether, if everything is subject to the law of change, truth be not subject to the law of change, and reality as well — the very facts themselves. But whatever scientists may think of this notion, historians have not yet been disturbed by it. For them, certainly, truth is a fixed quality: the historical reality, the 'fact,' is a thing purely objective, that does not change; a thing, therefore, that can be established once for all beyond any peradventure. So well established is this idea, that it has been formulated in a law of history.

'Il y a toujours un correspondance entre les faits intellectuels, et l'état général des esprits; une loi qui a comme corollaire la suivante: le changement du milieu intellectuel entraîne toujours un changement dans les faits de l'esprit qu'il entoure. La vérité seule n'est pas soumise à l'influence du milieu; elle ne change pas avec le dernier.'¹

The truth, which alone changes not, is what must be got at. The objective reality must be caught, as it were, and mounted like a specimen for the instruction of future ages. But this is exceedingly difficult, precisely because

¹ Xenopol, *Les Principes Fondamentaux de l'Histoire*, p. 197.

'le changement du milieu intellectuel entraîne toujours un changement dans les faits de l'esprit qu'il entoure.' This difficulty must therefore be the rock on which all previous historians have split. Not sufficiently aware of the disastrous influence of the *milieu*, they have unconsciously read the objective facts of the past in the light of their own purposes, or the preoccupations of their own age.

But, after all, how is it possible to avoid the influence of one's *milieu*? No one has given any very precise answer to this question, but there is a favorite phrase, familiar to every seminary fledgeling, that is supposed to point the way: one must cultivate complete *mental detachment*. Those who seek truth, says Renan, must have 'no mental reservations referring to human affairs,' must 'beware of every formula which may one day become an obstacle to the free development of their minds'; as for histories, they should be written 'with as much supreme indifference as if they were written in another planet.' But it is Nietzsche who has sketched for us, in his inimitable manner, the portrait of the detached man:—

'The objective man is in truth a mirror: accustomed to prostration before something that wants to be known, with such desires only as knowing or "reflecting" implies — he waits until something comes, and then expands himself sensitively, so that even the light footsteps and gliding past of spiritual beings may not be lost in his surface and film. Whatever "personality" he still possesses seems to him — disturbing; so much has he come to regard himself as the passage and reflection of outside forms and events. Should one wish love or hatred from him — he will do what he can, and furnish what he can. But one must not be surprised if it should not be much.

His mirroring and eternally self-polishing soul no longer knows how to affirm, no longer how to deny; he does not command, neither does he destroy. Neither is he a model man; he does not go in advance of any one, nor after either; he places himself generally too far off to have any reason for espousing the cause of either good or evil. He is an instrument — but nothing in himself — *presque rien!*¹

This is surely M. Renan's man of 'supreme indifference.' If you like, you may believe there never was such a man: the wonderful creature is doubtless only an ideal. The ideal, nevertheless, is clear enough. It is an ideal based upon the familiar conception of the 'pure reason' — reason cut loose from will and emotion, from purpose and passion and desire, all these left behind, or non-existent, burned away perhaps with some methodological purifying flame. Intelligence, thus reduced to a kind of delicate mechanical instrument, set carefully in a sealed case to protect it from the deflecting influences of environment, we are to suppose capable of acting automatically when brought in contact with objective phenomena. These phenomena — the 'facts' of history, for example — come before it, 'wanting to be known'; it expands itself sensitively, and truth is registered upon its polished surface, as objects are upon a photographic plate. Only in this manner can we know the thing *wie es ist eigentlich gewesen*; but in this manner, if at all, we shall surely be able to record exactly what happened.

Certainly there is something impressive in the assertion that it is the business of the historian to 'get the facts.' In our generation, the mere word 'fact' is something to conjure with. Your practical friend, in some discussion or other, ends by saying roundly,

¹ *Beyond Good and Evil*, p. 140.

'But it is not a question of theory; it is a question of fact.'

Of course you give it up. A fact is something substantial, something material, something you can perhaps take up in your hand, or stand upon: it will always bear your weight. And so, with much talk about 'cold facts,' and 'hard facts,' and not being able to 'get around the facts,' it has come to a pass where the historical fact seems almost material too, something that can be handed about and pressed with the thumb to test its solidity. But, in truth, the historical fact is a thing wonderfully elusive after all, very difficult to fix, almost impossible to distinguish from 'theory,' to which it is commonly supposed to be so completely antithetical.

It is said to be a fact that Cæsar was stabbed by the senators, in the senate-house at Rome; and this is, I suppose, as simple a fact as one will ordinarily deal with: as hard as any, and quite as difficult to get around, if one should wish, for some sinister purpose, to get around it. But it is really simple only in the sense that it is a simple statement easily comprehended. It is itself made up of many simpler facts: the senators standing round, the words that were said, the scuffle, the three and twenty dagger-strokes, — numberless facts, indeed, make the single fact that Cæsar was stabbed in the senate-house.

With equal facility, this single fact may be combined with others to form a more complex, but still relatively simple fact, — the fact that Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus replaced Cæsar in the government of Rome. Thus, while we speak of historical facts as if they were pebbles to be gathered in a cup, there is in truth no unit fact in history. The historical reality is continuous, and infinitely complex; and the cold hard facts into which it is said to be analyzed are not concrete por-

tions of the reality, but only aspects of it. The reality of history has forever disappeared, and the 'facts' of history, whatever they once were, are only mental images or pictures which the historian makes in order to comprehend it.

How, then, are these images formed? Not from the reality directly, for the reality has ceased to exist. But the reality has left certain traces, and these help us to construct the image. Some one saw Cæsar stabbed, and afterwards wrote down, let us suppose, this:—

'On the Ides of March, Cæsar was stabbed by the senators in the senate-house at the base of Pompey's statue, which all the while ran blood.'

I suppose myself an historian, reading this statement. As I read, a mental picture is at once formed: several men in a room, at the base of a statue, driving daggers into one of their number. But it is not the statement alone that enables me to form the picture: my own experience enters in. I have seen men and rooms and daggers, and my experience of these things furnishes the elements of which the picture is composed. Suppose me to know nothing of the ancient Roman world: my picture would doubtless be composed of the senate-chamber at Washington, of men in frock coats, and of bowie-knives, perhaps. It is true, the picture changes as I read more of the Roman world. Yet at each step in this transformation, it is still my own experience that furnishes the new elements for the new picture. New sources enable me to combine the elements of experience more correctly, but experience must furnish the elements to select from. The 'facts' of history do not exist for any historian until he creates them, and into every fact that he creates some part of his individual experience must enter.

But experience not only furnishes the

elements for the image which the sources guide us in forming: it is also the final court of appeal in evaluating the sources themselves. History rests on testimony, but the qualitative value of testimony is determined in the last analysis by tested and accepted experience. The historian, no less than the scientist, smiles at the naïveté of Joseph De Maistre, who imagined that the negations of science could be destroyed by the assertions of history. With a single perfectly proved historical fact, he courageously proposed to defy the whole tribe of geometers, — '*J'ai à vous répondre qu'Archimède brûle la flotte romaine avec un miroir ardent,*' — if it were once perfectly proved.

But the historian knows well that no amount of testimony is ever permitted to establish as past reality a thing that cannot be found in present reality. And it is not enough to be able to find in present experience the elements for a picture of the alleged past fact. One can, for example, readily picture the destruction of the Roman fleet by means of a burning-glass, or the bleeding of Pompey's statue; the elements for such pictures are familiar. But the sources ask us to make a combination of the elements which the registered experience of our age does not warrant. In every other case the witness may have a perfect character — all that goes for nothing. Tacitus is a good witness, and when he says the Germans do not inhabit cities, we believe him, though we do not know precisely what he means by cities. But when he says that Tiberius, having lived for fifty years a sane and well-ordered life, became quite suddenly a monster of lust and cruelty, we do not believe him so readily. If he had said a thousand times over that the Germans had wings, we should still say that the Germans had no wings.

The classic expression of this truth

is of course Hume's famous argument against miracle. That argument does not really prove that miracles never occurred in history; it proves only that there is no use having a past through which the intellect cannot freely range with a certain sense of security. If we cannot be on familiar terms with our past, it is no good. We must have a past that is the product of all the present. With sources that say it was not so, we will have nothing to do; better still, we will make them say it was so. The sources say — and it is a commonplace now that they say nothing more persistently, or with greater particularization of detail — that during the Middle Ages miracles were as common as lies. The modern historian admits that there were lies, but denies that there were miracles. He not only rejects the miracle, — the explanation of the fact, — he rejects the facts as well; he says that such facts are not proved; for him, there were no such facts. And he rejects these facts, not because they are contrary to every possible law of nature, to every possible experience, but simply because they are contrary to the comparatively few laws of nature which his generation is willing to regard as established. But as rapidly as scientists can find a place for such facts in experience, historians will create them in history, — a truth which the progress of psychical research promises to illustrate in a striking manner. Even now, indeed, Anatole France and Andrew Lang cannot agree about certain facts of the fifteenth century, because one of them takes psychical research seriously, while the other thinks it is all moonshine.

If the reality of history can be reached only through the door of present experience, one may well ask how our objective man, so detached and indifferent, with no mental reservations referring to human affairs, will proceed

in determining the facts. There he sits in Mars, — or, better still, the British Museum, — ready to expand sensitively when something comes, wanting to be known. Unfortunately, nothing comes. Our perfectly detached man is mildly distressed, perhaps, to find that the thing first of all absolutely required is an act of will: a painful thing, and, strictly speaking, impossible for him. Suppose this difficult step once taken, still there is nothing before him but paper with writing on it; and I think he may expand himself sensitively for an endless term with no great result. The trouble is that the dead manuscripts do not 'want to be known'; about that, they are as detached as can be. Our objective man must himself want to know, and wanting to know implies a purpose in knowing. Even the will, to be purely objective is itself a purpose, becoming not infrequently a passion, creating the facts in its own image.

But we are not told that the business of the historian is limited to finding out exactly what happened; he must also record exactly what happened. It is the fashion to call this the problem of synthesis, as distinguished from investigation, criticism, or analysis. The distinction is doubtless a convenient one, but it will not bear too close inspection. If there is no unit fact in history, if the facts are only mental images, why, then, it must be very difficult to assert a fact without thereby making a synthesis. 'Cæsar was stabbed in the senate-house' is a fact, but it is also a synthesis of other facts. Strictly speaking, analysis and synthesis cannot be rigidly distinguished. And the reason is not far to seek: it is because there is no real analysis and no real synthesis. When the historian is engaged in what the methodologists call analysis, it is not the reality that he takes apart, but only the sources, — a very different matter.

Perfect analysis is achieved when each source is transformed into as many statements as it explicitly or implicitly contains. These statements are then set down on separate cards or slips of paper; and with these cards the historian must be content, for the simple reason that nothing better is possible. Even this analysis is, indeed, not always possible. For some periods of history it is possible, but for most of modern history, at least, it remains only an ideal: a wilderness of slips would not suffice for even a few years; so that, if scientific history is inseparable from complete analysis of the sources, we are confronted with the disquieting paradox that the less knowledge we have of history the more scientific that knowledge becomes.

Without attempting to resolve this difficulty, let us suppose the work of analysis already finished: all the sources critically edited, separated into their simplest statements, recorded on separate cards ticketed with date and reference, arranged chronologically. There are the 'facts'; it remains to construct the synthesis. The chronological arrangement would, sure enough, be no mean synthesis in itself. One may ask what, after all, remains to be done by our objective man, sitting there before his card-cases, intent to record exactly what happened. Everything that happened, so far as any trace of it is left, is already recorded, it seems. But the truth is, no one is satisfied with that, unless it be our objective man. For most of us, afflicted with mere human purposes, a case full of cards may be magnificent, but it is not history. Out of these cards we *will* get some useful, intelligible meaning. The problem of synthesis is, indeed, not to record exactly what happened, but by simplification to convey an intelligible meaning of what happened. With that problem every constructive historian is

engaged from the first step to the last.

This necessary simplification may be achieved, I suppose, in one of two ways: by classification in terms of common qualities, or by grouping in terms of concrete relations. Comparing what is related of all kings (assuming that the term king is precisely understood), the historian may find that all kings have been crowned. This quality common to all kings is then reduced to a single statement, 'all kings are crowned.' This is the method of the natural sciences, and of sociology as well. Certainly, it is a method well worth while; but, as we are all agreed that history is not sociology, it cannot be the method of the historian. The historian, therefore, proceeds by the other method. Concerned with a particular king, he will group the facts related of this particular king, according to their concrete relations, thus: —

'George III, having succeeded to the throne of England October 25, 1760, was immediately proclaimed in the customary manner, and formally crowned at Westminster, September 22, 1761.'

The historian, like the sociologist, has simplified the facts for the purpose of conveying an intelligible meaning. But the difference between the two methods is profound. The statement that all kings are crowned is an abstraction, a generalization of qualities common to all kings. From this generalization, it can be inferred of any actual king that he was crowned, and that inference every one must make, because the statement implies just that and nothing else. But the statement about George III is not an abstraction. It is just as concrete as any of the numberless particular statements upon which it is based. From it no particular fact can be deduced: it cannot be inferred that the Privy Council met, or that mounted heralds went forth

reading a solemn document on the London streets to crowds of gaping people. The historian knows that these things were done, and he has crowded them all into the term 'proclaimed.' But for the reader, unless he already knows that kings in England were customarily proclaimed in that way, the term will have only a vague significance: something was done, he does not know what.

The sociologist has simplified by combining particular facts in a generalization, from which any one can deduce again the particular fact, and no other. The historian has simplified by selecting, from a number of particular facts, certain facts which he considers most important to be known.

It seems, then, that the great point in historical synthesis is selection: which of the numberless particular facts shall the historian select? One wishes to know at once, therefore, if there is some objective standard for determining the relative value of facts; a standard which, being applied by any number of trained historians, will give the same result in each case. Well, yes, we are told there is such a standard, and one residing in the facts themselves, and therefore purely objective. The facts to be selected for constructing what is called the 'historical concept' have four chief characteristics which, for the initiated, distinguish them as clearly as if they were labeled 'for historians only.'

Professor Fling, in his admirable summary of the elaborate work of Rickert,¹ tells us what these characteristics are: the historian selects facts that are unique, facts that have value on account of their uniqueness, facts

that are casually connected, facts that reveal unique change or evolution. Historians who proceed thus, proceed scientifically; and while it is doubtless true that no two historians will use identical terms in phrasing their 'concepts,' yet 'the progress of historical synthesis means a growing agreement among scientific historians touching the important facts of this or that period.' 'If they proceed scientifically,' the same facts will be selected 'by the opponents of the French Revolution . . . as have been selected by the supporters of it.' It seems, therefore, if this is indeed a practical standard for evaluating the facts of history, and one truly objective, that we have at last a kind of philosophical recipe for making our contributions permanent; a guide sufficient even for one who has attained complete detachment, or for our disinterested objective man. One has only to examine the facts, select such as bear the mark, and put them together: the result is sure.

Nevertheless, the use of the word value in this formula is disquieting. The difficulties which it is sure to raise have been recognized, but not altogether disposed of. 'The use of the word value,' says Professor Fling, 'seems to introduce an uncertain and arbitrary element into the problem. But the question of value is not a question of partisanship, nor of approval or disapproval; it is a question of importance. Is this fact important for the Reformation? Is an account of the Reformation intelligible without it? The Protestant may love Luther, the Catholic may hate him, but they would agree that Luther is important for the Reformation.'

To say that the question of value is a question of importance, does little to resolve the difficulty. We still ask, Important for what? The answer is, Important for the Reformation. But

¹ *American Historical Review*, vol. ix, p. 1. I am aware, of course, that the views I am criticising are not necessarily those of Professor Fling, since he has done no more than to present, for American readers, the theories of Rickert.

I suppose the Reformation is one of those very 'concepts' which Professor Fling is telling us how to construct in a scientific manner. All that we yet know, therefore, is that the concept is formed by selecting the facts that are important for the concept. If Protestant and Catholic have a concept of the Reformation to begin with, the concept is not determined by the facts; if they have no concept to begin with, why is Luther more important than Tetzel? Indeed, the historian may be neither Protestant nor Catholic, and to him I should think the Reformation might be perfectly intelligible if Luther's part in it were reduced to very slight proportions; to him, it might be intelligible on that ground only. Have we not already been told that the Reformation was primarily an illustration, on a grand scale, of the law of diminishing returns? That concept, if it is intelligible at all, is intelligible without Luther.

After all, do the facts come first and determine the concept, or does the concept come first and determine the facts? The heart of the question is there. It seems that Professor Fling virtually admits that the concept comes first.

'The historical method is thus teleological in a certain sense. The subject of an historical investigation is a unique thing. . . . It has beginning and end. We know what the end was, and we wish to know what the chain of events was that led up to the final event. We seek such facts, to be wrought up into a synthesis, as may be necessary to show how the end was attained.'

We know what the end was. But in what sense do we know what the end was, of the French Revolution, for example? Of the French Revolution, surely the end is not yet. Lord Morley tells us that it is still some way from being fully accomplished.

'The process is still going on, and a

man of M. Taine's lively intellectual sensibility can no more escape its influence than he can escape the ingredients of the air he breathes.'

And if we hold to the doctrine of the continuity of history, how far back must we go to find a period that is fully accomplished? In truth, we know the end only in part. The historian may choose to consider the Restoration of 1815 as the end of the French Revolution; but his concept of that end, which must determine the facts he selects, will be born of the age in which he lives. One can scarcely imagine any historian living in 1825, even the most scientific in the world, having the same concept of the Restoration that Professor Fling has. Unfortunately, the historian and his concepts are a part of the very process he would interpret; the end of that process is ever changing, and the historian will scarcely avoid changing with it, whether he have the lively intellectual sensibility of M. Taine, or be as placid as Nietzsche's objective man.

If the historian could indeed separate himself from the process which he describes, if he were outside of history as the chemist is outside of chemistry, his greatest success should be with those periods that differ most from the one in which he lives. But he has, in fact, most success with those periods in which men's habitual modes of thought and action most resemble his own. Strange and remote events, to be synthesized intelligibly at all, must be interpreted in terms of motives that are familiar. It is true, the actions of men in all past ages have been such as to justify us in assuming a fundamental similarity in human motives. Yet familiar motives are much more intensely felt in some ages than in others.

The religious motive is still active in the twentieth century, but the exaggerated asceticism of the Middle Ages al-

ready partakes of the unreal. The historian finds that for some centuries men entered monasteries and lived impossible lives of self-stultification, and they did this, so the documents tell him, for the love of God and the salvation of souls. But the love of God, expressing itself in that fashion, is remote from us of the twentieth century. It no longer satisfies us to label monasteries with the words 'salvation of souls,' and so we are writing over their portals the words 'economic institutions' instead. Did they not serve as inns, and recover much marsh land? Of this exaggerated asceticism, St. Simeon Stylites is the classic example. In explaining him, the modern historian, whether M. Taine or another, has some difficulty. Not that he finds it impossible to form an image of the poor monk standing there; he can form the image perfectly. Nor can he reject the fact because contrary to observed experience; he has seen men standing at the top of a pillar, has done it himself, or could do it, perhaps. To find a motive that would induce him to do what Stylites is said to have done, — the difficulty is there. He can't just explain him by the lack of inns. So he says, 'interesting pathological case,' and passes quickly on. Stylites is really too remote.

For the normal child, St. Simeon would be perhaps one of the least remote objects of the whole Middle Age, because the child, even the twentieth-century child, lives in a world which we do not know, and which we are therefore pleased to call the world of fancy. The child is, in fact, perfectly detached from all those dull practical interests with which mature men are so preoccupied. He is as indifferent to them as if he did indeed live in another planet; and yet he makes a synthesis of the historical reality that would fail to satisfy, I suppose, even M. Renan. A fairly obedient child, it is true, will

make any synthesis you require of him; but he regards it, for the most part, as a meaningless and vexatious business. For him, the reality is whatever relates itself to his interests, whatever coördinates readily with his dream world. He is unpatriotic enough to prefer the winged gods of Greece to John Smith or Daniel Boone. Seven-league boots and one-eyed men, impossible ladies and knights-errant without purpose, St. Simeon Stylites standing, solemn and useless, at the top of a pillar, — from these he is not detached. He, too, has a concept of the end, and will, if left to himself, select the facts that are important for that concept, thereby constructing a synthesis quite true and valuable for his purposes.

The method of the trained historian is not essentially different, I suspect, from that of the child. He achieves a different result, it is true; but that is because he has a different 'concept' round which to group the facts — a concept derived from the practical or intellectual interests that concern him. If there is a 'growing agreement among scientific historians touching the important facts of this or that period,' it is because there is, in every age, a certain response in the world of thought to dominant social forces. But the agreement is only for the particular age; the next age, or the next generation, will think very differently. In an age of political revolution there is perhaps a growing agreement that 'history is past politics.' In an age when industrial problems are pressing for solution the 'economic interpretation of history' is the thing. The advent of the social state will doubtless give us some new formula. Whatever it may be, the historian of the future will select the facts that are important for that concept. The historian, as Professor Fling has said, does indeed have a concept of the end, and he selects the facts that will

explain how that end came about. But it is the concept that determines the facts, not the facts the concept.

From beginning to end, the historian is outside the subject of his investigation, — 'the life of an historical personage, a battle, an economic crisis, a period in the life of a people,' or whatever it is that he professes to confine himself to. Instead of 'sticking to the facts,' the facts stick to him, if he has any ideas to attract them; and they will stick to him to some purpose only if his ideas are many, vivid, and fruitful. Complete detachment would produce few histories, and none worth while; for the really detached mind is a dead mind, lying among the facts of history like unmagnetized steel among iron-filings, no synthesis ever resulting, in one case or the other, to the end of time.

Consider the trained historian, intent on studying the sixteenth century. Before him are the analyzed sources — the 'facts' — neatly arranged in cases. He begins thumbing the cards, reading the statements, taking in the facts. Doubtless he says to himself: —

'This fact is unique, important because unique, casually connected; I will therefore set it aside to be wrought up into my final syntheses.'

No such thing. As he goes over and over his cards, some aspects of the reality recorded there interest him more, others less; some are retained, others forgotten; some have power to start a new train of thought; some appear to be casually connected; some logically connected; some are without perceptible connection of any sort. And the reason is simple: some facts strike the mind as interesting or suggestive, have a meaning of some sort, lead to some desirable end, because they associate themselves with ideas already in the mind; they fit in somehow to the ordered experience of the historian. This original synthesis — not to be con-

fused with the making of a book for the printer, a very different matter — is only half deliberate. It is accomplished almost automatically. The mind *will* select and discriminate from the very beginning. It is the whole 'apperceiving mass' that does the business, seizing upon this or that new impression and building it into its own growing content. As new facts are taken in, the old ideas or concepts, it is true, are modified, distinguished, destroyed even; but the modified ideas become new centres of attraction. And so the process is continued, for years it may be. The final synthesis is doubtless composed of facts unique, casually connected, revealing unique change; but the unique fact, selected because of its importance, was in every case selected because of its importance for some idea already in possession of the field. The original concepts, which give character to the entire synthesis, were contributed, not by the facts of the sixteenth century, but by the facts of the twentieth century.

If the modern historian exhibits detachment, certainly it is not from the dominant ideas of his own age. The very purpose of the age is to comprehend without purpose, to judge of the event by the event itself, to register a fact and call it a law. The effort to be purely objective, the aversion from stereotyped religious and political formulæ, the solemn determination to see the thing as it really is, — these are fixed concepts, round which the historian constructs his synthesis. It is not because he is detached from his environment, but because he is preoccupied with a certain phase of it, that his history becomes 'scientific' — something more than a chronicle, something less than literature. The modern historian, for example, is detached from any fixed idea in religion, placing himself 'too far off' — for espousing the

cause of either good or evil.' But he knows well that he must espouse, with fine enthusiasm, the cause of not espousing any cause. His synthesis must vindicate, not Luther or Leo X, but his own ideal of detachment. Was Catholicism or Protestantism true, or good, or useful? Why, both and neither, cries the modern historian, and he can answer you that without ever having expanded himself sensitively before the one or the other. In so far as either existed, it was necessary, adapted to the conditions, and therefore doubtless good and true. Whatever happens, the historian will be detached; he will not take sides.

But it is difficult not to take sides if sharp contrasts and impassable gulfs are permitted to appear. If one could serve neither God nor Mammon, it is necessary to dispense with both. The modern historian has therefore a concept, a preconception, of continuity and evolution, with 'natural law' at the back of things. The historical reality must be conceived as all of a piece, like a woven garment. In things evil must be perceived an element of things good, and in things good an element of things evil. Facts which do not contribute to establish these concepts will not be selected; they may be unique, but they are judged not important. No man is a hero to his valet. Doubtless valets have a definite concept of what masters are, and select only the facts that are important for that concept. Nowadays, certainly, no man is a hero to his biographer, much less a villain. The historical mind is detached from all concepts of that sort, and thus Napoleon becomes a necessary process instead of a scoundrel. Do you ask the modern historian whether he loves Luther or hates him? What a question! It is not to Luther, but to the Law of Diminishing Returns, that we owe religious liberty.

There is profound truth in the biting remark of Voltaire, that, after all, history is only a pack of tricks we play on the dead. If useful social ends are served, it does not harm the dead, who had in any case tricks of their own. The trick of every past age — of St. Augustine, of Bossuet, of Gibbon and Rousseau and Voltaire himself, all the brilliant legerdemain of the eighteenth century — has long since been exposed. Yet it is the theory of the detached historian himself that these syntheses served, like every vital institution, a certain social purpose. If the mediæval Church was necessary to preserve Europe from anarchy, a synthesis like St. Augustine's, creating history in the image of the Church, was surely necessary and useful. If 'enlightenment' was all that could save Europe from obscurantism in the eighteenth century, a synthesis of history proving the Church indispensable to human welfare, as the modern synthesis does, would have been beside the mark, quite useless, and impossible. And so the synthesis constructed by modern historians may very likely have its uses. When old landmarks are being washed away, and old foundations are crumbling to dust, it is doubtless useful and necessary to conceive the historical reality as continuous, casually connected, and changing only in response to forces largely remote from purposive human will.

Some future Lord Morley will tell the world how the histories of the nineteenth century served a useful social purpose, and did 'a certain amount of good in a bad way.' And if useful and necessary, then true — true in the only way that historical synthesis is ever likely to be true, true relatively to the needs of the age which fashioned it. At least, it is difficult to understand how the modern man, so wedded to the doctrine of evolution, can conceive of

historical synthesis as true in any absolute sense. Institutions, he would agree, are true or false only as they are adapted for survival. But there is, is there not, an evolution of ideas too, only the fittest surviving? One can readily imagine the doctrine of survival of the fittest proving socially disintegrating in the end, in which case some other hypothesis will doubtless prove itself fittest to survive by surviving in fact.

Certainly, the evolutionary hypothesis gives us no assurance that detachment will forever be in fashion among historians. The state of mind best calculated to find out exactly what

happened is perhaps incompatible with a disposition to care greatly what it is that happened; and whatever value the notion of detachment may have just now, the time may come — there have been such times in the past — when it is most important that every one should care greatly what happens. In that case, one can hardly think of the 'objective man' as possessing qualities exceptionally well adapted for survival. Then we may perhaps have histories as interesting as Professor Minot imagines the *Cambridge Modern History* is now. One scarcely ventures to hope they will be as scientific as he thinks they ought to be.

THE VALLEY OF VAIN VERSES

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THE grief that is but feigning,
And weeps melodious tears
Of delicate complaining
From self-indulgent years;
The mirth that is but madness,
And has no inward gladness
Beneath its laughter, straining
To capture thoughtless ears;

The love that is but passion
Of amber-scented lust;
The doubt that is but fashion;
The faith that has no trust; —
These Thamyris disperses,
In the Valley of Vain Verses
Below the Mount Parnassian,
And they crumble into dust.

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD¹

BY GIDEON WELLES

IX. THE IMPEACHMENT OF THE PRESIDENT

Thursday, December 12, 1867.

The President requested me by note to call on him at eleven to-day. Stanbery and Browning were also there by invitation. The President submitted a message to the Senate, communicating some of his reasons for suspending the Secretary of War; no removal has yet taken place. He first asked my opinion, and I stated it, but in view of the traits and peculiar attitude of Grant, in whom the President had not lost all confidence, suggested that it would be well to inform the Senate that the Secretary *ad interim* had performed the duties acceptably, and that the reforms he had made and the economy he had practiced were of benefit to the country. He says he has dismissed some forty supernumerary clerks. Both S[tanbery] and B[rowning] concurred in the suggestion. S[tanbery] said it was a wise suggestion. A brief statement was accordingly added to the close. I should have made it more full and declared that General Grant had my confidence thus far in administering the office, if such is the fact, and thus have hitched him to the administration. It would have made an issue between him and the Stanton radicals.

Tuesday, December 24, 1867.

A few members of Congress remain in the city but most have left for Christmas vacation. The adjournment and

an interview with their constituents may do them and the country good. The elections of the year and the unmistakable evidence of condemnation by the people have annoyed them, but there is not among them the patriotism, ability, and independence to extricate themselves from the control of intriguing conspirators, who by secret caucuses have made it impossible for them to retrace their steps, and try to do right. Among the radicals there is little statesmanship. They are striving to retain their usurped power by outrageous measures and violence.

Chief Justice Chase still aspires to be the radical candidate for President, but few of the radicals are disposed to gratify his aspirations. Among bankers, speculators, and a certain class of capitalists he finds supporters, and he has a quasi strength among the Southern radicals and Negroes. The Republicans, or the conservative element of what was the Republican party, are favoring General Grant. Comprising the largest segment, they will be likely to control party action, to the disgust of the earnest radicals who, however, dare not oppose the movement. Grant himself is not only willing but grows daily more and more anxious. His aspirations, although he strives to conceal them, are equal and even surpass those of the Chief Justice. His reticence is all a matter of calcula-

¹ Copyright, 1910, by EDGAR T. WELLES.

tion. He fears to commit himself on anything lest he should lose votes. But popular opinion moves him. A year since he believed that the country was fully committed to radicalism, and under that conviction he became identified with the radicals — changing his previously expressed opinions — and acting with them until the recent fall elections. Those results astonished no man more than Grant, and he has felt uneasy under his hasty committals, while striving to be reserved.

Stanton, whom he dislikes, has managed to get him committed, which he would not have done had Grant better understood public sentiment. But in Washburne¹ and other little radicals he had had surroundings that controlled him.

I am becoming impressed with the idea that Grant may prove a dangerous man. In discussion, from time to time, in Cabinet, when he has been necessarily to some extent drawn out, this shadow of military absolutism has crossed my mind. It struck me more forcibly to-day when the military government of the South was under consideration.

Friday, January 3, 1868.

Little of interest in Cabinet. Dined with Mrs. Welles at the President's. The dinner was complimentary to General Sherman. Only he and his daughter, his father-in-law, Thomas Ewing, and Stanbery and lady, who were old township acquaintances of Sherman's, were present, except the President and his daughter. It was a pleasant party. General Sherman says it is the first time he has ever dined at the Executive mansion. The President is desirous of making close friendship with Sherman, and may succeed; but he cannot detach him from General Grant, even if disposed. Although the

¹ E. B. Washburne of Illinois.

two men are unlike, there is between them close identification.

Tuesday, January 14, 1868.

General Grant attended the Cabinet meeting to-day, but stated it was by special request of the President. The Senate had notified him last evening that the reasons for suspending Mr. Stanton were insufficient, and he had therefore gone early to the War Department, locked the doors and given the keys to the Adjutant-General. Subsequently he had sent General Comstock to the President with a letter and a copy of the resolution of the Senate, and had received a request through General C[omstock] when he returned, to be present to-day, and had therefore come over, though he was now at the Headquarters and considered himself relieved of the duties of Secretary.

The President asked if this proceeding conformed to previous understanding, etc. General Grant, without answering directly, said he had promised some time ago that he would give the President notice before relinquishing the office; but that he had not then examined closely the second and fifth sections of the Tenure-of-Office bill. He was not willing to suffer five years' imprisonment and pay ten thousand dollars fine, but preferred to give up the office.

The President asked why, when he had read the sections and come to the conclusion to leave, he had not informed him as agreed; and remarked that he would undergo the whole imprisonment and fine himself, which might be adjudged against General Grant; and said he so told Grant when he spoke of apprehensions on Saturday.

The General said he was not aware of the penalties in the Tenure-of-Office bill, until he saw the discussion in the papers, did not know of them when he

had his first talk with the President, and he came over on Saturday expressly to take up this subject. Had spoken of these difficulties at that time, and expected to see the President again on Monday, but he was busy with General Sherman, and had a good many little matters to attend to. He did not suppose the Senate intended to act so soon.

'Was it not our understanding, did you not assure me some time ago, and again on Saturday, that if you did not hold on to the office yourself, you would place it in my hands that I might select another?' said the President.

'That,' said Grant, 'was my intention. I thought some satisfactory arrangement would be made to dispose of the subject. Mr. [Reverdy] Johnson and General Sherman spent a great deal of time with me on Sunday. Did n't Mr. Johnson come to see you? I sent General Sherman yesterday, after talking the matter over. Did n't you see Sherman?'

The President said he saw each of them, but he did not see what the interview with either had to do with giving back into his hands the place, agreeably to the understanding.

'Why did you give up the keys to Mr. Stanton and leave the Department?'

General Grant said he gave the key to the Adjutant-General and sent word to the President by General Comstock.

'Yes,' said the President, 'but that you know was not our understanding.'

Grant attempted some further apologies about being very busy, stammered, hesitated, said Sherman had taken up a great deal of his time, but he had intended to call on the President on Monday, asked to be excused and left.

This is as nearly as I recollect the substance of the conversation as it occurred. I do not claim to give the

precise words, though in many instances I probably have done so. My intention and wish is to do injustice to neither, but fairly present what took place and the remarks of both. I write this on the evening of Tuesday, the 14th, while the subject is fresh in my mind.

The President was calm and dignified, though manifestly disappointed and displeased. General Grant was humble, hesitating, and he evidently felt that his position was equivocal and not to his credit.

There was, I think, an impression on the minds of all present, there certainly was on mine, that a consciousness that he had acted with duplicity, [that he had] not been faithful and true to the man who had confided in and trusted him, oppressed General Grant. His manner, never very commanding, was almost abject, and he left the room with less respect, I apprehend, from those present than ever before.

The President, though disturbed and not wholly able to conceal his chagrin from those familiar with him, used no harsh expression, nor committed anything approaching incivility, yet Grant felt the few words put to him, and the cold and surprised disdain of the President, in all their force.

After Grant had left, the President remarked that it had been said no man was to be blamed for having been once deceived, but if the same person a second time imposed upon him, the fault and folly were his. He said that Reverdy Johnson and General Sherman had called on him, after the consultation with Grant alluded to, and wanted him to nominate Governor Cox of Ohio, whom *they* had selected to be *his* Secretary of War. They thought the Senate might be induced to *consent* that he might have Cox, and in that way dispose of Stanton.

There is no doubt that Grant has been in secret intrigue in this business, acting in concert with and under the direction of the chief conspirators. He did not put the office in the President's hands on Saturday, because the Senate had not acted, but he anticipated, as I and others did, that they would. If therefore the subject was delayed until Monday it would be too late. But the Senate came to no conclusion on Saturday as he expected; he therefore avoided seeing the President on Monday as he promised. On Tuesday he yielded to Stanton.

All the members of the Cabinet present were astonished and declared themselves unqualifiedly against both Grant and Stanton, except Seward, who was very reticent, but expressed an opinion that no action should be taken hastily. On grave and important questions he always preferred to take a night's sleep.

Wednesday, February 5, 1868.

Saw the President this evening.

I took occasion to express my apprehensions of public affairs, and of threatening impending calamities which were to be met. I reminded him that it was a duty for us all, and particularly for him, to be prepared for approaching extraordinary emergencies. Reckless, unprincipled men in Congress had control of the government, were usurping executive authority, and would exercise these powers to extreme and evidently beyond constitutional limits.

I asked the President if he was prepared for that crisis. Should they attempt to seize the government, to arrest him? Had he determined the course he would pursue? Such a step is, I know, meditated by some of the extreme radicals. They have intended, by any measure, no matter how unprincipled and violent, to get possession of and to exercise the executive

authority. Grant would help them. Congress, unmindful of the Constitution, will place the money at his disposal instead of the President's. Who, I asked the President, had he got in whom he could confide if a collision took place?

The President became somewhat excited, arose, and walked the room. I had evidently touched on topics which had been in his mind. He spoke of Sherman as having been more emphatic in his language before he left, and suggested that Washington might be made a military Department and Sherman ordered to it. Sherman, he knew, would take it.

I expressed misgivings as to Sherman if Grant were to be his antagonist. He is friendly disposed, but would yield, I feared, and follow Grant rather than the President. I admitted that he was a man of superior intellect and of a higher sense of honor than Grant, but their military association and the ties and obligations of military fellowship and long personal intimacy and friendship would attach him to Grant, though I hoped not to the overthrow of the government.

Friday, February 21, 1868.

After disposing of regular Cabinet business, as we were about rising, the President informed us he had this morning removed Mr. Stanton. He had, he said, perhaps delayed the step too long. At all events it was time the difficulty was settled.

Some one, I believe myself, enquired who was to be his successor. The President said General Thomas, Adjutant-General, *ad interim* and until a regular Secretary was appointed.

I asked if Stanton had surrendered up the place and General Thomas taken possession. The President said General Thomas had called on S[anton] and informed him of his appointment,

that Stanton seemed calm and submissive, that some little conversation had passed between them as to removing his books and papers, and S[anton] was willing that Thomas should act as his successor.

Browning said he had been informed that Stanton intended sending in his resignation to-day or to-morrow. A few remarks took place on this subject. I wholly discredited it, and expressed the belief he would under no circumstances resign, except on the single contingency of an assurance that he would not have radical support. I was surprised to hear that he had quietly surrendered to General Thomas and should be glad to hear that he had left, and that General T[homas] was in the room in possession. McCulloch said he doubted if Stanton had resigned, or intended to. He and I had once differed. He had thought Stanton would resign as soon as re-instated. I then said he would not. The result, McCulloch said, had proved that I was right and he was wrong. He now concurred with me. Browning said he gave no credit to the rumor which he had heard. It came to him through Cox, his Chief Clerk, who caught everything afloat.

The President said he had also brevetted Major-General G. H. Thomas to be Lt. General and General, or rather that he had sent in these brevets to the Senate. He had also nominated General McClellan as Minister to England, in place of Mr. Adams.

These acts of the President will excite the radicals, and the violent ones will undoubtedly improve the opportunity to press on impeachment. Impulse rather than reason or common sense governs them. The President is vigorous and active, but too late, and has attempted too much at once.

Saturday, February 22, 1868.

There was great excitement and

many rumors last evening in regard to the President, and Congress, and others. Stanton, on getting notice of his removal, immediately sent it to the House of Representatives through the Speaker, and fire and wrath were exhibited.

The Senate were promptly informed by the President of the removal of Stanton, and the appointment of Thomas¹ *ad interim*. That body at once stopped all business and went into Executive session, where a fierce and protracted debate took place, extending far into the night. A resolution was finally adopted by a strict party vote, except Edmunds, who though a strong partisan has a legal mind, that the President had no constitutional or legal power to remove the Secretary of War and appoint another, thus giving an opinion in advance of impeachment on a point for which the President may be presented to themselves for trial.

A committee was appointed in a radical caucus, hastily convened, while the Senate was in session, who proceeded to the War Department, and counselled and conferred with Stanton how to resist the Executive, and they afterwards called on General Grant, who was inclined to be 'reticent.'

This morning General Thomas was arrested, on a writ issued by Judge Carter, a tool of Stanton, on a complaint by Stanton, that General T[homas] had violated the Civil Tenure law in accepting office against the provisions of that law, which he, Stanton, had himself emphatically declared as unconstitutional.

General Thomas readily submitted to the arrest and gave bail to appear next Wednesday. Stanton remained at the Department all night with a parcel of radical senators and representatives, and is there now and has been all day, most of the time locked up.

¹ General Lorenzo Thomas.

It was impolitic for Thomas who is a subordinate and not an independent or self-reliant man to have given bail; better to have gone to jail and sued out a writ of habeas corpus. Better still, it seems to me, if he had first got out a process against Stanton. The people still have great deference to law and to legal proceedings.

I called about noon on the President. He was in the library with the Attorney-General. We had a brief conversation on affairs, when the Attorney-General proposed to the President to ask my opinion on the subject they were discussing when I entered. The President said that was his intention, and I was asked what I thought of Thomas Ewing, Senior, for Secretary of War. I asked if a person of his years was the man for the occasion; the crisis was important. The President said he was sound and right on the questions before us, trustworthy, and he believed reliable. I still hesitated and debated the subject; his former standing, his relationship to Sherman,¹ his great age, etc. Stanbery said McClellan had just been nominated Minister to England from the Democratic side, if we now name Ewing from the old Whig ranks, the two will go well together. The President smiled assent. I remarked that I thought it would be well to get a nomination in early. The President said if we two approved, he would send in Mr. Ewing's name at once. I said if that was his view, I should acquiesce cheerfully, he was unquestionably the man who should select his own advisers.

The President directed Colonel Moore to immediately write a nomination, which he at once signed and sent to the Senate. But the Senate, although it had assigned this day to a speech from Senator Doolittle, met

¹ Ewing was Sherman's father-in-law.

and adjourned, without doing any business, so that when Colonel Moore reached the Capitol the Senate was not in session.

The President needs, at this time, resolute and energetic surroundings, men of intelligence and courage as well as of caution and prudence. With them he should counsel freely and without reserve. I apprehend he has not sufficiently fortified himself with such men. In his Cabinet, he has an honest lawyer in Mr. Stanbery, who will be faithful to him so long as he has law and precedent, but when new questions arise he is at sea and knows not how to steer. He will take no new step, or enter on any untrodden path. In the meantime the radicals are breaking over constitutional law and all legal restraints, and will, if they dare, arrest the President and his principal friends and imprison them. I do not anticipate this, yet the scheme is agitated by leading conspirators and I shall not be surprised at any movement they may make.

Returning from an evening ride, I called upon the President hoping to find him alone, but McCulloch and Jeffries² were with him. Jeffries was advising strong measures, thought if the President were to send a communication to the Senate, or to Congress, saying he wished the constitutionality of the Tenure-of-Office bill and the reconstruction acts decided by the Courts, that he would submit the laws to them, and if they should decide against him, or that the laws were constitutional, he would resign.

Such a proposition J[effries] thought would carry the country with the President. If Congress would not acquiesce in such a submission or reference, but were to proceed to extremities, then resist, seize the principal conspirators, etc. Fifty armed men would be all that

² General N. L. Jeffries.

were necessary. The President made no reply, nor did he enter into any conversation with J[effries] on the subject. I merely observed that their theories would not be carried out, however plausible they might seem when not commenced.

Congress would consent to no reference of their laws and proceedings to any court—that would be a trial of the Legislature as well as the Executive by the Judiciary. It was the purpose of the Legislature to try the Executive themselves. And then, as to the fifty military men, what could they do? Here was the General of the armies in the conspiracy, secretly urging it on. He might be arrested if insubordinate, but who was to do it? Emory is in command of the District. Can the President depend on him in an emergency? I have but little confidence in him, but the President ought to know him, and I presume does. He should have the best friend he has got in the army in that place.

I called on the President this morning in consequence of an incident which took place at a party given by Mrs. Ray last evening. After the company assembled an orderly appeared, requiring all officers of the 5th Cavalry to appear at Headquarters. Shortly after, another orderly requiring all officers under General Emory's command to appear at Headquarters. Both orders came from E[mory]. I asked the President if he had made preparations, had issued orders to E[mory]. He said he had not. Some one, said I, has. Who is it and what does it indicate? While you, Mr. President, are resorting to extreme measures, the conspirators have their spies, have command of the troops. Either Stanton or Grant or both issued orders which were proclaimed aloud and peremptorily at this large social gathering.

The President was disturbed, but

said very little. It is an error with him that he does not more freely communicate with his Cabinet and friends. This whole movement of changing his Secretary of War has been incautiously and loosely performed, without preparation.

Monday, February 24, 1868.

I have sometimes been almost tempted to listen to the accusation of the President's enemies that he desired and courted impeachment. Yet such is not the case. He is courageous and firm, with great sagacity and wide comprehension, yet is not in many respects wise and practical. It may be that he is willing the radicals should make themselves ridiculous by futile assaults, but he hardly could have expected this flurry for so peaceful and justifiable a movement.

The House this afternoon decided by a vote of 126 to 47 to impeach the President. The alleged cause of impeachment is the removal of a contumacious, treacherous and unprincipled officer, who intrudes himself into the War Department under the authority of a law, which he himself denounced as unconstitutional, a law to fetter the President and deprive the Executive of his rights.

The impeachment is a deed of extreme partisanship, a deliberate conspiracy, involving all the moral guilt of treason for which the members would, if fairly tried, be liable to conviction and condemnation. If the President has committed errors, he has done no act which justifies this proceeding. The President is innocent of crime, his accusers and triers are culpably guilty. In this violent and vicious exercise of partyism, I see the liberties and happiness of the country and the stability of the government imperilled.

The President has a reception this evening, and though neither my wife nor myself are well, and the night is

inclement, we shall, with all the family, be present.

Tuesday, February 25, 1868.

There is, I think, less excitement to-day. The weather, which is damp and dreary, perhaps contributes to it. A feeling of doubt and sadness pervades the minds of sensible men. Some of the less intense radicals are dissatisfied with their own doings.

John Bigelow, late Minister to France, spent an hour with me this p. m. He has been here some ten days, a looker-on and a good and honest observer. The proceedings at the Capitol have greatly interested him. He complains, and perhaps with reason, that the President was in fault in not communicating to his friends in Congress his purpose in removing Stanton, that they might have been prepared for the contest. The President's measures, he thinks also, should have been taken with deliberation, that he should not have permitted himself to be foiled by Stanton; that Thomas, or the man who was to take the place of Stanton, should have ejected him at once. All this is very true. It is easy, now that the matter has passed, to say that so great a scoundrel, so treacherous, false and deceitful a man, should not have been treated like a gentleman. The President has, from the first, extended to Stanton a consideration and leniency that has surprised me, for he knew him to be false, remorseless, treacherous, and base. I expressed my disbelief in his quiet retirement last Friday, when the President announced his removal and the appointment of Thomas.

Bigelow is confident, or rather has high hopes, that impeachment will fail in the Senate. Says that the large conservative force in the Senate, with the Chief Justice, look with repugnance and horror to the accession of Wade, and would prefer to continue the President. Unless, therefore, Wade will

resign and allow some good conservative Senator to be made President of the Senate, he thinks impeachment will be defeated.

Wednesday, February 26, 1868.

General Lorenzo Thomas was arrested last Saturday morning at the instigation of E. M. Stanton, on a writ, issued by Cartter, Chief Justice of the District Court. General T[homas] gave bail in \$5,000, and the case came up to-day, when he was prepared to submit to imprisonment, with a view of suing out a writ of habeas corpus and getting a decision from the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the Civil Tenure bill. This the radicals and Stanton dreaded, and after various twistings and turnings, General T[homas] was discharged.

Cartter in the whole proceeding, from its inception to the close, showed himself a most unfit judge. He has secretly visited Stanton at the War Department, and his associate, Fisher, has spent much of his time since Thomas' arrest, with Stanton.

A summons was issued for Stanton to appear as a witness for Thomas to-day, and to produce his commission, but the quondam Secretary refused to appear.

Friday, February 28, 1868.

Some laughter took place, after Cabinet Council, over the fortification and entrenchment of the War Department, and the trepidation of Stanton, who has this morning doubled his guard. Kennedy, Chief of New York police, sent a letter to Speaker Colfax, that some nitro-glycerine had disappeared from New York, and that shrewd, sagacious and patriotic functionary knew not where it had gone, unless to Washington.

The chivalrous and timid Speaker at once laid this tremendous missive before the House, and the consternation

of the gallant band of radicals became excessive. A large additional police force had been placed around the Capitol, but as it was still considered unsafe an immediate adjournment was called for. Stanton, unfortunate man, could not adjourn. There was no refuge for him save in the War Department, which is surrounded and filled with soldiers to protect him against an inroad from old General Thomas. As Stanton, Grant, and the Radical Congress have assumed the entire control of the military, to the exclusion of the President who is Commander-in-Chief, the apprehension seems to be that the Adjutant-General and his friends have resorted to nitro-glycerine.

Browning enquired whether there should not be more free communication and interchange of opinion among the members of the Cabinet in regard to the measure before Congress.

I regretted that we had not been more free in expressing our views to each other at all times — though it was felt we could not, so long as Stanton was with us, be frank and friendly. McCulloch took the same view. Browning said he had, perhaps, done wrong in bringing the subject forward; it was not his intention to intrude on the President, but the times demanded the united counsel of all. Seward, after remarking that 'too many cooks usually spoiled the broth,' expressed his readiness to meet and consult at all times. The subject of counsel in case of a trial was then introduced. Every man advised the retention of Judge Curtis. O'Connor was mentioned. McCulloch objected that he was counsel for Jeff Davis, and that party antipathy would [counteract?] his ability. Evarts was mentioned and rather pressed. I admitted his ability, but feared his want of heart in the cause. He had united with the radicals when their cause seemed strong; it must have been from

VOL. 106 - NO. 4

no mental and moral workings of such a mind as his; in that act he was not true to his nature and to what he knew to be right.

Saturday, February 29, 1868.

The impeachment committee have presented ten articles. Nine of them contain a mountain of words, but not even a mouse of impeachment material. The tenth is even weaker than the other nine, and has a long tail from General Emory. I never had faith in the firmness and honest stability of this man, who was false in 1861, and whimpered back into the service which he had deserted. His willing, volunteered testimony has been evidently procured and manufactured, and yet is nothing. The President had sent for him on the 22nd in consequence of information and suggestions from myself, and questioned him. Emory puts the *questions* in the form of *averments* by the President, and throughout exhibits himself a radical partisan for the time being.

Mr. Stanbery says that Judge Curtis will be here on Tuesday evening next. There is, Stanbery thinks, an intention on the part of the managing radicals to exclude him (Stanbery) from taking part in defence of the President before the court of impeachment, because he is Attorney-General. He queries whether he had not better resign forthwith, and devote his whole time to the case. To this we were each and all opposed, or to any resignation unless he were compelled.

A writ of *quo warranto* is to be sued out, but with the court in the District wholly under the influence of the radical conspirators, action will be delayed as long as possible, for there is nothing they so much dread as a decision of the Supreme Court on their unconstitutional laws.

There is no 'high crime or misdemeanor' in these articles that calls for

impeachment, and those who may vote to convict upon these articles would as readily vote to impeach the President had he been accused of stepping on a dog's tail. But any pretext will serve unprincipled, unscrupulous partisan vengeance.

Tuesday, March 3, 1868.

The journals of the day and the published proceedings will be a record of what occurs in matters of impeachment. I do not therefore record details of official transactions, but such only as seem to me proper together with individual movements. The spirit which has led to the impeachment movement and its consummation in the House is strange and varied. A considerable portion of those who voted for it did violence to their own convictions. There is another large element which had no convictions, but are mere shallow reckless partisans who would as readily have voted that the President should be hung in front of the White House as that he should be impeached in the Capitol, provided their leaders, Stevens, Boutwell, and others had presented papers in form for that purpose. Another and different class like Boutwell seek and expect notoriety and fame. They have read Macaulay's interesting history of the trial of Warren Hastings, and flatter themselves they are to be the Burkes and Sheridans of some future historian. Malignant party hate, and unscrupulous party thirst for power stimulate others.

Wednesday, March 4, 1868.

Seward and I met in the Council-room while waiting for the President; allusion was made to our meeting seven years ago yesterday, and of events which have since transpired. He says it is nineteen years this 4th of March since he entered the service of the United States, seven years since he became a Cabinet Minister. 'How few

of all the men,' said he, 'with whom we have been associated have proved faithful, — how many have disappointed us.' This was said in connection with present transactions, and had particular reference to Stanton.

The Cabinet met last evening at half-past seven instead of at noon. But little official business was done. We had a two hours' talk of the condition of public affairs, and especially of the great question now before the country. Judge Curtis was expected to-day. He is associated with Mr. Stanbery as one of the counsel of the President. Other names were talked of, but no conclusion came to.

McCulloch expressed a hope that the President would go to the Senate on the first day, but not afterwards. Seward said if he went the whole Cabinet ought to accompany him. I objected to either. It would give dignity and imposing form to the proceedings, which the conspirators wished, but we did not.

Tuesday, March 10, 1868.

Stanton is still making himself ridiculous by entrenching his person in the War Department, surrounded by a heavy guard. This is for effect. He is, it is true, an arrant coward, but can have no apprehension of personal danger requiring a military force to protect him. Some of his *wise* Senatorial advisers, doubtless, in their conspiracy to defeat Executive action, counselled and advised the redoubtable Secretary to hold on to the War Department building, and to fortify himself in it.

Thursday, March 12, 1868.

At a special Cabinet meeting the matter of Stanbery's resignation was considered. The general wish was that he should retain the office and act as counsel; but he prefers to be untrammelled, and has his heart much set on the trial. The President has recently

had a conversation with a newspaper correspondent (The World's) in which he disclosed Pinckney's case, who was removed by John Adams, — a point on which the counsel were relying and which we all had studiously kept secret.

Stanbery, having presented his resignation and the matter being adjusted, was about leaving, when he stopped, addressed the President and resumed his seat. 'You are now, Mr. President,' said he, 'in the hands of your lawyers who will speak and act for you, and I must begin by requesting that no further disclosures be made to newspaper correspondents. There was in the papers yesterday, or this morning, what purported to be a conversation between the President and a correspondent, in which the Pinckney correspondence was brought out and made public. This is all wrong, and I have to request that these talks or conversations be stopped. They injure your case and embarrass your counsel.' Browning followed in the same vein and more at length. The President was taken aback. He attempted some apologetic remark. Said the correspondence was in the books, accessible to all, etc. But no one justified, apologized for, or attempted to excuse him. He saw that there was general disapproval.

Some of these proceedings of the President are unaccountable and inexcusable. He seems to take pleasure in having these 'talks' of the President with this or that correspondent published. It is in his position hardly a pardonable weakness.

Friday, March 13, 1868.

Impeachment was the order of the day. The reports render the description and detail unnecessary. Of course, the President was not there, nor were any of his Cabinet. The hollow farce has no friends — hardly any with the radicals — beyond mere pretence. An

attempt to proceed forthwith to trial was made, and the Senate had a Star Chamber sitting on the measure, from which all but Senators were excluded. Little of interest took place at the Cabinet meeting.

Saturday, March 14, 1868.

I was confined to my house in consequence of a severe cold which threatened congestion of the lungs, by order of Dr. H[orwitz], but went a short time this evening in a close carriage to the President. Browning and Randall were there. No others. The President indicated more uncomfortable and uncertain feeling than I had before witnessed. He has great calmness, great fortitude, great self-reliance, but it is evident these qualities are put to a severe test by late proceedings. Browning is also disquieted, though not prepared to confess it. Randall, who mixes more with all classes and has better opportunities of feeling the pulse of the public here in Washington than others of us, expresses the strongest conviction that the President will be sustained and that the impeachment will fail. I should have no doubt myself of such a result in an ordinary case in ordinary times — or were the Senators above fanatical partisan prejudice and influence, were they statesmen and independent patriots. But, I am sorry to say I have so little confidence in a majority of the Senators that I make no reliance upon an acquittal. Should a sufficient number evince moral principle and independence to discharge their duty honestly, he may not only be acquitted but have a majority in his favor.

I have seen none of the counsel since the session of yesterday. They asked for forty days to prepare. The Senate went into secret session and gave them nine. This has a bad look. Only nine days for so great a cause, affecting the

Chief Magistrate and the Nation itself. Men who would so limit time in so grave a matter, even under secret caucus stimulants, can scarcely be considered worthy to sit in judgment in such a case. The charges are indeed frivolous — contemptible — but the House of Representatives having preferred them, the President should have been allowed ample time for his defence. But a majority of the Senators have prejudged the case, and are ready to pronounce judgment without testimony.

It is pretty evident that the radicals in Congress are in a conspiracy to overthrow not only the President but the Government. The impeachment is but a single act in the drama. Alabama is to be admitted by a breach of faith and by violence to honest, fair legislation. By trick, imposition and breach of courtesy an act was slipped through both Houses repealing the laws of 1867 and 1789 — the effect of which is to take from the Supreme Court certain powers, and [which] is designed to prevent a decision in the McCardle case. Should the Court in that case, as it is supposed they will, pronounce the reconstruction laws unconstitutional, the military governments will fall and the whole radical fabric will tumble with it. Only one course can prolong the miserable contrivance, and that is a President like Wade, who will maintain the military governments regardless of courts, or law or right. Hence I have very little expectation that the President will escape conviction. His deposition is a party necessity, and the Senators have not individually the strength, ability, nor honesty to resist the radical caucus decisions which Stevens, Ben Butler, and other chief conspirators sent out.

Tuesday, March 17, 1868.

The Cabinet met in the Library — the Council-room being occupied by the President's lawyers preparing for

the impeachment trial. There was little of interest. General Thomas was present as the *ad interim* Secretary of War. The President is anxious and more than usually abstracted. I trust he communicates freely with his counsel, though always inclined to be reserved. It has been, and is his misfortune that he has tried to and still does carry on this great government without confidants, without consulting or advising except to a very limited extent with anybody. It wears upon him, and his measures are not always taken with the caution and care that wisdom dictates.

In his movements the President is irregular. Sometimes he is inexcusably dilatory; sometimes he appears to act from impulse. His best friends expected the removal of Stanton two years earlier than it was made. So far as he communicated anything on the subject, I supposed on several occasions that change would take place. But he delayed until Congress passed a law to prevent Stanton's removal and the President from acting.

The conduct of Stanton was not gratifying to the radicals or to one wing of the Republican party — the more moderate. They were becoming tired of him. A little skilful management would have made a permanent break in that party. But the President had no tact himself to effect it; he consulted with no others; the opportunity passed away, and by a final hasty move, without preparation, without advising with anybody, he took a step which consolidated the radicals of every stripe, strengthened Stanton, while it weakened his supporters, and brought down a mountain of trouble on himself. Had he unbosomed himself to his Cabinet, received their suggestions and canvassed fully and deliberately the subject, results would have been different.

(To be continued.)

THE PRIVILEGE

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

TO-DAY I can think about only one thing. It is in vain I have tried to busy myself with my sermon for next Sunday. Last week, for another reason, I had recourse to an old sermon; but I dislike to make a practice of so doing, even though I strongly suspect that none of our little Salmon River congregation would know the difference. We are a very simple people, in this out-of-the-way Cape Breton parish, called mostly to be fishers, like Our Lord's apostles, and recking not a whit of the finer points of doctrine. Nevertheless it is an hireling shepherd who is faithless only because the flock do not ask to be fed with the appointed manna; and I shall broach the sermon again, once I have set down the thing that is so heavy on my heart.

For all I can think of just now is that Renny and Suse, out there on Halibut Head, four miles away, are alone; alone for the first time in well-nigh thirty years. The last of the brood has taken wing.

Yet it came to me this morning, as I watched Renny on the wharf saying good-by to the boy, and bidding him wrap the tippet snug about his neck in case the wind would be raw — it came to me that there is a triumph about the nest when it is empty that it could never have earlier. I saw the look of it in Renny's face, — not defeat, but exultation.

'And what are you going to do now, Renny?' I asked him, as the steamer finally slipped out of sight behind the lighthouse rock.

He stared at me a little contemptuously, a manner he has always had.

'Do, Mr. Biddles?' says he, with a queer laugh. 'Why, what *would* I do, sor? They ain't no less fish to be caught, is they, off Halibut Head, just becaust I got quit of a son or two?'

He left me, with a toss of his crisp, tawny-gray curls, jumped into his little two-wheeled cart, and was off. And I thought, 'Ah, Renny Marks, outside you are still the same wild beast as when I had my first meeting with you, two-and-thirty years ago; but inside — yes, I knew then it must come; and it was not for me to order the how of it.'

So as I took my way homeward, alone, toward the Rectory, I found myself recalling, as if it were yesterday, the first words I had ever exchanged with that tawny giant, just then in his first flush of manhood, and with a face as ruddy and healthy-looking as one of these early New Rose potatoes. Often, to be sure, I had seen him already in church, of a Sunday, sitting defiant and uncomfortable on one of the rear benches, struggling vainly to keep his eyes open; but before the last Amen was fairly out of the people's mouth, he had always bolted for the door; and I had never come, as you may say, face to face with him until this afternoon when I was footing it back, by the cove road, from a visit to an old sick woman, Nannie Odell. And here comes Renny Marks on his way home from the boat; and over his shoulder was the mainsail and gaff and a mackerel-seine and two great oars; and by

one arm he had slung the rudder and tackle and bait-pot; and under the other he lugged a couple of bundles of lath for to mend his traps; and so he was pacing along there as proud and careless as Samson bearing away the gates of Gaza on his back (*Judges* xvi, 3).

Now I had entertained the belief for some time that it was my duty, should the occasion offer, to have a serious word with Renny about matters not temporal; and this was clearly the moment. Yet even before we had met he gave me one of those proud, distrustful, I have said contemptuous, looks of his; and I seemed suddenly to perceive the figure I must cut in his eyes, pattering along there so trimly in my clerical garb, and with my book of prayers under one arm; and, do you know, I was right tongue-tied; and so we came within hand-reach, and still never a word.

At last, 'Good-day to ye, Mister Biddles,' says he with a scant, off-hand nod; and, as if he knew I must be admiring of his strength, 'I can fetch twice this load, sor,' says he, 'without so mucht as knowing the difference.'

'It's a fine thing, Renny Marks,' said I, gaining my tongue again, at his boast, 'a fine thing to be the strongest man in three parishes, if that's what ye be, as they tell me.'

'It is that, sor,' says he. 'I never been cast yet; and I don't never expect for to be.'

'But it's still finer a thing, Renny,' I went on, 'to use that strength in the honor of your Maker. Tell me, do you remember to say your prayers every night before you go to bed?'

Never shall I forget the horse-laugh the young fellow had at those words.

'Why, sor,' he exclaimed, as if I had suggested the most unconscionable thing in the world, 'saying prayers! that's for the likes of them as wash

their face every day. I say my prayers on Sunday; and that's enough for the likes of me!'

And with that, not even affording me a chance to reply, he strode off up the beach road; and in every movement of his great limbs I seemed to see the pride and glory of life. Doubtless I was to blame for not pressing home to him more urgently at that moment the claims of religion; but as I stood there, watching him, it came to me that after all he was almost to be pardoned for being proud. For surely there is something to warm the heart in the sight of the young lion's strength and courage; and even the Creator, I thought, must have taken delight in turning out such a fine piece of mortal handiwork as that Renny Marks.

But with that thought immediately came another: 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth' (*Hebrews* xii, 6). And I went home sadly, for I seemed to see that Renny had bitter things ahead of him before he should learn the great lesson of life.

Well, and this is the way it came to him. At the age of four-and-twenty, he married this Suse Barlow from down the coast a piece, — Green Harbor was the name of the town, — and she was a sweet young thing, gentle and lady-like, though of plainest country stock, and with enough education so they'd let her keep school down there. He built a little house for her, the one they still live in, with his own hands, at Hali-but Head; and I never saw anything prettier than the way that young giant treated his wife; — like a princess! It was the first time in his life, I dare say, he had ever given a thought to anything but himself; and in a fashion, I suppose, 't was still but a satisfaction of his pride, to have her so beautiful, and so well-dressed.

I remember of how often they would

come in late to church, — even as late as the Te Deum, — and I could almost suspect him of being behindhand of purpose, for of course every one would look around when he came creaking down the aisle in his big shoes, with a wide smile on his ruddy face that showed all his white teeth through his beard; and none could fail to observe how fresh and pretty Susie was, tripping along there behind him, and looking very demure and modest in her print frock, and oh, so very, very sorry to be late! And during the prayers I had to remark how his face would always be turned straight toward her, as if it were to her he was addressing his supplications; the young heathen!

Now there is one thing I never could seem to understand, though I have often turned it over in my mind, and that is, why it should be that a young Samson like Renny Marks, and a fine, bouncing girl like that Suse of his, should have children who were too weak and frail to stay long on this earth; but such was the case. They saved only three out of six; and the oldest of those three, Michael John, when he got to be thirteen years of age, shipped as cabin boy on a fisherman down to the Grand Banks, and never came back. So that left only Bessie Lou, who was twelve, and little Martin, who was the baby.

If ever children had a good bringing up, it was those two. I never saw either of them in a dirty frock or in bare feet; and that means something, you must allow, when you consider the hardness of the fisherman's life, and how often he has nothing at all to show for a season's toil except debts! But work, — I never saw any one work like that Renny; and he made a lovely little farm out there; and Suse was n't ashamed to raise chickens and sell them in Salmon River; and she dyed wool, and used to hook these rugs, with patterns of her own design, baskets of

flowers, or handsome fruit-dishes; and almost always she could get a price for them. But, as you may believe, she could n't keep her sweet looks with work like that. Before she was thirty she began to look old, as is so often true in a hard country like ours; and not often would she be coming in to church any more, because, she said, of the household duties; but my own belief is that she did not have anything to wear. But Bessie Lou and little Martin, when the boy was well enough, were there every fine Sunday, as pretty as pictures, and able to recite the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, and the Collects, and the Commandments, quite like the children of gentlefolk.

Well, when Bessie Lou got to be sixteen, she took it into her head that she must go off to Boston, where she would be earning her own living, and see something more of the world than is possible for a girl in Salmon River. Our girls all get that notion nowadays; they are not content to stay at home as girls used to do; but off they go in droves to the States, where wages are big, and there is excitement and variety. So the old people finally said yes, and off goes Bessie Lou, like the others; and in two years we heard she was to be married to a mechanic in Lynn (I think that is the name of the city) somewhere outside of Boston. She has been gone eight years now, and has three children; and she writes occasionally. She is always wishing she could come down and visit the old folks; but it is hard to get away, I presume, and they are plain working people.

So after Bessie Lou's going, all they had left at home was Martin, who was always ailing more or less. And on my word, I never saw anything like the care they gave that boy. There was n't anything too good for him. All these most expensive tonics and patent medicines they would be for trying, one

after another, and telling themselves every time that at last they had found just the right thing, because he'd seem to be bracing up a bit, and getting more active. And then he would take another of his bad spells, and lose ground again; and they would put by that bottle and try something else. One day when I was out there his ma showed me all of twenty bottles of patent medicine, some of them scarcely touched, that Renny had got for him, one time or another.

You see, Martin could n't run about outdoors very much because of his asthma; and then, his eyes being bad, that made him unhappy in the house, for he could n't be reading or studying. His father got him an old fiddle once, he'd picked up at an auction, and the boy took to it something wonderful; but not having any teacher and no music he soon grew tired of it. And whenever old Renny would be in the village, he must always be getting some little thing to take out to Martin: a couple of bananas, say, or a jack-knife, or one of those American magazines with nice pictures, especially pictures of ships and other sailing craft, of which the lad was very fond.

Well, and so last winter came, which was a very bad winter indeed, in these parts; and the poor lamb had a pitiful hard time; and whenever Renny got in to church, it was plain to see that he was eating his heart out with worry. He still had his old way of always snoring during the sermon; but oh, if you could see once the tired, anxious, supplicating look in his face, as soon as his proud eyes shut, you never would have had the heart to wish anything but 'Sleep on now, and take your rest' (*Mark* xiv, 41), for you knew that perhaps, for a few minutes, he had stopped worrying about that little lad of his.

Spring came on, at last, and Martin was out again for a while every fine

day in the sun; and sometimes the old man would be taking him abroad for a drive or for a little sail in the boat, when he was going out to his traps; and it appeared that the strain was over again for the time being. That is why I was greatly surprised and troubled one day, about two months ago, to see Renny come driving up toward the Rectory like mad, all alone in his cart. I had just been doing a turn of work myself at the hay; for it is hard to get help with us when you need it most; and as I came from the barn, in my shirt-sleeves, Renny turned in at the gate.

'Something has happened to the boy,' was my thought; and I was all but certain of it when I saw the man's face, sharp set as a flint stone, and all the blood gone from his ruddy skin so that it looked right blue. He jumped out before the mare stopped, and came up to me.

'Can I have a word with ye?' said he; and when he saw my look of question, he added, 'It ain't nothink, sor. He's all right.'

I put my hand on his shoulder, and led him into my study, and we sat down there, just as we were, I in my shirt-sleeves, and still unwashed after the hayfield.

'What is it, Renny, man?' says I.

It seemed like he could not make his lips open for a moment, and then, suddenly, he began talking very fast and excitedly, pecking little dents in the arms of the chair with his big black fingernails.

'That Bessie Lou of oors up to Boston,' said he, as if he were accusing some one of an outrage, 'we got a letter from 'er last night, we did, and she sayse, says she, why would n't we be for a-sending o' the leetle lad up theyr? They'd gladly lock oot for him, she sayse; and the winter ain't severe, she sayse; and he could go to one o' them fine city eye-doctors and 'ave his eyes

put right with glasses or somethink; and prob'ly he could be for going to school again and a-getting of his learning, which he's sadly be'indhand in, sor, becaust he's ben ailing so much.'

His eyes flashed, and the sweat poured down his forehead in streams.

I don't know why I was so slow to understand; but I read his look wrong, there seemed so much of the old insolence and pride in it, and I replied, I dare say a little reproachfully, —

'Well, and why would n't that be an excellent thing, Renny? I should think you would feel grateful.'

He stared at me for a second, as if I had struck him. Ah, we can forget the words people say to us, even in wrath; but can we ever free ourselves from the memory of such a look? Without knowing why, I had the feeling of being a traitor. And then, all of a sudden, there he had crumpled down in his chair, and put his head in his big hands, and was sobbing.

'I cain't — I cain't let him go,' he groaned. 'I woon't let him go. He's all what we got left.'

I sat there for a time, helpless, looking at him. You might think that a priest, with the daily acquaintance he has with the bitter things of life, ought to know how to face them calmly; but so far as my own small experience goes, I seem to know nothing more about all that than at the beginning. It always hurts just as much; it's always just as bewildering, just as terrible, as if you had never seen anything like it before. And when I saw that giant of a Renny Marks just broken over there like some big tree, shattered by lightning, it seemed as if I could not bear to face such suffering. Then I remembered that he had been committed into my care by God, and that I must not be only an hireling shepherd. So I said:—

'Renny, lad, it is n't for ourselves we must be thinking. It's for him.'

He lifted up his head, with the shaggy, half-gray hair all rumbled on his wet forehead, and pulled his sleeve across his eyes.

'Hark 'e, Mister Biddles,' he commanded harshly. 'Ain't we did the best we could for him? Who dares say we ain't did the best we could for him? You?'

I made no answer, and for a minute we faced each other, while he shook his clenched fists at me, and the creature in him that had never yet been cast challenged all the universe.

'They're tryin' to tak my boy away from me,' he roared, 'and they cain't do it, — I tell you they cain't. He's all what we got left, now.'

'And so you mean to keep him for yourself?' I asked.

'Ay, that I do,' he cried, jumping out of his chair, and striding up and down the room as if clean out of his wits. 'I do! I do! Why *would n't* I mean to, hey? Ain't he mine? Who's got a better right to him?'

Of a sudden he comes to a dead halt in front of me, with his arms crossed. 'Mister Biddles,' he says, very bitterly, 'you may well be thankfu' you never wast a father yoursel'. Nobody ain't for trying to tak nothink away from you.'

'That's quite true, Renny,' said I. 'But remember,' I said, not intending any irreverence, but uttering such poor words as were given to me in my extremity, 'remember, Renny, it's to a Father you say your prayers in church every Sunday; and you need n't think as that Father does n't know full as well as you what it is to give up an only Son for love's sake.'

'Hey? — What's that, sor?' cries Renny, with a face right like a dead thing.

'And would He be asking of you for to let yours go, if He did n't know there was love enough in your heart to stand the test?'

Renny broke out with a terrible groan, like the roar of anguish of a wild beast that has got a mortal wound; and the same instant the savage look died in his eyes, and the bigger love in him had triumphed over the smaller love. I could see it, I knew it, even before he spoke. He caught at my hand, blunderingly, and gave it a twist like a winch.

'He shall go, sor. He shall go for all of I. And Mr. Biddles, while I'm for telling the old woman and the boy, would ye be so condescending as to say over some of them there prayers, so I could have the feeling, as you might say, that some one was keeping an eye on me? It'll all be done in less nor a half-hour.'

And with that, off he goes, and jumps into his cart, and whips up the mare, tearing down the road like a whirlwind, just as he had come, without so much

as saying good-by. And the next day I heard them saying in the village that Renny Marks's boy was to go up to the States to be raised with his sister's family.

Ah, well, that's only a common sort of a story, I know. The same kind of things happen near us every day. I can't even quite tell why I wanted to set it down on paper like this, only that, some way, it makes me believe in God more; even when I have to remember, and it seems to me just now like I could never stop remembering it, that Renny and Susan are all alone to-day out there on Halibut Head. Renny is at the fish, of course; and Suse, I daresay, is working in her little potato patch; and Martin is out there on the sea, being borne to a world far away, and from which, I suppose, he will not be very anxious to return; for few of them do come back, nowadays, to the home country.

THE COMMUTER AND THE 'MODERN CONVENIENCES'

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE cottages are closed; the summer people have gone back to the city; only the farmers and the commuters — barnacled folk — remain as the summer tide recedes, fixed to the rocks of winter because they have grown fast. To live is to have two houses: a country house for the summer, a city house for the winter; to close one, and open the other; to change, to flit!

How different it used to be when I was a boy — away yonder in the days

of farms and homes and old-fashioned winters! Things were prepared for, made something of, and enjoyed in those days — the 'quiltings,' the 'raisings,' the Thanksgivings! What getting ready there used to be — especially for the winter! for what was n't there to get ready! and how much of everything to get ready there used to be!

It began along in late October, continuing with more speed as the days

shortened and hurried us into November. It must all be done by Thanksgiving Day — everything brought in; everything housed and battened down tight. The gray lowering clouds, the cold snap, the first flurry of snow, how they hastened and heartened the work! Thanksgiving found us ready for winter, indoors and out.

The hay-mows were full to the beams where the swallows built; the north and west sides of the barnyard were flanked with a deep wind-break of corn-fodder that ran on down the old worm-fence each side of the lane, in yellow zigzag walls; the big wooden pump under the rambo tree by the barn was bundled up and buttoned to the tip of its dripping nose; the bees by the currant bushes were double-hived; the strawberries mulched; the wood all split and piled; the cellar windows packed; and the storm-doors put on. The cows had put on an extra coat too, and turned their collars up about their ears; the turkeys had changed their roost from the ridge-pole of the corn-crib to the pearmain tree on the sunny side of the wagon-house; the squirrels had finished their bulky nests in the oaks; the muskrats of the lower pasture had completed their lodges; the whole farm — house, barn, fields, and wood-lot — had shuffled into its greatcoat, its muffler and muffetees, and settled comfortably down for the winter.

The old farmhouse was an invitation to winter. It looked its joy at the prospect of the coming cold. Low, weather-worn, mossy-shingled, secluded in its wayward garden of box and bleeding-hearts, sheltered by its tall pines, grape-vined, hop-vined, clung to by creeper and honeysuckle, it stood where the roads divided, half-way between everywhere, unpainted, unpretentious, as much a part of the landscape as the muskrat-lodge; and, like it, roomy, warm, and hospitable.

Round at the back, under the wide, open shed, a door led into the kitchen, another led into the living-room, another into the store-room; and two big, slanting double-doors, scoured and slippery with four generations of sliders, covered the cavernous way into the cellar. But they let the smell of apples up, as the garret door let the smell of sage and thyme come down; while from the door of the store-room, mingling with the odor of apples and herbs, filling the whole house and all my early memories, came the smell of broom-corn, came the sound of grandfather's loom.

Behind the stove in the kitchen, fresh-papered like the kitchen walls, stood the sweet-potato box (a sweet potato must be kept dry and warm), an ample box, a ten-barrel box full of Jersey sweets that *were* sweet, — long, golden, syrupy potatoes, grown in the warm sandy soil of the 'Jethro Piece.' Against the box stood the sea-chest, fresh with the same paper and piled with wood. There was another such chest in the living-room near the old fireplace, and still another in grandfather's work-room behind the 'ten-plate stove.'

But wood and warmth and sweet smells were not all. There was music also, the music of life, of young life and of old life — grandparents, grandchildren (about twenty-eight of them). There were seven of us alone — a girl at each end of the seven and one in the middle, which is Heaven's own mystic number and divine arrangement. Thanksgiving always found us all at grandfather's and brimming full of thanks.

That, of course, was long, long ago. Things are different nowadays. There are as many grandfathers, I suppose, as ever; but they don't make brooms in the winter any more, and live on farms. They live in flats. The old farm with its

open acres has become a city street; the generous old farmhouse has become a button, a tube, five rooms, bath — all the 'modern conveniences'; the cows have evaporated into convenient cans of condensed 'milk'; the ten-barrel box of potatoes has changed into a convenient ten-pound bag; the wood-pile into a convenient five-cent bundle of blocks tied up with a tarred string; the fireplace into a convenient moss-and-flame-painted gas log; the seven children into one, or none, or into a convenient Boston bull-terrier pup. But still, let us give thanks, for, convenient as life has become to-day, it has not yet all gone to the dogs.

It is true, however, that there might be fewer dogs, possibly, and more children; fewer flats and more farms; less canned milk (or whatever the paste is) and more real cream. Surely we might buy less and raise more; hire less and make more; travel less and see more; hear less and think more. Life might be quieter for some of us; profounder, perhaps, for others of us, — more inconvenient indeed, for all of us, and yet a thing to be thankful for.

It might; but most of us doubt it. It is not for the things we possess, but only for the things we have not, for the things we are relieved of, the things we escape, — for our conveniences, — that we are thankful nowadays. Life is summed up with us in negations. We tally our conveniences only, quick-detachable-tired, six-cylindere, seventy-horse-powered conveniences. To construct eighteen-million dollars' worth of destruction in the shape of a gun-boat! to lay out a beautiful road and then to build a machine to 'eat it'! to be allotted a span of time, and study how to annihilate it! O Lord, we thank Thee that we have all the modern conveniences, from cucumbers at Christmas to a Celestial Crèche! Heaven is such a nice, fit, convenient place for

our unborn children! God is their home. The angels can take such gentle care of them! Besides, they are not so in the way there; and, if need be, we have the charity children and other people's children; or we have the darling little sweet-faced Boston bull-terrier pup.

For myself, I have never had a little cherub-faced bull-pup; but at this present writing I am helping to bring up our fourth baby, and I think I see the convenience of the pup. And I am only the *father* of the baby at that!

To begin with, you can buy a pup. You can send the stable-man after it. But not a baby. Not even the doctor can fetch it. The mother must go herself after her baby — to Heaven it may be; but she will carry it all the way through Hell before she brings it to the earth, this earth of sunlit fields and stormy skies, so evidently designed to make men of babies. A long perilous journey this, across a whole social season.

Certainly the little dog is a great convenience; and as certainly he is a great negation, — the substitution, as with most conveniences, of a thing for a self.

Our birth may be a sleep and a forgetting, but life immediately after is largely an inconvenience. That is the meaning of an infant's first strangling wail. He is protesting against the inconvenience of breathing. Breathing is an inconvenience; eating is an inconvenience; sleeping is an inconvenience; praying is an inconvenience; but they are part and parcel of life, and nothing has been done yet to relieve the situation, except in the item of prayer. From the several other inconveniences not mentioned above, that round out life (death excepted), we have found ways of escape — by borrowing, renting, hiring, avoiding, denying, until living, which is the sum of all incon-

veniences, has been reduced to its minimum.

But not for the Commuter. Living for him is near its maximum. I have been reckoning up my inconveniences: the things that I possess; the things I have that are mine; not rented, borrowed, hired, avoided, but claimed, performed, made, owned; that I am burdened with, responsible for; that require my time and my hands. And I find that, for this essay, I must confine myself strictly to the inconveniences incidental to commuting.

To begin with, there is the place of the Commuter's home. Home? Yes, no doubt, he has a home, but where is it? Can Heaven, beside the Commuter, find out the way there?

You are standing with your question at the entrance of the great terminal station as the wintry day and the city are closing, and it is small wonder that you ask if God knows whither, over the maze of tracks reaching out into the night, each of this commuting multitude is going. But follow one, any one of the bundled throng — this one, this tired, fine-faced Scotchman of fifty years whom we chanced to see during the day selling silks behind the counter of a vast department store.

It is a chill November evening, with the meagre twilight already spent. Our Commuter has boarded a train for a nineteen-mile ride; then an electric car for five miles more, when he gets off, under a lone electric light, swinging amid the skeleton limbs of forest trees. We follow him on, now afoot, down a road dark with night and overhanging pines, on past a light in a barn, and on, when a dog barks, a horse whinnies, a lantern flares suddenly into the road and comes pattering down at us on two feet, calling, 'Father! father!'

We stop at the gate as father and daughter enter the glowing kitchen; then a moment later we hear a cheer-

ful voice greeting the horse, and had we gone closer to the barn we might have heard the creamy tinkle of milk, spattering warm into the bottom of the tin pail.

Heaven knew whither, over the reaching rails, this tired seller of silks was going. Heaven was there awaiting him. The yard-stick was laid down at half-past five o'clock; at half-past six by the clock the Commuter was far away, farther than the other side of the world, in his own small barn where they neither sell silk nor buy it, but where they have a loft full of fragrant meadow hay, and keep a cow, and eat their oatmeal porridge with cream.

It is an inconvenient world, this distant, darkened, unmapped country of the Commuter. Only God and the Commuter know how to get there, and they alone know why they stay. But there are reasons, good and sufficient reasons — there are inconveniences, I should say, many and compelling inconveniences, such as wife and children, miles in, miles out, the isolation, the chores, the bundles — loads of bundles — that keep the Commuter commuting. Once a commuter, always a commuter; because there is no place along the road, either way, where he can lay his bundles down.

Bundles, and miles in, and miles out, and isolation, and children, and chores? I will count them all.

The bundles I have carried! And the bundles I have yet to carry! to 'tote'! to 'tote'! But is it all of life to be free from bundles? How indeed may one so surely know that one has a hold upon life as when one has it done into a bundle? Life is never so tangible, never so compact and satisfactory, as while still wrapped up and tied with a string. One's clothes, to take a single example, as one bears them home in a box, are an anticipation and a pure joy — the very clothes that, the next

day, one wears as a matter of course, or wears with disconcerting self-consciousness, or, it may be, with physical distress.

And here are the Commuter's weary miles. Life to everybody is a good deal of a journey; to nobody so little of a journey, however, as to the Commuter, for his traveling always brings him home.

Now with his isolation and his chores it is different, because they really have no separate existence save in the urban mind, as hydrogen and oxygen have no separate existence save in the corked flasks of the laboratory. These gases are found side by side nowhere in nature. Only water is to be found free in the clouds and springs and seas — only the union of hydrogen and oxygen, because it is part of the being of these two elements to combine. So is it the nature of chores and isolation to combine — into water, like hydrogen and oxygen; into a well of water, springing up everlastingly to the health, the contentment, and to the self-sufficiency of the Commuter.

At the end of the Commuter's evening journey, where he lays his bundles down, is home, which means a house, not a latch-key and 'rooms'; a house, I say, not a 'floor,' but a house that has foundations and a roof, that has an outside as well as inside, that has shape, character, personality, for the reason that the Commuter, and not a Community, lives there. Flats, tenements, 'chambers,' 'apartments' — what are they but public buildings, just as inns and hospitals and baths are, where you pay for your room and ice-water, or for your cot in the ward, as the case may be? And what are they but unmistakable signs of a reversion to early tribal conditions, when not only the cave was shared in common, but the wives and children and the day's kill? The differences between an ancient cliff-house and a modern flat

are mere details of construction; life in the two would have to be essentially the same, with odds, particularly as to room and prospect, in favor of the cliff-dweller.

The least of the troubles of flatting is the flat; the greatest is the shaping of life to fit the flat, conforming, and sharing one's personality, losing it indeed! I'll commute first! The only thing I possess that distinguishes me from a factory shoe-last or an angel of heaven is my personality. Shoe-lasts are known by sizes and styles, angels by ranks; but a man is known by what he is n't, and by what he has n't, in common with anybody else.

One must commute, if one would live in a house, and have a home of one's own, provided, of course, that one works in New York City, or in Boston or Chicago; and provided, further, that one is as poor as one ought to be. And most city-workers are as poor as they ought to be — as poor, in other words, as I am.

Poor! Where is the man rich enough to buy Central Park or Boston Common? For that he must needs do who would make a city home with anything like my dooryard and sky and quiet. A whole house, after all, is only the beginning of a home; the rest of it is dooryard and situation. A house is for the body; a home for body and soul; and the soul needs as much room outside as inside the house, — needs a garden and some domestic animal and the starry vault of the sky.

It is better to be cramped for room within the house than without. Yet the yard need not be large, certainly not a farm, nor a gentleman's estate, nor fourteen acres of woodchucks, such as my own. Neither can it be, for the Commuter, something abandoned in the remote foothills, nor something wanton, like a naked brazen piece of sea-sand 'at the beach.'

The yard may vary in size, but it must be of soil, clothed upon with grass, with a bush or a tree in it, a garden, and some animal, even if the animal has to be kept in the tree, as with one of my neighbors, who is forced to keep his bees in his single weeping willow, his yard not being quite large enough for his house and his hive. A bee needs considerable room.

And the soul of the Commuter needs room, — craves it, — but not mere acres, nor plenitude of things. I have fourteen acres, and they are too many. Eight of them are in woods and gypsy moths. Besides, at this writing, I have one cow, one yearling heifer, one lovely calf, with nature conspiring to get me a herd of cows; also ten colonies of bees, which are more than any Commuter needs, even if they never swarmed; nor does he need so many coming cows.

But with only one cow, and only one colony of bees, and only one acre of yard, still how impossibly inconvenient, how unnecessarily expensive, indeed, the life of the Commuter is! A cow is truly an inconvenience if you care for her yourself — an inherent, constitutional, unexceptional inconvenience are cows and wives if you care for them yourself. A hive of bees is an inconvenience; a house of your own is an inconvenience, and, according to the figures of many of my business friends, an unwarranted luxury. It is cheaper to rent, they find. 'Why not keep your money in your business, where you can turn it?' they argue. 'Real estate is a poor investment generally, — so hard to sell, when you want to, without a sacrifice.'

It is all too true. The house, the cow, the children, are all inconvenient. I can buy two quarts of blue Holstein milk of a milkman, typhoid and scarlet-fever germs included, with much less inconvenience than I can make my yellow-skinned Jersey give down her

fourteen quarts a day. I can live in a rented house with less inconvenience than in this house of my own. I am always free to go away from a rented house, and I am always glad to go. The joy of renting is to move, or sublet; also to be rid of taxes and repairs. 'Let the risers rot! It is n't my house, and if I break my neck I'll sue for damages!' There is your renter, and the joy he gets in renting.

There are advantages, certainly, in renting; your children, for instance, can each be born in a different house, if you rent; and if they chance to come all boys, like my own, they can grow up at the City Athletic Association — a more or less permanent place, nowadays, which may answer very well their instinctive needs for a fixed abode, for a home. There are other advantages, no doubt; but however you reckon them, the rented house is in the end a tragedy, as the wilful renter and his homeless family is a calamity, a disgrace, a national menace. Drinking and renting are vicious habits. A house and a bit of land of your own are as necessary to normal living as fresh air, food, a clear conscience, and work to do.

If so, then the question is, Where shall one make his home? 'Where shall the scholar live?' asks Longfellow; 'in solitude or society? In the green stillness of the country where he can hear the heart of nature beat, or in the dark gray city where he can feel and hear the throbbing heart of man? I make answer for him to say, In the city.'

I should say so, too, and I should say it without so much oracular solemnity. The city for the scholar. He needs books, and they do not grow in cornfields. The pale book-worm is a city worm, and feeds on glue and dust and faded ink. The big green tomato-worm lives in the country. But this is not a question of where scholars should live;

it is where *men* should live, and their children. Where shall a man's home be? Where shall he eat his supper? Where lay him down to sleep when his day's work is done? Where find his odd job and spend his Sunday? Where shall his children keep themselves usefully busy and find room to play? Let the Commuter, not the scholar, make answer.

The Commuter knows the dark gray city, knows it darker and grayer than the scholar, for the Commuter works there, shut up in a basement, or in an elevator, maybe, six days a week; he feels and hears the throbbing heart of man all the day long; and when evening comes he hurries away to the open country where he can hear the heart of nature beat, where he can listen a little to the beating of his own.

Where, then, should a man live? I will make answer only for myself, and say, Here in Hingham, right where I am, for here the sky is round and large, the evening and the Sunday silences are deep, the dooryards are wide, the houses are single, and the neighborhood ambitions are good kitchen-gardens, good gossip, fancy chickens, and clean paint.

There are other legitimate ambitions, and the Commuter is not without them; but these go far toward making home, toward giving point and purpose to life, and a pinch of pride.

The ideal home depends very much, of course, on the home you had as a child, but I can think of nothing so ideally homelike as a farm, — an ideal farm, ample, bountiful, peaceful, with the smell of apples coming up from the cellar, and the fragrance of herbs and broom-corn haunting store-room and attic.

The day is past when every man's home can be his farm, dream as every man may of sometime having such a home; but the day has just arrived

when every man's home can be his garden and chicken-pen and dooryard, with room and quiet and trees.

The day has come, for the means are at hand, when life, despite its present centralization, can be more spread out, roomier, simpler, healthier, more nearly normal, because lived nearer to the soil. It is time that every American home was built in the open country, for there is plenty of land — land in my immediate neighborhood for a hundred homes where children can romp, and your neighbor's hens, too, and the inter-neighborhood peace brood undisturbed. And such a neighborhood need not be either the howling wilderness, where the fox still yaps, or the semi-submerged suburban village, where every house has its Window-in-Thrums. The Commuter cannot live in the wild country, else he must cease to commute; and as for small-village life — I suppose it might be worse. It is not true that man made the city, that God made the country, and that the Devil made the village in between; but it is pretty nearly true, perhaps.

But the Commuter, it must be remembered, is a social creature, especially the Commuter's wife, and no near kin to stumps and stars. They may do to companion the prophetic soul, but not the average Commuter, for he is common and human, and needs his own kind. Any scheme of life that ignores this human hankering is sure to come to grief; any benevolent plan for homesteading the city poor that would transfer them from the garish day of the slums to the sweet solitudes of unspoiled nature had better provide them with copies of *The Pleasures of Melancholy* and leave them to bask on their fire-escapes.

Though to my city friends I seem somewhat remote and incontinent, still I am not dissevered and dispersed from my kind, for I am only twenty

miles from Boston Common, and as I write I hear the lowing of a neighbor's cows, the voices of his children as they play along the brook below, and off among the fifteen square miles of tree-tops that fill my front yard, I see two village spires, two Congregational spires, once one, that divided and fell and rose again on opposite sides of the village street. I often look at those spires, and as often think of the many sweet trees that wave between me and the tapering steeples, where they look up to worship toward the sky, and look down to scowl across the street.

Any lover of the city could live as far out as this; could live here and work there. I have no quarrel with the city as a place to work in. Cities are as necessary as wheat-fields and as lovely too — from twenty miles away, or from Westminster Bridge at daybreak. The city is as a head to the body, the nervous centre where the multitudinous sensations are organized and directed, where the multitudinous and inter-related interests of the round world are directed. The city is necessary; city work is necessary; but less and less is city living necessary.

It is less and less possible also. New York City — the length and breadth of Manhattan — and Boston, from the Fenway in three directions to the water-front, areas unfit for a child to grow up in as the basement floor of a china store for a calf. There might be hay enough on such a floor for a calf, as there is doubtless air enough on a New York City street for a child. It is not the lack of things — not even of air — in a city, that renders life next to impossible there; it is rather the multitude of things. City life is a three-ringed circus, with a continuous performance, with interminable side-shows and peanuts and pink lemonade; it is jarred and jostled and trampled and crowded and hurried; it is overstimu-

lated, spindling, and premature — it is too convenient.

You can crowd desks and pews and work-benches without much danger, but not outlooks and personalities, not beds and doorsteps. Men will work to advantage under a single roof; they cannot sleep to advantage so. A man can work under almost any conditions; he can live under very few.

Here in New England — as everywhere — the conditions of labor during the last quarter-century have vastly changed, while the conditions of healthful living have remained essentially the same, as they must continue to remain for the next millennium.

Some years ago I moved into an ancient house in one of the oldest of New England towns. Over the kitchen, one day, I found a room that had to be entered by ladder from without. That room was full of lasts and benches — all the kit necessary for shoe-making on a small scale. There were other houses scattered about with other such rooms — closed as if by death. Far from it. Yonder in the distance smoked the chimney of a great factory. All the cobblers of these houses had gathered there to make shoes by machine. But where do they live? and how? Here in the old houses where their fathers lived, and as their fathers lived, riding, however, to and from their work on the electric cars.

I am now living in an adjoining town where, on my drive to the station, I pass a small hamlet of five houses grouped about a little shop, through whose windows I can see benches, lasts, and old stitching-machines. Shoes were once made here on a large scale, by more recent methods. Some one is building a boat inside now. The shoemakers have gathered at the great factory with the shoemakers of the neighbor town. But they continue to live in the hamlet, as they used to, under the open sky, in

their small gardens. And they need to. The conditions of their work have quite changed, the simple, large needs of their lives remain forever the same.

Let a man work where he will, or must; let him live where only the whole man can live — in a house of his own, in a yard of his own, with something green and growing to cultivate, something alive and responsive to take care of; and let it be out under the sky of his birthright, in a quiet where he can hear the wind among the leaves, and the wild geese as they *honk* high overhead in the night to remind him that the seasons have changed, that winter is following down their flying wedge.

As animals (and we are entirely animal) we are as far under the dominion of nature as any ragweed or woodchuck. But we are entirely human too, and have a human need of nature, that is, a spiritual need, which is no less real than the physical. We die by the million yearly for lack of sunshine and pure air; and who knows how much of our moral ill-health might be traced to our lack of contact with the healing, rectifying soul of woods and skies?

A man needs to see the stars every night that the sky is clear. Turning down his own small lamp, he should step out into the night to see the pole star where he burns or 'the Pleiads rising through the mellow shade.'

One cannot live among the Pleiads; one cannot even see them half of the time; and one must spend part of one's time in the mill. Yet never to look for the Pleiads, or to know which way to look, is to spend, not part, but all of one's time in the mill.

'The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,' and life for something other than mere work!

The Commuter is bound to see the stars nightly, as he goes down to shut

up the hens. He has the whole outdoors in his yard, with the exception of a good fish-pond; but if he has no pond, he has, and always has, to save him from the round of the mill, a little round of his own — those various endless, small, inconvenient home-tasks, known as 'chores.' To fish is 'to be for a space dissolved in the flux of things, to escape the calculable, drop a line into the mysterious realms above or below conscious thought'; to 'chore' is for a space to stem the sweeping tides of time, to outride the storms of fate, to sail serene the sea of life — to escape the mill!

Blessed is the man who has his mill-work to do, perfunctory, necessitous, machine-work to do; twice blessed the man who has his mill-work to do and who loves the doing of it; thrice blessed the man who has it, who loves it, and who, besides, has the varied, absorbing, self-asserting, self-imposed labors about his own barn to perform!

There are two things in the economy of unperverted nature that it was never intended, I think, should exist: the childless woman and the choreless man. For what is a child but a woman with a soul? And what is a chore? Let me quote the dictionary: —

'Chore, *char*, a small job; especially a piece of minor domestic work, as about a house or barn; . . . generally in the plural.'

A small, domestic, plural job! There are men without such a job, but not by nature's intention; as there are women without children, and cows without cream.

What change and relief is this small, domestic, plural job from the work of the shop! That work is set and goes by the clock. It is nine hours long, and all in the large or all in the infinitesimally small, and all in the singular. It may deal with millions, but seldom pays in more than ones and twos. And too

often it is only for wages; too seldom is it for love — for one's self.

Not so this small domestic job. It is plural and personal, to be done for the joy of doing it. So it ought to be with these Freshman themes that I go on, year after year, correcting; so it ought to be with the men's shoes that my honest neighbor goes on, year after year, vamping. But the shoes are never all made. Endless vistas of unvamped shoes stretch away before him down the days of all his years. He never has the joy of having finished the shoes, of having a change of shoes. But recently he reshingled his six by eight hen-coop and did a *finished* piece of work; he trimmed and cemented up his apple tree and did a finished piece of work; he built a new step at the kitchen door and did a finished piece of work. Step and tree and hen-coop had beginnings and ends, little undertakings, that will occur again, but which, for this once, were started and completed; small, whole, various domestic jobs, thrice halting for my neighbor, the endless procession — the passing, the coming, the trampling of the shoes.

And here are the teachers, preachers, writers, reformers, politicians — men who deal, not in shoes, but in theories, ideals, principalities, and powers; those large, expansive, balloonish commodities that show the balloon's propensity to soar and to explode — do they not need ballast as much as the shoemaker, bags of plain sand in the shape of the small domestic job?

During some months' stay in the city not long ago, I sent my boys to a kindergarten. Neither the principal nor the teachers, naturally, had any children of their own. Teachers of children and mothers' advisers seldom have. I was forced to lead my dear lambs prematurely forth from this Froebel fold, when the principal, looking upon them with tears, exclaimed,

'Yes, your farm is no doubt a *healthful* place, but they will be so without guidance! They will have no one out there to show them how to play!'

That dear woman is ballooning, and without a boy of her own for ballast. Only successful mothers and doting old grandfathers (who can still go on all fours) should be allowed to kindergarten. Who was it but old Priam, to whom Andromache used to lead little Astyanax?

Indeed all of the theorizing, sermonizing, inculcating professions ought to be made strictly avocational, strictly incidental to some real business. Let our Presidents preach (how they love it!); let our preachers nurse the sick, catch fish, or make tents. It is easier for the camel, with both his humps, to squeeze through the eye of the needle than for the professional man of any sort to perform his whole duty with sound sense and sincerity.

But ballast is a universal human need — chores, I mean. It is my privilege frequently to ride home in the same car with a broker's book-keeper. Thousands of dollars' worth of stock pass through his hands for record every day. The 'odor' of so much affluence clings to him. He feels and thinks and talks in millions. He lives over-night, to quote his own words, 'on the end of a telephone wire.' That boy makes ten dollars a week, wears 'swagger clothes,' and boards with his grandmother, who does all his washing, except the collars. What ails him? and a million other Americans like him? Only the need to handle something smaller, something realer than this pen of the recording (American) angel — the need of chores. He should have the wholesome reality of a buck-saw twice a day; he might be saved if he could be interested in chickens; could feed them every morning, and every evening could 'pick up the eggs.'

So might many another millionaire. When a man's business prohibits his caring for the chickens, when his affairs become so important that he can no longer shake down the furnace, help dress one of the children, or tinker about the place with a hammer and saw, then that man's business had better be put into the hands of a receiver, temporarily; his books do not balance.

I know of a college president who used to bind (he may still) a cold compress about his head at times and, lying prone upon the floor, have two readers, one for each ear, read simultaneously to him different theses, so great was the work he had to do, so fierce his fight for time — time to lecture to women's clubs and to write his epoch-making books.

Oh, the multitude of epoch-making books!

But as for me, I am a Commuter, and I live among a people who are Commuters, and I have stood with them on the banks of the Ohio, according to the suggestion of one of our wisest philosophers (Josh Billings, I think), and, in order to see how well the world could get on without me, I have stuck my finger into the yellow current, pulled it out, and looked for the hole.

The placid stream flowed on.

So now, when a reasonable day's work is done, I turn homeward to the

farm; and these early autumn nights I hang the lantern high in the stable, while four shining faces gather round on upturned buckets behind the cow. The lantern flickers, the milk foams, the stories flow — 'Bucksy' stories of the noble red-man; stories of Arthur and the Table Round, of Guyon and Britomart, and the heroes of old; and marvelous stories of that greatest hero of them all — their father, far away yonder when he was a boy, when there were so many interesting things to do, and such fun doing them!

Now the world is so 'full of a number of things' — things to do still, but things, instead of hands, and things instead of selves, so many things to do them with — even a *thing* to milk with, now! But I will continue to use my hands.

No, I shall probably never become a great milk-contractor. I shall probably remain only a commuter to the end. But if I never become anything great, — the Father of my Country, or the Father of Poetry, or the Father of Chemistry, or the Father of the Flying Machine, — why, I am at least the father of these four shining faces in the lantern light; and I have, besides them, handed down from the past, a few more of life's old-fashioned inconveniences, attended, to be sure, with their simple old-fashioned blessings.

MY LITTLE TOWN

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

VIVIDLY at times my memory restores to me the sensation of the eternal Sabbath. Beyond the stained-glass windows, the sunshine is sifted over daisied graves. Perhaps, for all one knows, the grown-up angels are letting the little ones sport over those graves at this very minute, even though it is Sunday, for there are no parishes in heaven to say no to naughtiness. My mother is held home from the sanctuary that morning. The three of us sit a-row in the front pew. Above us our father thunders forth his sermon, to which we give but scant attention, that roar in his voice being part of the programme of this one day in seven. Against my own shoulder drowns my little sister's head. On my other side, my little brother conceals his yawns by receiving them into a little brown paw, and then, as it were, softly sliding them into his pocket, as if his hand had other business there. But I, I sit erect and unwinking, for I am the minister's eldest, and the Parish is at my back.

While the younger ones nodded, while the infant angels played hide-and-seek out in the graveyard sunshine, of what was I thinking? This: of the minister's daughter who had lived in that Parish before me. A great girl of five she had been when she used, having waited until her father was engrossed in his sermon, to slip from that very front pew in which I sat, to steal up into the chancel, and there, all silently but with impish grimace and antics, would she hold the horrified gaze of the Parish so fascinated that her father would at length

be diverted from his eloquence, and forthwith, swooping from the pulpit all in a swirl of wrathful surplice, would bear his small daughter into the vestry room and lock her there before resuming his sermon. She was very naughty, but oh, what larks, what larks! So I thought then, and still to-day I am querying whether that little girl—invariably though she must, under steady parochial pressure, have been subdued to a womanhood of decency and decorum—does not to-day in middle life rejoice that once upon a time, at five, she had her little fling in her father's chancel!

But we were children of no such independent pattern; and so on every Sabbath we presented to the Parish's criticism unriggling infant backs, little ramrods of religion, while our thoughts went flying off on impish business of their own; and, as the years flowed by, on and up to man's estate we tramped, always thrusting forward in sight of the Parish, fashionable, urban, critical, our shabby best foot, skittish though that foot might be. Holding well together, on we went, running the gauntlet of many parishes, until at last we trudged us into Littleville. We supposed my little town would be a parish too, but it is not.

Cosily remote and forgotten among its blue hills, Littleville has preserved a primitive hospitality, so that, battered nomads of much clerical adventuring, we sank gratefully into its little rectory. There was perhaps a reason for our sincerity of welcome, for if

we had had our parishes, so, too, had Littleville had its parsons. It belongs to that class of far-away, wee congregations whither they send old ministers outwearied, to be alone with old age and memories beside the empty, echoing churches reminiscent of the days when farmers attended service. And if among these venerable shepherds there have fallen to Littleville's lot some whose scholarly old wits had gone a bit doddering, so that they believed and preached whimsical doctrine, or could no longer trace without assistance the labyrinth of the liturgy, or others, younger, who had proved ministerial shipwrecks because they were burdened by some fatal handicap in child or wife,—if such have come to Littleville, Littleville has been very kindly. My little town has accepted its hay-crop as the rain has willed, and its ministers as the bishop has sent them. Its views on both visitations are produced in a spirit of comment rather than criticism; its conduct toward both is that of adaptation rather than argument.

For instance, there was that bachelor-rector who preferred the society of beasts to that of his parishioners in the rectory, and to that of his fellow saints in the new Jerusalem. During his incumbency a setting-hen occupied the fireplace in the spare room, and a dog sat on a chair at his celibate table, and crouched before the pulpit during service. Littleville did not protest; rather, of a week-day, the female members from time to time descended upon the unhappy man in his retirement, and with broom and mop-pail cleaned him up most thoroughly; and of a Sunday the whole body of the congregation listened unwinking while their rector's brandished fist demanded from their stolid faces eternal salvation for his Rover,—listened with those inscrutable eyes I have come to respect: for I know

that while Littleville never argued with their parson the point of kennels in the skies, they will turn this theological morsel under their tongues down at the hardware store unto the third and fourth generation.

Then there was the vicar whose poor boy was scarred in a way that Littleville, sympathetic but always delightfully circumstantial, has painted upon my imagination. When, during this rectorate, rival sectarians would point to the goodly ruddiness of some Baptist or Methodist scion, the Littleville Anglicans would loyally argue that Seth Lawson over at Hyde's Crossing had a little girl who had four thumbs, and Seth was just a plain man, and no minister.

Tradition tells also of a parson who trod the mazes of the ritual so uncertainly that he was just as likely to jump backwards as forwards in the psalter. With inimitable delicacy Littleville would stand holding its prayer-books at attention, ready to jump with him, whichever way he went. However, certain women have confided to me how fearful they were, on their wedding-day, lest this retrograde movement might occur during the solemnization of matrimony.

Thus it came about, I fancy, that Littleville received us with relief as well as warmth, for our theology was so simple and sound that hardly could the agnostic barber find fault with it; a family studiously normal, we showed

Never mole, harelip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious;—

and we proved able to conduct service with sonorous equilibrium.

Here we have been accepted and courteously entreated. Here we have not had to live up to any parochial pretensions, for my little town does not play bridge or give dinner-parties. Here in my little town we need not rise betimes to perform miracles of domestic

service on the sly in order to be free to attend on the lordly city parishioner possessed of maid-servants and manservants. Rather we may wear our gingham pinafores on the front porch, and pop our peas under the very nose of the senior warden, and very probably with his assistance, if he perchance slouch down beside us, blue-overalled and genial.

Littleville, always leisurely, took its time about getting acquainted with us. It hurtled us through no round of teas, it did not put us through the paces of a parish reception. Rather it came and hammered together our broken furniture, decayed by much moving, it stole in at the back door to help us when we were sick, it let us know it missed us when we went worldward, visiting. Of such as it had, it made us gifts, — a yellow pumpkin vaulting our back fence, potatoes rattling into our cellar-bins unannounced while we were still abed, golden maple syrup flowing for us at the time when tin pails gleam all up and down the street, and the sap-vats bubble and steam pungently; or perhaps the gift is the reward of the gunning season, as when a vestryman-huntsman, as we stand about the social door after church, darts aside into the coal-bin and thence presents a newspaper package streaked with pink; peeped at to please his beaming eye, it exhibits a brace of skinned squirrels, which we bear oozily homeward from divine service.

There is in the mere aspect of Littleville a latent friendliness perceptible to all eyes that give more than a touring-car glance. Over our hilly streets slumbers eternal leisure. Whatever it is, Littleville always has time to talk about it. When anything happens we all go running out of our front doors to discuss it, but otherwise our streets are very still: rows of farm-houses planted side by side for sociability, while

behind each stretch its acres of stony pasture and half-shown woodland. At night, silence and darkness settle upon us early. By nine even the hotel has gone to bed, so that it would with difficulty be summoned forth in protesting pajamas if a late traveler should clamor at the door. Of a starless night you may look forth at eight and see no glimmer of light or life all up and down the street. When we come to church of a winter evening, we carry lanterns as we plod a drifted path in high-girt skirts and generous galoshes. One's sleep is sometimes startled by a flare of light that streams from wall to wall and passes, as some mysterious late lantern-bearer goes by, leaving the night again all blackness, pierced sometimes by the crazy laughter of an owl, or beaten upon by the insistent clamor of frogs.

Those who live by Littleville's quiet streets have had time to have their little ways. For example, they still have "comp'ny" in Littleville. In other places they no longer have comp'ny, no longer sacrifice for unprotesting hours and days and weeks all domestic peace and privacy to the exigencies of an intrusive guest. Comp'ny, imminent, instant, or past, is discussed in bated whispers at back doors. Assistance and sympathy are proffered as in a run of fever. As for the comp'ny itself, it knows its privileges and never resigns its prerogatives. However efficient at home, when a-visiting, it can sit on the barnyard bars in its best store suit and without an emotion of conscience watch its host milk twenty cows, or within doors it can fold its housewifely hands upon its waistline, regard without compunction a lap for once apronless, and rock and chatter hour after hour while its hostess pants and perspires to feed it. But Littleville has one revenge: one day, it, too, can put on its best and drive off, and itself be somebody's comp'ny.

Comp'ny by definition comes from abroad, invading our peaceful citadel from some hillside farm or neighboring village; within our own bulwarks we are all too neighborly for any such alien stiffness. Our streets are cheery with greeting. Among the younger fry, 'Hello' is the universal term of accost. 'Hello!' some youngster yodels to me from across the street, 'hello,' supplemented by the frank employment of my baptismal name, sign and seal of my adoption. We are careless of the little formalities of Miss and Mr. here, just as our gentlemen are careless of their hat-raising. Why should Littleville man endanger head and health from false deference to his hearty, workaday comrade, woman? From the older men, surely, twinkle and grin are greeting enough without any up-quirking of rheumatic elbows; and as for the younger men, I have a fondness for their method of raising the right index finger to the hat-brim, with a smile that points in the same direction.

Although we are without formality, certain conventions always belong to a call. The popular hours are two and six, with the tacit exemption of Saturday evening, for then we might inconsiderately intercept the gentleman of the house en route from his steaming wash-tub in the kitchen to his ice-bound bedroom. We have our set forms of greeting and departure. A hostess must always meet a caller with a hearty, 'Well, you're quite a stranger.' A caller must always remain a cordial two hours, and rising to leave must invariably say, 'Well, I'm making a visit, not a call'; to which the hostess responds, 'Why, what's your hurry?' Conversation must hold itself subject to interruption, must be prepared to arrest itself in the midst of the most lurid recital in order that all may fly to the window if man or beast or both pass by.

As to that conversation itself, we really do not care for feverish animation. We allow ourselves long pauses while we creak our rockers, pleasantly torpid. Should our emptiness become too acute, there is always one subject that can fill it. We always have the sick. We report to each other anxiously that So-and-So is having 'a poor spell,' a condition that, if obstinate, will result in the poor man or woman's 'doctoring,' a perilous substitute for home treatment. We have our hereditary nostrums of combinations quainter than Shakespeare's cauldron, and home-made brews of herbs that sound almost Chaucerian. There is suggestion still more remote in 'hemlock tea.' I am not certain of its ingredients, but its effect is to produce a state of affairs known as a 'hemlock sweat.' A 'hemlock sweat' is the last resort before sending for the doctor, and it generally brings him.

If our interest in our diseases should ever flag, we have, of course, always our neighbors. In Littleville, gossip has become an art, in so far as it possesses the perfection of pungency without taint of malice, like the chat of an inquisitive Good Samaritan. When Littleville talks about its neighbors, I listen in reverence before a penetration I have never seen anywhere else. Littleville has not gone abroad to study human nature; it has stayed at home, and watched every flicker of its neighbor's eyelash, has marked each step taken from toddling infancy to toddling old age, has listened to every word uttered from babyhood to senility. Oh, Littleville knows its own; and knowing its own, knows other folk too. New-comer though I am, I should venture no pretense in the face of that slumbering twinkle in Littleville's eyes, — Littleville, sharp of tongue and genial in deeds.

This grace of Littleville charity,

charity, keen-eyed yet tender, can be, I suppose, the possession of stationary people only; of people who have been babies together, have wedded and worked, been born and been buried together, whose parents and grandparents also are unforgotten, whose dead lie on white-dotted hillsides in every one's knowledge. The thought of this bond of permanence, of memories, has its wistfulness for us others. You can never be very hard on the woman, however fallen, who was once the little Sallie to share her cooky with you at recess; and, however his poor grizzled head be addled now with drink and failure, a man is still the little Joey whose bare feet trod with yours the stubble of forbidden midnight orchards.

All the world looks askance at a gypsy, and we are gypsies, we clericals; yet never gypsies more involuntary, more home-loving at heart. We are pilgrims, never dropping, as we sojourn in parish after parish, the pilgrim cloak of an affable reserve. Back to the edges of my memory, we ourselves have been always the Ministry. Sundays in that straight front pew, week-days in that well-watched rectory, always the Ministry, never ourselves. But here at last in my little town is that straight cloak of ministerial decorum slipping from us? May we set down our scrip and staff? At last do we dare to be ourselves, neighbors with neighbors? Do we dare to be part of a place? Perhaps.

Already in brief years I have acquired a little of that admitted intimacy with a community that comes only through knowing some bit of its history for one's self and not on hearsay; for I have observed the course of several of our thrifty Littleville courtships whereby our youngsters in their later teens set themselves sturdily beneath the yoke of matrimony, promptly bringing forth a procession of babes, as

promptly led to baptism. Also I have stood with the rest in our little graveyard when some old neighbor has been laid to rest. I share with the rest the memory of kind old hands grown motionless, and chirrupy old voices now stilled; so that some of these graves, turning slowly from raw soil to kindlier green, are mine, the stranger's.

Because those newer graves are mine, I may linger in more assured friendliness among the older ones, for to me these brief white-ported streets of this other Littleville are kindly too; so that I like to go a-calling here also, letting my fancy knock at these low green mounds beneath the mat of periwinkle, above which sometimes flash the blue wings of birds or of sailing butterfly, while just beyond the fence the bobolinks go singing above the clover-fields. Country graveyards are pleasant places; at least ours has no gloom of tangled undergrowth and dank cypress shadow, for we are a housewifely company, and we like all things well swept and ship-shape, even cemeteries.

Even the tragedies the marbles tell are softened now. There are many little gravestones in our cemetery, recording little lives long ago cut short. Many of them belong to that winter I have heard about, a winter long before antitoxin or even disinfectants, when one Sunday in Littleville twenty children lay dead. It was sad then, but to-day to the tune of soaring bobolinks I must be thinking how gayly the little ones put on their winglets all together, and, a white flock, went trooping off, shepherded by angels. In a village graveyard where the dead lie so cosily close to home, in a graveyard so blue above and green below, one has to remember how many things are sadder than death.

I come back from reverie as the 'bus bell goes tinkling by, beyond the white-

arched gate, and I rise to gaze to see who has come to us from the world, for the 'bus comes from the train, and the train comes from far away, where the world runs its whirligig far from Littleville.

The 'bus connects us with life. When one arrives at home, usually at night-fall, there always is the old 'bus man at the train step, peering up and stretching out both welcoming arms to receive our packages and bags. When he has stowed all away, in he climbs rheumatically, and off we trundle, rattling and wheezing along, for driver and horses and 'bus are all in the last stages of decrepitude. The lantern hung between the shafts plays out its straight jet of light, but within it is so dark that I cannot guess our whereabouts until we draw up at the hotel. The hotel-keeper comes out in his shirt-sleeves to receive the fat agents we have brought him, and, peering hospitably into the dark recesses, gives me welcome too. Off and on we rumble, and as we draw rein at the post-office, the postmaster, shouldering the mail-bag, spies me and extends his hearty handshake; from the newspaper office near by, where the editor is working, comes a hazarded

greeting to which I respond cheerily, from my dark hole, and become forthwith one of to-morrow's items.

On and up the hill. I can just discern the white belfry against the blue-black sky. Beyond the church is the rectory, and there a lantern on the step and a ruddy door flung wide. I have drawn up, returning, to rectory doors before, but somehow in Littleville it is different; to-morrow, on Sunday, Littleville will be glad I have come back, and will say so, at church, for in Littleville Sunday is different, too.

Here there is never the Sabbath stiffness of my childhood. Here the front pew does not straighten my spine intolerably. Rather I turn half about, run a careless arm along the pew-rail, and chat huskily with my rear neighbor until church begins, and even in service I may nod encouragement to the choir if they happen to be brought to confusion in the *Te Deum*, or in the very sermon I may peep under some little flowered straw hat and get a delighted grin in response. When service is over I shall be a long time getting to the door, having so many hands I want to shake, for we do not call my little town, Parish; we call it home.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON NAMES

It is interesting to remember the fascination that names had for Balzac; to him the name not only preceded the story, but even evoked it. Resounding imaginary titles, each with its family history and characteristics, marched musically through the corridors of his mind, so that, ere he put pen to paper, the people who were to bear those names possessed a full identity. The sign of one Z. Marcas upon a street-corner became at once the kernel of a tale. The names of his characters were not so much created as discovered, and that is the ideal method.

Floating in the limbo of the creative imagination, there is a vague coagulation of habits, ideas, idiosyncrasies; it is given a name — and thereupon at once it takes form, has existence, history, destiny. Such is the effect upon us poor mortals of our immortal faith in identity.

After all, was Balzac wrong? When the creature is named is not his fate foreshadowed? There must be a key to his cypher, and many of us make use of it without realizing just what we are about. Mr. Lang calls attention to a character of Meredith's, 'whose name sounded like the close of a rich hexameter — Clare Doria Forey.' But for my part I never could believe in Miss Forey, nor summon any interest in her fate; her name is too unreal; it is created, not discovered, by the novelist who evoked her. Every time I go to the play and stare at the curtain, I protest inwardly against any one's bearing the name Lee Lash, and wonder why parents as well as novelists try

to create instead of to discover the names of their progeny.

There are cases in which the name seems to have been the really evil gift of the mischievous fairy. Either it inspires confidence where confidence were misplaced, or else it tends to arouse distrust without the slightest warrant. A certain eminent cardinal must be constantly struggling against the refractory influence exerted upon his career by such a name as Merry Del Val. There is a perverse jocosity in the sound. And think of the weapon placed by inscrutable Providence in the hand of a person bearing a name so frank and trustworthy as Thérèse Humbert! No wonder there was but a collar-button in the safe. Contrariwise, if you have the wrong name, how useless even to attempt to defraud the public. Who, I ask in all sincerity, would ever trust any one called Ann Aurelia Diss Debar?

I heard of a colored butler once named Geoffrey Conquest. I know nothing about him; he must have been an admirable person. I would myself have handed him the key of the plate-chest without a reference, — his name was enough.

If, after reading the above passages of incontrovertible logic, anybody needs to be further convinced that his destiny is not recorded on the lines of his palm, nor on the bumps of his head, I will recall to his mind a supreme instance in real life of the psychological significance of names. He to whom the key was given, must from the very beginning have seen clearly through all the tortuosities of *L'Affaire*. The good and evil power of names strove

for supremacy in that contest. For instance, had Dreyfus borne the name of Lévy, the first accusation would have been impossible. But his name, with its ugly German twang, was bound to exert its malign influence upon its unfortunate possessor. This being so, doubtless the Gods of Nomenclature began to take sides in the struggle, like the gods in Homer. What name destined to die the death but Henry? What one to pique the public but Picquart? What more clouded with suspicion than Esterhazy? And what more plainly marked with villainy than that of De Paty du Clam? Could a virtuous man live, think you, called De Paty du Clam? Nor did the obscure contention end here. What trumpet-call of a name halted this infamy? — Zola! Who was to labor in that tangle but Labori; or to listen with dignity and clemency but — Clémenceau! The riddle was almost too plain.

Your great novelist invariably discovers rather than invents the names of his people. We have often marveled at the accuracy of Dickens's Quilp and Pickwick; where he goes astray into artificialities it is because he is in too great a hurry to discover, so must invent. Thackeray is often quoted and praised for his felicity in this regard, and his mere caricatures of naming, like the Southdowns and Bareacres, — or the receptions in *Vanity Fair* attended by chickens and cheeses, — seem even less remarkable than the serious genius of names like Clive Newcome and Becky Sharp. Could Richardson's first heroine have been named other than Pamela? The gods christened her. And in the name Clarissa Harlowe, tragedy vies with distinction. Had she been called Argemone Lavington, or Emma Woodhouse, surely the same stars would not have shone upon her fate.

It is a pity that this gift of the novelist should be so conspicuously lacking

to the scholar. Our antiquaries love to create, they have not the patience or the insight to discover the names buried in the sand or scrawled upon the potsherd. Men were humbler in the past: such names as Rameses and Nebuchadnezzar held shape and color, and sound and idea. But to-day these are being taken from us, the crystal shattered into meaningless syllables, the plant torn up and dried in an herbal. To the mind of Thackeray, the name of an Egyptian queen suggested a pleasant phrase. When he says, 'as dead as Queen Tiah,' we understand just the mummified condition he implies. But to-day the lady has become — the Gods of cacophony alone know wherefore — Queen *Thi-iy!* A strong protest should be registered against such an absurdity. No one cares how her majesty was pronounced in her antediluvian existence; the rendering of hieratics into English letters must needs be approximate at best. For heaven's sake, then, let us retain those names to which we have attached both associations and ideas!

There is a Dutch savant, — I never read his works, — but that they are erudite I know, and that they are distinguished I am convinced. For once I heard his name, spoken as it should be spoken, 'trippingly on the tongue,' and knew all that he must be, — all to which his name destined him. Fortunate, thrice fortunate, M. Chantepie de la Saussaye!

SWASHBUCKLING DAYS IN VERMONT

THERE was lately tried, in Bennington County Court, a very interesting case, involving the alleged embezzlement, by one citizeness, of 'a six-quart pail of blueberries' harvested by another. The case attracted spectators, and excited comment in the press of

southern Vermont. And well it might do so. Though unlikely to be carried to the Supreme Court, the Blueberry Case may very well go down in history as the triumph of a principle, and the end of an era in Vermont.

Time was when the courts would have had no jurisdiction over such a matter, in any section of the Green Mountains. When the 'Beech Seal' was affixed, not to the deeds, but to the backs, of interlopers on the farms granted by New Hampshire; when Ethan Allen took Ticonderoga 'in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,' though 'holding,' as one historian very justly remarks, '*no commission from either*'; — when, in short, Vermont was still

The outlaw state that held her own
In single-handed fight
Against the British on the left,
The Yorkers on the right; —

then, indeed, the mountain where these blueberries were picked would have been the scene of their last reckoning; and neither of the stalwart housewives would have troubled judge or jury in the matter.

She should take who had the power.

Turbulent, indeed, were the Green Mountains of the early days! Ethan Allen was, I think, the only great swashbuckler of the Revolution. His swaggering feats are commemorated by at least three monuments in his native state; whereas the finer genius of Seth Warner is unmemorialized, save by that graceful shaft in the mountain township of Peru. Vermont sent to Congress, in her adopted son, the Irishman Matthew Lyon, a swashbuckling legislator if ever there was one. His resort to the arbitration of fists with his colleague Griswold is not, to be sure, unparalleled in Congressional history; but there was a unique element of swagger in his solitary session in the House,

when every other member of House and Senate marched away in state to pay their customary devoirs to the President. Lyon justly represented, on that occasion, his almost Jacobin constituency.

Vermont used then to cast her tiny vote with herculean energy for Thomas Jefferson. Which of our forbears in these rocky valleys could have foreseen what a phalanx we were later to present on the Conservative and Whiggish side? Republican Vermont to-day seems to require 'breaking up' more urgently than the most solid regions of the South!

Our early Democracy is departed, along with our Wild West airs of a century ago; but there survives in Vermont a very sturdy democracy of the uncapitalized description. We may, I think, be fairly called 'democratic Republicans.' Who ever heard of sumptuary laws in Vermont? The very names of our villages are a lesson in democracy. Pumpkin Hollow alternates with the proud names of Danby, Shaftesbury, and Arlington. Our southwestern counties abound in the names of famous English noblemen of the seventeenth century; a certain page of Green's History is like a roll-call of townships in Bennington, Rutland, and Windham counties. Yet intermixed with these sounding and splendid titles, on the leveling map of Vermont, are Bald Mountain, Owl's Head, Mother Merrick, Chiselville, and Bear Town.

The anecdote is still told in our valley of the reply which Mrs. Chittenden, the Governor's wife, made to some squeamish guests who objected to meeting the farmhands at dinner. 'We usually all dine together,' said the first lady of Vermont, 'but I really think there should be two tables set: the first for the farmhands, because they have been working very hard, and must be

very hungry; and the second for the rest of us, who can very well wait.'

A certain importance once attached to Vermont as the eldest daughter of the Revolution. She took a slight precedence in statehood over Kentucky. The two were, however, in sisterly agreement in their dispositions. There was a great deal of 'uppishness' in the conduct of both. Congress thought it very bad taste in any of her frontier children to demand or threaten her dignified and deliberate procedure; but Vermont and Kentucky set an example of anything but meekness and patience to the swarming young brood of would-be states.

In the old curiosity shop of history several interesting parallels can be traced between Vermont and Kentucky. Before the former entered on her half-century of prohibition, strong waters were fully as popular in the Green Mountains as in the Blue Grass. Account-books are extant of an old shop-of-all-goods in our village, where incredible quarts, nay gallons, of rum were sold to many a deacon and elder. A singular circumstance it seems that Stephen A. Douglas came from Vermont, while Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky. ('And of Sion it shall be reported, that he was born there.') The Little Giant, when he left Vermont, was but one of the crowding, ever-increasing army of emigration from 'that sapphire of a state.' Chicago in its early days was rich in Vermonters. They built up the West, and left their native valleys, as the biographer of Bishop Hopkins indignantly remarks, 'feeble and fainting' behind them. From 1850 to 1860 the railroad and the stock combined brought fewer than a hundred persons a year to Vermont.

The mountaineers swarmed, and are still swarming, away from the sugar-bush and marble-quarries of home.

Like the Irish, we love home, and leave it. Unlike the Irish, we have, however, no homesick poetry. Who will write a 'Far Corrymeela,' or a 'Dark Rosaleen' about Vermont? — who will praise our

Little stony pastures, whose flowers are sweet,
though rare :

Ireland, however, has paid a high, a prohibitive price for her poetry. Better for Vermont that she has not been a distressful country, such as produces a Mangan or a Ferguson. And yet Company E, of the Fifth Vermont, might, I always thought, have been accorded a poem. They were recruited and drilled in my own village, and marched away to Virginia to be annihilated in an obscure skirmish, the very name of which is hardly to be found outside the files of our village paper. Into the mouths of those young men, on the eve of that dreadful little battle, might well have been put the fine lines of Miss Lawless (with a slight change in geography, and a shade less bitterness): —

The wind is wild to-night, and there 's tempest in
the air;

The wind is from the North, and it seems to blow
from Clare;

The whole night long we dream of home, and
waking think we're there; —

Vain dream, and foolish waking! we never shall
see Clare.

THEM YELLOW-BACKS

THE love of poetry and music is dying, or dead, in America. This fact is admitted, deplored, and explained by various erudite theories. What no one has yet suggested is a way to replant the seed, to revive the love of rhythm which once found expression in folk-ballad and plantation-song. Music is recognized as a means of culture, but it is a luxury, for grand opera and Paderewski 'come high.'

How many people do you know who read poetry for delight, and sing while they saw wood or wash dishes? Even music-loving foreigners fail to hand down their folk-poetry to their children.

The sounds to be heard in America are chiefly discords: in the cities there are the roar and shriek of the cars; in the country the 'chug-chug' of the corn-shredder, or the monotonous 'click, click, click' that announces the approach, not of Peter Pan's crocodile, but of the manure-spreader. No milk-maid 'singeth blithe.' The barefoot boy, we fear, has lockjaw, — at least now he never opens his mouth to sing. Even the roustabouts on the Mississippi River steamboats no longer 'tote' freight to a musical cadence. Their chorus has given place to a high-collared darkey who pounds a tin piano or scares the peaceful cows on the riverbanks with the raucous echoes of the calliope.

This musical famine in the land is lamentable, and if you are inclined to hope for better times, look over the poetry in the current periodicals, or read the latest volume of verse. Nor may we expect help from the schools. Invaluable though they may be as a means of culture, sight-singing in the grades, and the study of Shakespeare and the *Ancient Mariner*, come too late in life to instill in our children a love for rhythm and harmony; such qualities must be cultivated from infancy. When the cradle was banished from nursery and kitchen, with it went lullaby and slumber-song. Is it possible that herein lies the true explanation of the present condition, and that a well-planned course of slumber-songs for infants would tend to remedy the evil?

A recent experience has suggested this unsuspected cause for the atrophy of the musical sense. Whether the in-

duction be logical or fanciful, the incident is in itself worth relating.

Charlie, the chore-boy on the farm, is quick, willing, a good worker, but illiterate to the last degree. Born in Illinois of American parents, at fourteen he can barely sign his name, multiply seven by nine, and spell out the baseball news in the paper. His vocabulary is so limited that he sometimes fails to obey orders because he does n't understand ordinary words. For a future president he is shockingly ignorant; Roosevelt he has heard of, but Taft and Bryan are empty names. His father and older brother he 'guesses' are Republicans, but he does n't rightly know. In American history he has 'never got beyont Washington's administration,' because he always has to stop school in March to plant corn. The study he likes best at school is 'etymology,' which, he explained in answer to questions, 'tells you all about your body.'

Realizing his deficiencies, Charlie accepts help most gratefully, and last summer we spent many a sultry evening working examples in the greatest common divisor, or reading about the Constitution, of which he said he had never heard. One night when I told him he had better go to bed, he rose with evident relief, mopping his hot little face with his shirt-sleeve. At the door, however, he balanced a moment on one foot and hesitatingly asked, —

'Miss Mary, have you got any more of them yellow-backs?'

With a confused notion of hornets and dime novels, I said, 'Yellow-backs? What do you mean?'

'Oh, them books with po'try in 'em. I read one th' other day, — it had nice po'try. You left it out in the hammock, and I read it at noon instead of taking a nap. There 't is now'; and he picked up the *Atlantic Monthly*. Turning the

pages he added, 'This is the one I read. I'd like to read some more if you happen to have another of them books handy.'

Too amazed for speech, afraid, indeed, of scaring away the shy bird by questions, I handed him the *August Atlantic*.

The next morning when I presented him with two old books, *Snowbound* and the *Courtship of Miles Standish*, his face beamed even more radiantly than when I had given him a ticket to the circus, and a few days later he said, 'I'm learnin' some o' them books by heart. I like 'em better even than the po'try in the yellow-backs.'

Now, how will you explain the love of poetry in this ignorant boy? Is it merely an accident? Is Charlie a freak, a reversion to an extinct type? Or is the explanation to be found partly in environment?

That question brought to light a few facts about the boy's home. The

fourth in a family of eight children, Charlie has had considerable experience in caring for the babies, especially in putting them to bed. He confided to me that 'the quickest way to put a real little baby to sleep is to jog her while you sing.'

'What do you sing?' I inquired.

'Oh, hymns or 'most anything 'll do. I know a lot of baby-songs I've heard my mother sing.'

Charlie's father is a milkman, a reformed drunkard, who beats the drum and relates his experience in the Salvation-Army meetings on the street-corner. His mother, a little slip of a woman, leads the singing. Brought up on baby-songs and Salvation-Army hymns, Charlie has developed a love for po'try in any form, hot or cold, even the conventional sonnet.

Dare I hazard a generalization from one instance? If all babies were hushed to sleep with song, might not the next generation be musical and poetic?